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# **FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS,**

**LITERARY AND PERSONAL.**



**VOL. I.**



# FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS,

LITERARY AND PERSONAL,

WITH

OBSERVATIONS ON MEN AND THINGS.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

*"Relations of matter of fact have a value from their substance, as much as from their form, and the variety of events is seldom without entertainment or instruction, how indifferently soever the tale is told."*—SIR WM. TEMPLE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TO  
THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD HATHERTON,  
OF TEDDESLEY,

LORD-LIBUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD,

THESE PAGES ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S OFTEN OBLIGED

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

CYRUS REDDING.



## TO THE READER.

---

"It was observed by Gray the poet," says Horace Walpole, "that if any man were to form a book of what he had seen and heard himself, it must, in whatever hands, prove an useful and entertaining one." The difficulty is in recalling at will records so voluminous. We can retain but a small portion of what we have seen and heard. The new things of to-day fling back into oblivion those of yesterday, memory only retaining, worthy or not of retention, those which chance to make the deeper impression.

The Author confesses that in the present volumes he has been unable, except in two or three instances, to have recourse to anything documentary. That which presented itself to his mind as he proceeded, he has given in the order in which it arose.

In relation to individual character, he has disregarded everything but his own impression of the truth, from

what he had himself observed. He has avoided, except in cases where it was unavoidable, any mention of existing cotemporaries. Of the dead he has spoken freely, in no way distorting facts in relation to them, on the principle of justice to the living. From whom are the last to draw lessons of utility but from preceding examples? Had he dealt freely with existing persons, keeping to the truth, he might be justly suspected of flattering some, and of wounding, perhaps unjustly, the sensitiveness of others. In the one case, he would be suspected of ill motives, in the other of pandering to the idle curiosity of the multitude.

There are many names of high consideration mentioned in these pages; many belonging to history in other countries, as well as our own. The Author wishes they were more amply treated of, since if they are little acknowledged here by the present generation, they will not fail to be recalled by posterity in its review of an age less devoted to high pursuits or lofty thinking than that which preceded, except with a few more elevated spirits in the mighty aggregation.

A work thus written off-hand must be taken only for what it pretends to be, a remembrancer of men and things, incidentally presenting themselves to the mind of the writer during half a century of desultory action.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 20, 1857.



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# FIFTY YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS

## LITERARY AND PERSONAL.

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### CHAPTER I.

THESE desultory Memoirs are commenced on the west side of Hampstead Hill. Palatial Windsor is seen rising proudly in the distance. The spire of Harrow, like a burial obelisk, ascending in another direction, brings before the glass of memory eminent names with which it is associated, Parr, Sheridan, Byron, Peel, and others, no longer of the quick, but the dead. The hills of Surrey southward, blend their faint grey outline with the remoter heaven. The middle landscape slumbers in beauty; clouds roll heavily and sluggishly along, with here and there a break permitting the glory of the superior region to shine obliquely through, in strong contrast to the shadowy face of things beneath. It is one of those moments when the spirit, touched with melancholy, is inclined to fold its wings and look within, to regard the past rather than the present, to regret rather than hope. To some minds, there are charming days of our too brief summers, that carry

with their sunshine a sensation of sadness, just as the higher order of female beauty is touched with pensiveness.

My parents dwelt in an ancient borough of the West, little noted unless for the mode of choosing its parliamentary representatives. This task, difficult through diffidence of its own judgment, it deputed a peer to undertake. Deeply imbued with electoral holiness, principle was no longer troublesome; duty became a secondary motive; the primary was corruption, luminous as the decaying produce of its own waters. United to another town since the Reform Act, the patriotic electors grieve over the unprofitableness of compulsory virtue.

Nature remains the same, whatever be the changes in shape of the foolscap man may wear. The site of my birth-place is on the side of a well-wooded creek. There the climate permits the myrtle and japonica to luxuriate in the soft and balmy air; while, at no great distance, an orange-tree has blossomed in an open garden for many years unsheltered. A sweetly sequestered church, of ancient construction, its burial-ground overshadowed by venerable trees, stands hard by, on the verge of an arm of the sea, the whole exhibiting a scene of tranquil beauty, so sweet that the dead seem to invite the stranger from the tumult of a distempered existence to an unwonted serenity of repose.

The Cornubian Penryn stands on the slope of a hill. There is a manor-house, now used by the Customs, in the lower part of the town. On the opposite side of the vale, which gives its name to Falmouth—for this port should be read Valemouth—the grey tower of St. Gluvias Church peers above a mass of luxuriant foliage.

Of this living, the Rev. Mr. Temple was incumbent. He wrote the Memoir of Gray, or rather the sketch, inserted in Mason's account of that poet. I heard, when I was young, that he bore the character of a friendly and accomplished clergyman. He died before I had heard the name of Gray. In the churchyard, near the tower, stand a table-tomb and urn over some of my mother's relatives. Her family, as well as that of my father, was from the midland counties; and, therefore, both, in that south-western land, were as pilgrims, who, sojourning there upon life's journey, had found a resting-place by the roadside. Some of my fathers repose at Malvern. I have a record of the death of one there in 1666. I never saw a male relative of my own name, except my father; he and I were both second sons. The family originally consisted of two branches; one was said to belong to Kent; the other to Hereford, on the western verge of the Malvern ridge. I know nothing of their original stock, whether dignified as Norman bandits, or contemned as serfs, who had "crept through scoundrels ever since the flood," until they obtained armorial bearings, prior, in all events, to the herald's last visitation, because they are recorded in the registries. My mother's family was from Hales Owen, near the Leasowes of Shenstone.

About a mile from my birth-place, lay the scene of one of the most terrible of tragedies, confirming the observation that fiction is often outdone by reality. I allude to the farm called Bothelland. The concatenation of circumstances in the tale, was no less improbable in conjecture than dreadful the reality. On what a fearful story did Lillo found his tragedy: what would

not Shakespear have made of it? The last barn belonging to the ill-fated place was burned down within thirty years; but the tradition can never pass away. The country people speak of it with horror, and shudder when, after nightfall, they pass a spot so pregnant with horror; parents murdering and robbing their only son, unconscious of the relationship until the deed is accomplished!

The green things of early life interlace with the most delicate fibres of being; age cannot obliterate their vivid hues. My ears still inhale the linked sweetness, the silvery tone of the bell from the old granite tower, undulating along that peaceful valley, over tufted foliage, and the monuments of perished generations, whose memories are sinking deeper into the bottomless abyss of time. Where are those precious impressions, those gushes of youthful delight once experienced? Why can these be no more repeated? The loves of the era in life so joyous, the old companions, the faces so familiar—where have they vanished? Have they all passed into darkness and death, having had a momentary existence only to be trampled upon by the cattle of the valley? Yet how repugnant to our feelings is it to part with the joy of our grief.

I must change a strain which the unreflective call 'morbid,' not exactly the vogue. Man confined to overgrown cities, must bow to multitudinous sentiment, and abandon life's poetry. We must not touch upon truth, lest it sadden thought; for we belong to a generation wearing features sharpened by cares about low things. Humanity no longer aspires, except when it assumes the shape of science, remote from public view. There



it exerts, in contemptuous silence, its mighty influences upon human destiny, and finds in itself alone its exceeding great reward.

What egotism is autobiography? Few dare to be as honest as Rousseau, while many may venture to be self-laudatory. The world will often give credit for well meaning, though the whole truth has not been told. The huge hypocrite bears with the expression of individual self-love if it be amusing, since it has no heart, and, therefore, need not dread its cremation in the Hall of Eblis. If, therefore, any thing here be deemed regardless of multitudinous opinion, as the present writer was never one of its worshippers, the *lèse majesty* must be tolerated.

The first years of life, from the helplessness of infancy to the commencement of instruction—from the nurse to the pedagogue—pass away nearly alike with all. I was dandled on the knee of Howard the philanthropist, and saw Lord North, but I have no recollection of either. Howard came to embark for the East, whence he never returned, Lord North to go, I believe, to Lisbon, for the sake of his health. But though I do not remember either of those distinguished men, I have a perfect recollection of John Wesley, when I was a mere child. He stood preaching upon a heap of Norway timber on the quay at Falmouth. A servant taking me out to walk, I saw him in a black gown, his long white hair over his shoulders, as in his portraits, at which I stared as at something wonderful. Children were clambering on timbers, close to where I stood. On a sudden, he stopped in his discourse, turned round towards them, and called out, in a clear,

loud tone, "Come down, you boys, or be quiet." The crowd, not great, seemed to hear him with attention. There was another remarkable personage whom I well remember coming from America to Falmouth. He was a divine, who had been chaplain to General Greene, during the war with the American colonies. He professed universalism, in those days deemed an atrocious creed. He came to England until some local act was passed to relieve him from penalties incurred for preaching the doctrine among the stiff New Englanders. He was a very remarkable man in America afterwards, to which he returned, and settled at Boston, where he was much esteemed till his death. He was an author; and his wife, a clever woman in those times, wrote 'The Gleaner,' in three volumes, and some dramatic pieces. The Americans called him 'Salvation Murray,' to distinguish him from another minister of the same name in the city, whom they christened 'Damnation Murray.' He was the friend both of Washington and Franklin; the latter, he observed, spoke in praise of his opinions. 'It was more natural than otherwise, that God should ultimately reconcile a whole lapsed world to himself.' This I remember seeing stated in a letter from him many years after his return home.

What a season of turbulence was my boyhood—war, and its accessories, were continually around me. Our military disgraces, under the Duke of York, who, with his allies, were driven out of Holland, was a disaster on every tongue. Then there were Brest and the French fleet, and enemy's frigates seizing pilots off the coast near us. It is true we were blockading Brest, but the French might slip out. My boy companions, of a year

or two older, were continually going to sea with the white collar, dirk at the side, changing school restraint for real danger. One of them, stationed in the tops, struck by a chain-shot, fell on the deck, in halves, on his first cruise. Provisions, too, were scarce at that time. I was not more than eight or nine years old, when the country became riotous in our neighbourhood. Standing at the window of our drawing-room, I saw thousands of determined men march past. My mother, a servant, and myself, were all of the family in the house at the moment, I hurried to that servant, who seemed petrified; and, leaving her, young as I was, I pushed home the outer doors, and bolted them. I mounted again to the drawing-room; the intruders were retreating. The 63rd Regiment, under the Earl of Balcarras, who managed so badly in Jamaica afterwards, charged the rioters with the bayonet, and ultimately dispersed them.

A second time, I witnessed a similar scene, when troops and a six-pounder, loaded with grape, were drawn up under the same window. The riot act was read. Six thousand men were demanding bread; they committed no acts of violence, but used threats. Refusing to retire, the gun was pointed into the midst of them, in a confined street. Match in hand, the artillery only waited for the word 'fire.' The magistrates and military commander, a militia colonel, would have discharged the gun into the mass of human beings before it, not a dozen yards distant from the muzzle, when the adjutant, an old captain in the line, interfered, "Lower the touch-hole, for God's sake—they are all in our power." The gun was fired. The shock struck me with fear. I thought of the mischief done. I could see but a little

way up the street. Prisoners were made, and the rioters dispersed; few were hurt, as the shot nearly all went over their heads, owing to the adjutant's interference with those to whom he had read a lesson of humanity.

It was now discovered that the people were suffering in a painful manner from want. Then, as usual, in England, when the mischief is done, steps were taken to provide remedies, which, had they been taken at the time the most ordinary forecast dictated, would have prevented the outbreak, and an extended feeling of discontent with authorities, till then respected; but that would have been styled, in those days, yielding to popular clamour.

The mutiny at the Nore I remember alarming the country. The usual severe system had been more strictly enforced than before, and the mutiny broke out. When I was a boy at Plymouth, a seaman received five hundred lashes, sentenced to receive a thousand—the second five hundred were to come. Then marines were to be shot, sixteen shots were fired at three men, and one was not even wounded. A man went up to his unwounded comrade and fired one ball into his head, and another into his body. Terror was the only instrument of discipline then understood, and youth too often a witness of disgusting and useless brutalities, existing only because they were part of the “wisdom of our forefathers.”

The treatment of the seamen which had caused the Channel fleet mutiny, had been most neglectful. Torn from his family, the member of a profession that required seven years of apprenticeship, the seaman was allowed a Greenwich pension of only seven pounds per

annum, while the out-pension of the army was thirteen pounds for a man, whom three or four months turned into a soldier. Thus was the army pampered. The seamen's wages had not been raised from the time of Charles II., so that they could provide nothing for their families. Their provisions were weighed to them under the sixteen ounces to the pound, and of bad quality, and flour of no use was served. They had no vegetables allowed them in port. When sick, too, they demanded that they should have needful necessities, that they might be allowed to go on shore, and that the wounded men should not have their pay stopped. These things, all reasonable, were conceded to them, and have since been greatly improved. The question is, why it was not done before—why the seaman was driven to mutiny in order to obtain what the vigilance of his superior should have anticipated. Though a mere boy, these things, from my being continually among such scenes, left a deep impression on my mind.

We slept under continued alarms, Bonaparte was not the expected invader. He was winning his glorious laurels in Piedmont and Lombardy. Brest was our dread, and a species of military organization took place. We were to retire eastward, and waste the country. The clergy were enrolled as guides. According to the plan of our authorities, one half the country, or that which lay westward of the enemy's landing place, must have been cut off, as the people there could only retreat into the sea. No provision of food had been made, so that those who retreated in the other direction, and were to waste the country, must have subsisted on air in their retreat over rocky heights and heathy commons.

Fortunately our gallant navy off Brest prevented the expected descent. I well remember springing from bed one night at the sound of the bugle to arms, and running to the cavalry barracks. It was blowing a fearful gale on those rugged shores. I had only the French in my mind, or I should have recollected there could be no invasion in such weather. The moon shone fitfully among dark hurrying clouds. I soon learned that it was a large ship on the rocks to the North ; the cavalry were going to protect the property—they might have staid away. The name of that ship was never known ; she was in countless pieces before the troops arrived at the spot. One man alone reached the shore speechless, only to expire. A Newfoundland dog survived ; but he could not tell that vessel's tale. For miles the shore—that terrible precipitous rocky shore—was strewn with the wreck, principally logwood, which the rustics collected and sold to the hatters and dyers, denominating it “a god-send.” I never shall forget that storm. The Atlantic, with its world of waters, seemed to rush against the iron-bound coast only to be discomfited and rally for fresh assaults, each striking the ears loud as a thousand thunders.

I know not how I learned to read : the art seemed to have been acquired almost without an effort. I was educated principally at home by my father, who was a good classical scholar. I had gone through Corderius in my eighth year, and began Greek and Phædrus. I was a short time at a writing school, and made some progress in drawing. A strong sense of indignation distinguished me at any act of injustice, even in my school days. When conscious I was wronged, my anger

rose to a great height; I remember one unmistakable token of my feelings. I was ordered with another boy to stay in the school for two hours over time, charged with a fault of which I had not been guilty. I proposed to my companion to brave all consequences and bolt out. He was afraid. The door of the school-room was not locked; the master imagined no boy would dare his anger. I determined to break away myself—I opened the door and fled. I was seen and pursued by three boarders in the master's house; and they gained upon me. My way home led for some distance parallel with a river, up which the tide flowed little more than ancle deep at other times, but deep at high water. I felt I must be taken if the chase continued. One of my pursuers was a Norwegian, named Jorgen Traag, a tall powerful fellow, a native of Porsgrund, three or four years older than myself. I saw the tide was in, and that there was no other help for it. If I could wade or swim through, I should distance my pursuers—it was a flashing thought of the instant. I sprang in and was soon in the middle of the channel, where my pursuers would not venture. I then proceeded more deliberately, the water ran strong, but took me only up to the shoulders. Ascending the opposite bank, I gave the trio a cheer, got home, barricaded the door, none but domestics happening to be within, and changing my dress, stole out the backway to the house of a comrade, where we both enjoyed the exploit. The next day I got six blows on the hands with an instrument kept for the purpose. Though the pain was severe, I bore it with firmness, defying any of my schoolfellows to say

they saw the least damp in my eyes, and their praise fully consoled me. .

While learning Latin, I was requested to write a letter in that language to a clergyman, who engaged to solicit a holiday, if I would do so, for all the boys at the Grammar school. In my hurry, I overlooked a singular noun I had used to a plural verb. The holiday was obtained, but my epistle was sent back to me by him to whom it was addressed, with a mark under the noun, and which I construed into an affront, it being characterised as the 'elegant' Latin epistle—that word I took for a sneer. I never spoke again to the party of whom I had solicited the favour. I mention this to show how little things produce impressions on the youthful mind which are never removed, and thus govern future action. I translated Ovid's story of Cephalus and Procris into tolerable English verse at thirteen, but I never exhibited it to any one. I wrote epigrams lame enough, but no one knew the author. At last, I published verses, and I felt a satisfaction not to be expressed on seeing them in type, and hearing opinions upon them, but I would not brave another sneer. The dread of censure was greater than the desire of distinction, though distinction this way was not difficult of attainment, where only one youth besides myself could make tolerable English verses. Several could manage Latin hexameters admirably. I might have come out—but the sneer was never forgotten.

Instructing youth, by command in everything, is not only ridiculous but mischievous. I have a full recollection of the evil of this. Children reason much



more than they get credit for doing, and sometimes put pertinent questions difficult to answer, without their perception of your evading the direct reply. When a child is told to believe in God, for example, he is often likely to ask 'what is God?' In place of such a command, he should be led by some kind of easy demonstration indirectly to the belief so desirable to inculcate, as by some casual remark on created things up to the cause. It was the old monkish fondness for supporting dogmatical credence, and obtaining a reliance upon the dicta of ecclesiastical authority regardless of reason, that introduced the despotism of man's prejudices into instruction. "You are to obey us, not to think about any reason, that is our affair."

The late Mr. Davis Giddy, (afterwards Gilbert), long years subsequently President of the Royal Society, I knew when I was a boy. He was whimsical, full of projects of which he would demonstrate the feasibility by algebra. He used to visit a dry-as-dust uncle of mine to confer upon mechanical subjects. Mr. Gilbert was for demonstrating the possibility of a steam rocket. My uncle had a tin tube made at once, rocket fashion, with a hole in the end, stopped by a plug. This was set in the fire of a blacksmith's forge; the steam being soon up, the plug was pulled out, and away flew the tube, like an honest rocket, before Mr. Gilbert had cubed the possibility of the operation. Mr. Gilbert, ingenious as he was, never brought to pass anything of moment. He loved money, and fluxions, and in politics was one day a Royalist, and the next a Cromwellian—never fixed. There was Justice Giddy, a most excellent man and

magistrate, and Mr. John Giddy with his sister Miss Polly, whom I knew when young. They were superior-minded individuals, all belonging to Mr. Gilbert's connections.

Henry Martyn, the Oriental scholar, who died in Persia, was an old companion. He preceded me considerably in years. He was a meek, delicate, studious youth. I remember he attended drill with a real musket, presented to him by his father. Our muskets were only sham weapons—how we envied him. Martyn had two sisters, Laura and Sally. The elder married a clergyman, and has been dead many years. Of the last I am not aware of the demise. The elder Mr. Martyn was a gentlemanly man, fond of good Madeira. Dr. Batten, late principal of Aylesbury College, Captains Macculloch and Cardew, of the Engineers, were early companions. The Rev. Dr. Scobell, who now officiates in one of the Marylebone churches, is the only individual out of the few of that time living, whom I remember with his peculiar amiability of character and equanimity of temper. I do not recollect Sir Humphrey Davy while at school, I remember hearing of him when a youth, and he had gone to Dr. Beddoes as an assistant. The latter was a distant connection of my mother. Davy's father was a carpenter at Penzance.

I recollect, on one occasion, getting into disgrace by caricaturing two sisters, who had long withered on the virgin thorn, and made themselves busy with my actions. They had a brother, a bachelor, whom we called Dr. Daisy. He had once paid amatory attention to a young lady, whose weak-minded mother observed

of her daughter that "she had culled many sweet flowers in her time, but now she had alighted upon a daisy." The name stuck to him. He was often hoaxed and every body laughed at him, more on account of his tale-bearing sisters than his own demerits, for he was a harmless man. He had a brother a pompous solicitor, called "the Count," who made money and of course rose in self-estimation. His wife was ignorant and conceited. I remember when she had determined to keep a footman, she selected one of several lubberly fellows on a farm of her husband's. She instructed him carefully, in her fashion, as to his duties, and, "John you must tell me everything that happens at table, the minutest thing—mind that, John."

"Yes ma'am, I'll be zartain to mind."

At a dinner party, John standing near his mistress's chair, called out till the room rung again,

"Madam, Madam, there's a pea upon your chitterling!" (ruffle).

"Oh, gentle John," she responded, "gentle John—thank you!" in a tone that caused laughter on the part of the guests not to be repressed, the "Count" looking daggers. The servant carried ever after the name of "Gentle John." He was generally coupled in ridiculing the pompous manners of the master—but I must pause with these stories of boyhood.

I was early in love. Can we truly love more than once? Do we not mistake esteem afterwards for that which the romance of youth can alone feel? What is called love afterwards is but desire masked with external respect.

I must proceed to a month or two after the news of the Battle of Trafalgar resounded from end to end of England. The boat with the despatches had landed the messenger not far from our residence. After a few hours had passed, to give him time to be well on his way, they told us of the great victory, and Nelson's death—on which the victory was forgotten.

I had now seen a score of summers, and set out on a lingering route from the West to London. I had arrived in the city of Wells, and was looking at the cathedral front, admiring its fine imagery, when a girl with a child in her arms, said loud enough for me to hear.

"How some people will persist in gazing at sign-posts." The observation was not ill intended. Turning to make, I hope, no ungallant reply, I perceived the coachman about to mount his box. I had lost my dinner by the gratification of my curiosity, and should have been left behind, but for the girl's observation.

The night was intensely dark. At midnight, just before descending Entry Hill into Bath, the scene seemed to my young eyes one of enchantment. Glittering lights, crescent over crescent, tier above tier, in a degree of resplendency I had not before witnessed, struck me too powerfully for the impression to be weakened, even by the superiority of modern illumination. We stopped at the White Hart, where a short repast made up for a protracted fast. We had been from five in the morning, travelling eighty-four miles.

I explored the beautiful city, now I was fairly launched into life. Happy should I have been, had I possessed a tithe of my subsequent knowledge of life's hazardous

navigation. How many shoals should I have avoided—how much less reserved and retiring and how much more yielding, would have been my temper—how much superior my position—how much deeper my self-humiliation! Hard is human destiny. When experience and reflection are become ours, the season to profit by them, as usual, has departed. Thus it is in the morning of life the whispers of reason are unheard, while contemplating the fairy pictures of hope. How could it be otherwise in the ardour of youth; flushed with exuberance of life and joy, endowed with a temper that took no heed of to-morrow, and thinking nothing impossible of achievement!

Bath at that time shone in full effulgence, the queen of provincial cities, aristocratically regulated, glittering with the fashion of the day now only heard of in old novels. The luxurious hot baths had not then been overlooked by the noble and gay, who solaced their real or imaginary maladies in those renowned waters. Larger and more populous at present, the city is become more plebeian and pretending, affording a poor idea of what it was in the height of the season in that day, crowded with visitants, and dissipated, amidst the warnings of mortality in palsied limbs, and jaundiced visages. Fashionable preachers, too, spoke in zephyrs of responsibilities beyond the grave, and denunciations of the pulpit Boanerges dispensed a pleasing excitement by their zeal, that lasted just one day in the week. My sojourn, necessarily not long, I felt would be taken up in formal civilities in place of being employed in observation, if I delivered all my introductions. Some were

addressed to antiquated ladies. These I scrupulously delivered without my own address, at times I believed it probable the ladies were not at home. Thus I evaded invitations of no meaning, uninteresting to myself. I had a relation there who, as Anstey wrote in his "guide,"

Took fees for the good of the nation—

not under the attenuating process of law, but the mortal practice of physic. Anstey himself had been buried there only in the preceding August. I called upon this relative, a hospitable man, who insisted on showing me the lions of the place. He related to me how King Bladud and his pigs used to wallow in the hot mire of the springs to their great solace, and surprised me by the information, that our Royal Society of Antiquaries had sanctioned, under official formalities, an inscription to the memory of that antique sovereign and his renowned grunTERS. This staggered me. I had looked for all wisdom as coming from the East with the wise men, I who was from the West, dutifully feeling my own humility. My relative assured me he was correct, and exhibited the inscription. It was not until I had thus taken a lesson out of the volume of life, that I began to think with the fair lady in love that there was, indeed, very little in a name. It had been stipulated by my cicerone, that I should call upon him after his morning visits to his patients, in order that he might introduce me to places and people sometimes of little note. It was genuine kindness, I acknowledge. He died a few years ago despite julaps and catholicons, such as he had exhibited to others, and with which his successors will as vainly continue to combat human apprehension.

I well remember my youthful surprise at the representation of Jacob's ladder carved on the west end of the beautiful abbey church. The angels with their well-feathered wings, seemed to have forgotten how to use them.

Quin's description of the city, I heard then for the first time, as "the finest place in the world for an old cock to go to roost in." I picked up "the Journey of Dr. Bongout and his lady, from London to Bath, published 1778;" written in rhyme, coarse, witless, low, not 'obscurely' lubricious like Anstey, but full of plain vulgar allusions. There is no doubt it was, in its day, largely circulated in fashionable society.

The pump room was too small for the throng of company among which I jostled. What strange fashions in dress were in vogue then, the caricatures of the time best exhibit. The weather cold, dry, and sun-shiny, filled the streets with idlers. Milsom Street was in its glory. The Circus delighted me, and I thought the beauty of the Crescents could not be surpassed; but was surprised at the number of hatchments the houses exhibited. People seemed to go there to die—it was the fashion. Pulteney Street, Sidney Gardens, Claverton, were visited, as well as the scenes rendered famous in the records of fashion, nor were the upper rooms neglected, in which the tedious minuet had given way much to the country-dance.

Among many distinguished individuals then in Bath, were William Pitt, and the overshadowed Lord Melville; the latter under the cloud of his impeachment. Pitt was rapidly sinking. The battle of Austerlitz, and defeat of his last coalition, pressed him to the earth. His desire

was to be like his father, a great war minister, without appreciation of the difference of circumstances and times. His stamina was gone; Bath did him no good. Two or three bottles of wine a-day ceased to stimulate, and he had constant recourse to large doses of laudanum.

An official, in attendance at the House of Commons, used to be ready with a full beaker of port wine when Pitt arrived. This he quaffed off nearly to the quantity of a pint before he entered. He would repeat the draught in the course of the evening. I have at this time a friend who knew the official, proud of relating the circumstance. The reaction of such a custom was inevitable. The care of his own self-esteem did not keep him politically honest, though it had often kept others so. Did that consciousness lead him to wine, or was it pure love of the beverage? Perhaps it was neither—a stimulant had become necessary to a feeble stomach from habit. His father was fond of port wine, and took it despite the gout.

The sight of Pitt's person was not calculated to strengthen his cause with his youthful advocate, for such I was then. His countenance, forbidding and arrogant, was repellant of affection and not made to be loved, full of disdain, of self will, and as a whole destitute of massiveness; his forehead alone was lofty and good. He walked with his nose elevated in the air; premature age was stamped upon his haggard features. It was said, he had no affection for the female sex, whence the joke, "He loved wine, but not a concubine." As I recollect, he seemed nearly as tall as myself, in flesh—the merest scarecrow, which, perhaps, made him seem taller than



he really was, having, by the use of alcohol, attenuated the muscular fibre. Some years before, when quite a boy, I remembered a caricature of his leanness, and duel with Tierney, near Abershaw's gibbet, where that highwayman hung in chains on Wimbledon Common. Tierney, while levelling his pistol at Pitt, exclaimed, "D—— him, it is as well to fire at the devil's darning needle."

Pitt's favourite locality had been Wimbledon; and he had the choice of the place. The joke ran, that it was chosen from sympathy; that Jerry Abershaw took purses with his pistols, and Pitt with his parliaments, the one instrument being not much better than the other. The legs of the minister were mere ramrods; just fit, as one of our comedians said of those of a friend, to clean out a German flute. He soon went back to town, leaving Lord Melville behind. Pitt's figure is yet before my eyes, his legs cased in brown topped boots, at that time the fashion. The boots sustained by a strap behind from the kneeband of the greenish colored cloth breeches, which were secured by a buckle to the boot top, showing the white cotton stocking, conspicuous on walking behind the statesman, or any one dressed in the prevalent mode. He wore powder, and showed marks of feebleness. As he passed, all eyes were directed towards him, solitary, destitute of sympathy with his kind—with everything. This was not wonderful; his final hour was rapidly approaching. The aim of his ambitious spirit was frustrated; he might, even at that moment, have had a prescience of its approach, who shall say he had not, reserved as he was in disposition to all the world?

My father was a Foxite. Sons run counter to their sires in politics. I had been a Pittite, when a boy ; of course, knowing little of political matters. I recollect my father saying to me, "That man, that General Bonaparte will beat you Austrians once more—what are the dull fellows about!" Just then came the news of the battle of Marengo. I was dumb for some time, but at last I argued that the French had fought unfairly. "Had they not got to the back of the Austrians by crossing the Alps?" Foolish as my argument was, I found it was used in the party papers of the time. Here it was an original idea of my own.

In Bath, I met Sir John Moore, who commanded the district, a fine, soldier-like man, of most agreeable manners. Little could I then guess that I should become the coadjutor of his old friend, Tom Campbell.

It was a cold night when I crossed Hounslow Heath, about midnight, after eighteen hours travelling. All the coaches had guards, and our's prepared his pistols and blunderbuses, soon after we left Reading, a paradoxical mark that we were approaching the more civilized part of the kingdom. An officer had been shot at in his carriage by a highwayman while crossing the heath a few days before. I took up my quarters at Hatchett's Hotel, Piccadilly. There was a rout in Arlington Street the same night, and the roll of the carriages kept me awake. I rose unrefreshed, put a letter or two of introduction into my pocket, and set out,

The world before me where to choose  
My place of rest.

One introduction took me to the city. I made my

ascent of the Monument for the first and last time. Beneath was old London Bridge with its enormous sterlings, and strange water works, wheels revolving, pumps lifting, and the cataract under looking formidable to the wherrys; in one of which, I "shot it"—that was the term—the same day. Narrow Fish Street Hill was crammed with passengers, the scene a fixture of ages.

One letter of introduction was to Mr. afterwards, Alderman Wood, twice Lord Mayor. His residence was at Highbury. He received me with great urbanity. I used to dine with him occasionally, having a general invitation, of which I sparingly availed myself. I had attractions more tempting in other directions. Mr. Wood I found a kind, hospitable, sensible man, not highly educated, but possessing that valuable attribute, the courage to think and act for himself.

I attended the funeral of Pitt in Westminster Abbey, being one of the only three hundred who were admitted. A gentleman whom I knew, a private friend of the Dean, received two tickets. He offered one to me as a stranger. He did not care about going himself, but stipulated, that if I took one ticket, I should take under my care, a lady to whom he should present the other.

We entered the Abbey at the Dean's door, about 11 A.M. There were few but official persons within. We spent the superfluous time in examining the monuments. The procession came in at the great west entrance, having merely crossed the way from the painted chamber in the House of Lords. It passed between two lines of Foot Guards.

The spectators were arranged on a scaffolding

covered with black. Muffled drums, with fifes, announced the entrance of the procession, in which were a number of distinguished persons: princes of the blood, statesmen, and fellow ministers of the deceased. Beilby Porteus, Bishop of London, read the service, standing by the side of the vault. The Princes were in their royal robes. When the service was over, many advanced to look into the vault. The Dukes of York and Cumberland were among the number, and Lord Hawkesbury, afterwards Liverpool, took a glance, standing on the opposite side to where I and my fair companion were similarly occupied.

The procession reformed, and took its leave; we stayed some time longer. The scene was novel. I could not help fixing my eyes, as long as I remained, upon the coffin of Lord Chatham, beneath whose monument we were standing. I thought of the share he had filled in a brilliant part of our history, and the mighty events he had influenced, for he was a great favourite in my youthful reading.

The son became lost in the recollection of the father, as I find from letters written home at the time. Lady Chatham and a daughter lay in the same vault, on the verge of which, at the funeral, sat, as the nearest relative to the deceased, Pitt's brother, the *late* Earl of Chatham, as he was called, a nickname acquired from his going to his office when half the business of the day was over, his nights being devoted to play. He now lies in the same vault, memorable alone for his incapacity in the command of the unfortunate Walcheren expedition.

Pitt was Colonel of the Cinque Port Volunteers; whence his military funeral. The crowd outside the

Abbey bandied jokes. They said he was buried in military array lest his remains should be insulted. Lord Chatham's coffin, so it was reported, was found on its side when the vault was opened. This was attributed by some to the influx of the Thames, which had covered the vault with slime, but could hardly have overturned a heavy leaden coffin.

The funeral was on a Saturday, and on the Monday the debating societies opened of which Pitt had been much afraid. They could not be held for fear of informers, who were ready to swear to words that were certain to be construed into sedition, or topics connected with jacobinical principles, the bugbears of the time. Such were Parliamentary Reform, to a society for promoting which, Pitt had himself belonged, and indeed the discussion of any political grievance whatever. The debate publicly announced, drew my attention as a novelty. I entered the Pantheon Theatre by a side door in Poland Street. I heard Gale Jones and other orators of his class, some of them spoke exceedingly well, but there was no violence, nothing to startle the rulers of any people conscious of rectitude, and endowed with a common share of moral courage. I was disappointed at the want of bolder argument. Had the six points of the chartists been started in those days, their advocates would have filled the Tower. The government is timorous that cannot resist the wordy attacks of the advocates of impracticable truths. I have lived to see some of the treasons of that time become the laws of the land.

I first heard Sheridan speak in Westminster, and well recollect a reply he made to Pitt, which I was told

not long after the minister's funeral. Pitt had little or no humour, but his fluency and command of language were wonderful. He never recalled a word in speaking, all flowed equably from his tongue like the nestorian accents. He had neither the brilliancy nor the overwhelming power of his father. Dr. Wolcot informed me that Governor Trelawney, who sat long in the Commons with the elder Pitt, told him he never could look Pitt in the face, for "when I attempted it, his eyes nailed me to the floor." The son had no such eagle power of eye. There was a joke of Pitt (the son) I remember hearing current. It was that after the battle of the Nile, Dr. Rennell of Winchester, who was to preach before the House of Commons, anxious to please the donor of the loaves and fishes of the Church, asked the minister what text he should take. "And the Lord smote the Egyptians in the hinder parts," replied Pitt, and the doctor actually preached from those words. His friends charged it to his simplicity of character; shrewder people to his eye on church promotion.

That same week General Picton was tried and found guilty of torturing a free mulatto girl, fourteen years of age, he being at the time Governor of Trinidad. The case made a great noise. Many years subsequently, a friend of mine met him in private society, the General brought the subject upon the carpet himself. People, he complained, called him "cruel," he had only done what the Spaniards did before him, according to their law. This shews the true character of the man, not reflecting, nor feeling, nor very wise, though brave as a lion.

I removed from Hatchett's Hotel to a lodging in

Devereux Court, now engulfed in the establishment of the Twinings, taking my repasts at the George Coffee-house, the resort of the Templars. A friend soon afterwards induced me to join him in hiring a sitting-room and bed-rooms in Gough Square. While in Devereux Court, when wakeful, the lugubrious chimes of St. Clement's came home sadly to my heart at night. They seemed to warn me that the past could no more return, that the associations with my boyhood, the relatives and friends I had left nearly three hundred miles away, the sight of many I loved, had gone for ever; never again could things be as they had been. Melancholy gushes came flooding the heart, saddened remembrances of past days, until I sank into healthy youthful slumber. I was not sorry to remove out of the sound of those bells. Morning and the bustle of London drove off forebodings, afterwards too literally realized. The pleasure of being my own master returned; imagination frolicked with the fallacies of hope, and the sadness of youthful retrospection vindicated the evanescence of its nature.

I often dined at the Mitre and the Cheshire Cheese, Johnson and his friends, I was informed, used to do the same, and I was told I should meet individuals who had met them there; this I found to be correct. The company then was more select than in later times. Johnson had been dead above twenty years, but there were Fleet Street tradesmen, who well remembered both Johnson and Goldsmith in those places. There was Tyers, a silk-merchant on Ludgate Hill, with Colonel Lawrence who carried the colours of the twentieth regiment at the battle of Minden, ever fond of repeating

that his regimental comrades bore the brunt on that celebrated day. The evening was the time we thus met, when the days' business was over. Few then, comparatively, lived at a distance from their offices or shops, if they did, it was mostly in country residences, some way beyond the suburbs of town, to which they repaired on the Saturday, returning on the Monday morning. There was also a sprinkling of lawyers, old demi-soldes, and men of science. Among the latter, was a Mr. Adams, an optician of Fleet Street, from whom I obtained information about barometers, for I had been an early experimentalist.

The left-hand room on entering the "Cheshire," and the table on the right on entering that room, having the window at the end, was the table occupied by Johnson and his friends almost uniformly. This table and the room are now as they were when I first saw them, having had the curiosity to visit them recently. They were and are, too, as Johnson and his friends left them in their time. Johnson's seat was always in the window, and Goldsmith sat on his left hand.

Colonel Lawrence first shewed me Goldsmith's tomb in the Temple church-yard. It was a table-tomb, in the north east corner, since ruthlessly removed altogether. A fire had occurred in a printing-office two or three years before, and the flag-stone with the inscription had been cracked by the fall of some bricks, but the inscription was perfectly legible. The ground is now levelled. I have frequently visited the spot since, not to lose the recollection of the place.

Colonel Lawrence directed me to Green Arbour Court, to see Goldsmith's old lodgings. He was never



tired of talking of his acquaintance with the poet, whom he knew when Goldsmith, as well as Johnson, lived in Wine Office Court.

This old officer, in his latter years, thought he could continue the pictures in the *Deserted Village*, in other words, touch off some rural images which Goldsmith had not noticed. Accordingly, he published a volume, which I recollect seeing in the shops of "The Trade" in Fleet Street, of which I now regret I did not possess myself. The title has slipped my memory.

I listened with eagerness to what those men of other days told me. Tyers broke a leg, and was confined to his bed a long time, I believe, he never wholly recovered, and the rubicund cheeked colonel passed the way of all the earth, in a year or two after I first became acquainted with him. He used to speak of Goldsmith's ordinary person, and told me the poet never broke in upon the conversation when Johnson was talking. The colonel was sparing of hair-powder compared to Tyers, who wore a large thick club, half way down his back, his coat powdered to the waist.

I was an interested listener to their tales of other times, but what they said I have forgotten. I was then rejoicing in the freshness and credulity of youth, they living in the indifference, and incredulity, and experience of age. I was luxuriating in anticipations never destined to be realized, they were feeding upon recollections that imbibed a portion of their attraction from their inaccessibility. To me the world was a broad disc of glory; to them the last pale outline of the waning crescent.

Often have I thought since, passing down Middle Temple Lane, how few who are older than I am, can designate the spot where Goldsmith lies, out of the two millions and a half now in London, there was but one million then. Fewer than ever, it is probable, care anything about the matter, compared to those who existed at the time the tomb stood intact. There is the consolation left still, that the memory of illustrious names, depends neither upon monuments, nor upon multitudinous affection. The sons of genius live in the recollections, continually renewed, of a few superior minds, whose example and praises cause a feigned admiration on the part of the world in general, the tribute of its self-love, which would fain preserve itself from the wound an acknowledged indifference might inflict upon its judgment. Even then, how much of renown is gained by accident—how much has perished equally worthy of preservation with what is extant. The best of us are apt to err in our views, where great truths interfere between our predilections, and the state of our humanity.

The brother of the Miss Porters, the novellists, Mr. R. K. Porter, exhibited at this time, a picture of the battle of Agincourt. It was the first work of such a size I had ever beheld, and it struck me as fine, though it might in reality not have possessed much merit. I, also, twice visited a collection of the works of George Morland, homely, full of nature and truth. The artist had not long been dead. Both exhibitions were in Fleet Street.

At St. Paul's, I heard Dr. Porteous. Imagining "a saint in crape, twice a saint in lawn," a bishop must

always, I thought, be something beyond a simple clergyman in merit, or how could he carry a mitre? I had heard many a better sermon from a country curate. This bishop was noted for a poem "On Death," which had attracted my attention in the country.

I never heard a sermon from a bishop worth anything. Cold, grammatical correctness, a careful, monotonous delivery, and a dread of touching the passions of his hearers, perhaps of being deemed too anti-cardinal and evangelical, as well as a fear of deviating into sound reasoning, make such discourses little better than skimmed milk. It is as if prelates adopted "the foolishness of preaching," to exhibit an emasculated spirituality. How different was the old French episcopalian pulpit. As to Porteous, it is possible he had lost somewhat of "his original brightness," being far advanced in years.

In my rounds to churches and chapels, among others, I went to that of Rowland Hill, and to hear a Magdalen Sermon in Blackfriars' Road. Hill was, as is well known, an original, and eloquent, if fluency be a main characteristic of eloquence. He was in earnest, too, which is a great point. Much more talked of for his eccentricities, than his sterling virtues, he never troubled his head about orthodoxy, or heterodoxy. He had vaccinated two thousand persons with his own hands, and was much talked of on that account, vaccination being then a novelty.

The opposition to it by priest and layman was great. Children were to become of four-footed animal natures, and bear the mark of the beast. Even medical men

set their faces against it in too many instances. Poor people declared that the cries of the vaccinated child resembled the low of kine. Hill was not a preacher to my taste. His droll comparisons being out of place. I heard him compare a sinner to an oyster, which opened its shell, all mouth, to take in the water—just so the sinner, with his mouth at full stretch, took in the tide of iniquity. It was reported among his other eccentricities, that he said in one of his sermons, that “people had become so delicate in their descriptions, that they no longer called the devil by his proper name. He was now a poor mistaken angel, stroking down his sooty back at the same time.” I heard, and it was barely possible, though I could hardly credit it; that once, being at a loss for a comparison in one of his sermons, he said, “that heavenly grace was like a rump of beef—cut and come again—no meagre fare, my dear brethren.”

I have mentioned Porteous not pleasing me as a preacher—he did not please me as a man. He publicly stated, that he thought the Prince of Wales (George IV) a model, calculated “to bow the hearts of the people of England as one man.” I could not understand, even in the heyday of a youth, not very nice or discriminating, this kind of adulation in a divine, the friend, too, of the staunch Hannah More. The life the Prince led, at that time, was notorious, and his acts of unblushing dissipation no secret. His course of life must have been known to this “good” bishop, for the prelate’s well meaning was not disputed.

The panegyric should be placed, perhaps, to the

doctrine current in and out of the church, incredible now to the extent it was carried in those days, that rank covers many sins, royalty all.

The successor of Porteous, the late Dr. Howley of London, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was one of this order of believers. I remember upon the trial of Queen Caroline, on the admission of recrimination against a royal divorce, the bishop declared, that he always understood the king "could do no wrong." Lord Liverpool and the temporal peers were not quite so orthodox in adulation; but all the world, from that moment, were certain how the See of Canterbury would be filled.

I did not slumber in bed, often rising at four o'clock, walking to Manchester Square, calling up a friend there, and then going into the country to an inn near Mrs. Siddons' villa, a little on the town side of Kensal Green, but then far in the green fields. We breakfasted together. I returned to Gough Square, sometimes before my fellow lodger had left his bed, and generally before ten o'clock.

Thus I gained six hours on the day. Fatigue was out of the question. I was rarely or ever tired with foot exercise. At such times, I crossed Paddington Green, and the new part of the church-yard, since thickly encumbered with memorials of the dead—how many die that others may live! There were then only three or four tomb-stones to be seen in that part. One nearest the iron pallisades was placed by Lord Petre in memory of an excellent man and scholar, Dr. Geddes. He was the author of a new translation of some part of the Holy Scriptures. The Catholics, and High Church

Protestants, did not approve of his conduct, because in place of vindicating the authority of their churches in matters of religion, he supported the right of private judgment. His stone I saw in perfect preservation but a few years ago, in the same place as at first. It must have been designedly removed. Perhaps the epitaph displeased some strait-laced official. I will repeat it from memory, though I am not certain I am correct to a word. "Christian is my name, Catholic my surname. If I cannot greet thee as a disciple of Jesus, still I should love thee as my fellow man."

Two men had been tried and condemned to die for the murder of one Steele, a lavender merchant, who was crossing Hounslow Heath. The conviction took place almost wholly upon the evidence of a villainous accomplice had up from the hulks. This wretch, loaded with crimes, thus thought to ameliorate his punishment. There was no other evidence worth notice. The conviction, on that account, made a great sensation. Criminal proceedings were slovenly things in those days, and prisoners were not allowed counsel to defend them. The night before the execution, my friend and myself happened to sit up late; he proposed that we should go and see the execution the next morning. We both slept soundly. He came into my room dressed, about ten minutes before eight o'clock, the fatal hour, wondering I was not dressed. I insisted it was too late to go, he was of the opposite opinion, and bidding him go alone, I turned round to lengthen my nap. He was not long absent, coming back with dismay on his features. Thirty-two persons had been trampled to death, and many wounded. The scene

beggared description, when we reached the place together, only a walk of a few minutes, the bodies had been cut down. A crowd still remained. Fragments of dresses strewed the ground; people were searching, anxious and half distracted, for friends or relatives, and the injured carrying to the hospitals. A pieman had let fall his basket just as the criminals were turned off. Those behind fell over it from the pressure of thirty or forty thousand persons. There they lay, heaps on heaps, many nearly naked, the undermost suffocated—pressed to death. The fighting for existence was horribly savage—that existence the executioner was taking away so formally a little distance off. One woman threw her infant to a man, who had barely time to fling it to another, and he to a third, when it was saved, but it never knew its mother—she perished. Cursing, imploring, groaning, the people lay and struggled and fought, utterly intractable. The attempt was long vain to make the outermost fall back, the only mode of relief. Fury and dismay never looked so hideously. Chance alone governed; all appeals were unheard. The reasonless mob is, after all, no better than a beast of prey.

I saw the obsequies of Fox, a walking funeral from the stable-yard St. James's by Pall Mall and Charing Cross, lines of volunteers *en haye*, keeping the ground. I recollect the Whig club among the followers, and a large body of the electors of Westminster, with the cabinet council, but no royalty, for which some kind of excuse was made. Literally the tears of the crowd incensed the bier of Fox. The affection displayed by the people was extraordinary; I saw men crying like children.

There had been a certain disappointment, too, of the public expectation during his term of office, but no matter. He had only been in place a few months, and was then labouring under a mortal disease. I remember very little of him; for he was an invalid when in the House of Commons. Nelson, Pitt, and Fox, were all buried within the first nine months of the year; and I spent part of it in Berkshire, and had scarce an opportunity of any personal observation. He died in September. He had noble points of character; his amiability and charming simplicity were most attaching. The following extract of a letter from a friend to Herbert Croft, by one who was with him at Eton, is a true description of the most popular politician of his day. It came to me from Croft, long after Fox's decease:

"You have recalled to my mind some of the most happy days of my life. I am aware that you want anecdotes from me. I have nothing now recurring to my memory, beyond confused and melancholy recollections of scenes so distant and regretted. I was with him (Fox) at Eton. I still, however, remember that Fox, not to speak of his progress in study, was remarkable for an extraordinary mildness of character. I believe it possible that he might himself have been aware of his own powers, but none of his comrades perceived that he was so. He was there, as in manhood, simple, true, and without the least pretension. None who were scholars with him, can relate the pleasure experienced from his society then, without feeling an emotion of kindness towards him. He has still preserved that sweetness of mind, unaltered, although he has encountered circumstances calculated to



sour the best disposition. He never lost a friend by any fault of his own, and few had men more worthy as friends, or possessed of more talent."

I liked Fox's boldness; he said, as a general principle, in one of his speeches in the House: "I mean the general principle of resistance; the right inherent in free men to resist arbitrary power, whatever shape it may resume, whether it be exerted by an individual, by a senate, or by a king, and parliament united. This I proclaim as my opinion; in support of this principle, *I will live and die.*" It was a sentiment worthy of an ancient Roman.

His purely natural character, I also heard, from other sources, was the charm that attached to Fox all who ever knew him. Burke alone treated his friendship with that destitution of feeling which was explained by place, or pension in perspective. Burke was greatly over-valued. His work on the French revolution, too, was much over-valued.

I seldom visited the Houses of Parliament; and the only clear recollection of any living member in the Commons, at that time, which I can recal at present, is the Marquis of Lansdowne, then Lord Henry Petty. His lordship spoke in favour of Fox's resolution for the abolition of the traffic in slaves—the unflinching advocate of liberal principles. It is a high source of gratification to find that half a century has not changed his views, but confirmed him in their wisdom, while the world has only exhibited a slothful progression by occupying that space of time in replacing some few of its delusions with a few things a little better. How satisfactory in age to see that there is no mistake in prin-

ciples at the outset of life. There is true ground for legitimate pride in the reflection that no shuffling excuses are required to shield our self-love—no pleas for late convictions—no humiliations—no apologies for reversing reiterated assertions, too recently made, of the excellence of the garments cast off.

Single men lived a good part of their time in coffee-houses—men of all classes. London people went far less frequently into the country than they do now. The cockney talked of a jaunt to Margate as of an important event in his life, and the time consumed was of real importance, amounting to three or four days in going backwards and forwards. The sullen club-house, united with the *rus in urbe* dwelling, and the out-of-town life, not farther off than the suburbs, have diminished sociality, and changed the aspect of town intercourse, the streets then were more foggy than now, the summers hotter, and winters colder. The coffee-houses used to be crowded in the evenings; the conversation often general. I believe the air, in such places, to have been impure. Ventilation was little regarded. Many young men died early after their initiation into a London atmosphere, who had come from breathing the oxygen of the west of England, and that of the mountain country of Wales in particular, especially those who had a tendency to consumption, of which I remember several painful instances among my acquaintances and countymen. I believe a London life to be much more favourable to health now, than it was then; nor do I state my belief unreflectingly. Our improved mode of living has increased longevity; for, after all, our climate cannot be materially changed.

## CHAPTER II.

I met continually in the streets young individuals from the country, particularly of the medical profession. The latter complained grievously of their exposure to the effect of decomposing bodies, or "subjects" as they called them, being obliged to carry on their demonstrations by stealth. Acts were punished as crimes in them, which were both a duty and an advantage to the public. A relation of my own, a sturdy man, who had followed the initiatory part of the profession for five years, fainted on first entering a London dissecting-room. Nothing but the imperious necessity of checking assassination altered this state of things, in the removal of the temptations to "Burke," as it was lately called. "I wanted a head for the bones," (a surgical phrase) said an eminent practitioner to me, "I asked a man in the dissecting-room to procure me one. He went to a pail half-filled with fragments of the dissecting table, and groping beneath them, drew out one of the prettiest heads I had ever seen, once belonging to a female not more than nineteen or twenty years of age,

"Where did you get that?"

"Fine ben't it? Not long in the box either. I and a comrade were at work in St. G—— churchyard, when that terrible rain came down yesterday morning.

The box was deep in, and well covered up. Day began to break. T'wont do to stay any longer, I said to my comrade, we shan't be able to finish the job, the earth kept falling in again when we had nearly got all clear, so I ripped open the box with a jemmy, whipped off the head and brought it away. We had hardly time to fling in the ground."

The conversation on this subject began by the mention of an attack made just before on an old house, once the Queen of Bohemia Tavern, in Wych Street, Strand. The place had been taken for the purpose of dissection, by some surgeons, who in the midst of their demonstrations left the outer door open. Some children got in, and peeping through a crevice, saw what was going on, and gave the alarm. The professional gentlemen had barely time to make an escape from the mob with their lives. I was continually hearing from my friends of the risks zealous young men had to encounter in their anatomical improvement.

I met Lord Lauderdale as he was returning from France, unsuccessful in his peace mission. The rejoicing of the city loan-mongers was heard on all sides; the speculators were in high glee, hoping soon to be again in requisition for the increase of the public burdens. How amply they were gratified, our annals but too clearly exhibit.

The Green Man of Brighton was another marvel of the hour. He wore green even to his neckcloth. All in his house was painted green, he even wore green gloves. People went down from London to get a glance at him as he walked the Steyne.

A review of volunteers in Hyde Park, drew me there.

The "gentlemen" volunteers looked smart and valorous, but the Stannary artillery, of the same description of force, that I had seen before on the batteries at Plymouth, looked more of the real thing. There was great sifting wanted to separate the wheat from the chaff. I had a narrow escape at one of these soldier-playings. I was at some distance in front of the line, talking to a friend on horseback, when a ramrod was discharged, which entering the horse's head just over the eye, buried itself its whole length beneath the skin, the foremost end reaching nearly to the shoulder of the animal, whose skull had given it that direction from having been struck obliquely. It only required to have been a foot more to the left to have passed through my body, or a couple of feet of elevation to have gone through the body of my friend. I was ever afterwards as cautious of these gentry, who were said, by Mr. Windham, to fire "vollies of blank cartridge with most undaunted bravery," as I should have been of a congregation of rattlesnakes.

I now took as wide a range as might be expected in sight-seeing, and what youth denominates enjoyment. I had been educated too strictly; this was the natural reaction. I had been too continually reminded of my religious duties, without the conviction of their importance being first well established. Such duties should not be rendered irksome, but rather be made pleasant to children. A methodist minister once coarsely observed—he had not been educated in academic shades—that he "never knew a sinner to be saved by continually shaking him over the mouth of hell." It was the common fault of that day, in school-education as well

as in religious instruction, to threaten and punish. I knew boys kept a whole day without food, for not acquiring a task to which they were unequal. I knew others who ran away from school to sea, and were never again heard of, some who were punished until they made up their minds to endure it like stoics, and take no pains about anything. Such severe measures I escaped by being educated at home, but there was quite stringency enough there. The truth was, and with the majority of the young it is the same, I could learn well sometimes, at others I felt utterly incapable of it, the body being, perhaps, out of tune, but that was a thing of no consequence to a teacher. My temperament was volatile at times, but often capable of close application. Sunday was strictly kept. It recalls to my mind Johnson's remark, "It was a heavy day to me, my mother made me read 'the whole duty of man,' from a great part of which I could derive no instruction. When I read the chapter on theft, which I well knew was wrong, I was no more convinced that theft was wrong than I had been before." Thus to inculcate moral duties by a wearisome and useless repetition of them, is to colour such duties with a sort of distaste. It was no wonder, therefore, that for a short time, when turned upon the world, ardent in temperament, glowing with health, and my own master, I should have run a little wild. My companions, before I left the parental dwelling, were for the most part engaged in the naval or military services, and not remarkable for keeping within the exact limits of order, as laid down by passionless teachers, and affectionate parents, who had reached the farther verge of a dissimilar existence. The

anchorage of the channel fleet in Carrick roads, when driven off Brest by furious south-west winds, was but a few miles from my home.

When it blew hard from that quarter I used to ascend a hill and watch the offing for a chance of welcoming some of my old companions again. Then, too, I should see the gallant old Cornwallis, come sweeping in with reefed sails before a tremendous gale, at the head of four or five-and-twenty ships of the line, breasting the sea foam as if he had been the god of ocean himself, and coming to anchor in the style amidst "the dreadful pudder over head," that none but British seamen know how to do. The sailors called Cornwallis "Old Billy Blue." England was under great obligations to him for often sticking close to his post in tremendous weather. When it became impossible, he stood over to the finest anchorage in the channel. If the wind kept the fleet in, I was certain to greet my late companions. I had visited Plymouth, too, and imbibed somewhat of that jaunty air and demeanour which distinguished my friends. Messes, in those days, were not as orderly as they are now. Severe duty at sea was met by laxity in port. Youth boiling over with spirits, thinking itself immortal, taking no heed of the morrow, bridled itself with difficulty. The habits of that day were far looser than at present, and fun and frolic were unlimited. Generally temperate, avoiding malt drink, which clogs the vessels, and makes those who use it lethargic, if they do not work it off by toil, I drank my water or wine. I was an active pedestrian, a good horseman, and swimmer, and could perform the sword exercise of that time, on horseback, to the admiration of my comrades. The weak and sickly who

do not experience the temptations of those who are full of health, make a virtue of this indifference to extremes. I used often to look at the walls of the room in which I happened to be sitting, and imagine I could dart through them at one bound.

Beautiful morning of existence—beautiful exceedingly, why does it dawn upon us but once? Why is there no second Aurora to illumine our mortal track with colours dipp'd in heaven, and glories so brilliant that the embers of age almost kindle into flame at their recollection.

Resident in London myself, Woolwich and Chatham, being sure to receive some of my old friends occasionally, as they could not obtain leave of absence, it was a natural consequence that I should go down to them. One of these, Bate, governor of the Island of Ascension, died at a comparatively recent period. A nobler spirit I never knew. We often passed a night together in easy-chairs for want of being able to procure beds in Woolwich. I remembered, too, we planked it together more than once, in other words, slept on the *baré* boards. There was a young officer, whom I knew through Bate, named Franklyn or Franklin, I don't remember which, whom I left in the West when I came to London. Letters I received in town, brought me messages from him in the way of remembrance. I never saw him again. Supposing the lamented Sir John Franklin to have been ten or twelve years younger than he was in reality. I did not think it possible this could have been the same individual, though the date of the first commission of him I knew, and of the lamented officer must have pretty nearly corresponded, if they were different men. I never saw Franklin as Sir John, and until Sir Edward



Parry spoke of his age in a speech at Portsmouth, I had no idea it was possible the two individuals could be identified; he gave me the nick-name of Mr. Longfellow, I dubbed him Dr. Franklin.

I had not been long in London before I visited Reading in the hope of receiving my father, expected there on a visit. He set out, was obliged to return, and I never saw him more. I explored the vicinity of Reading, sketched what was worth taking, solaced myself in the splendid gardens of White Knights, and returned to town, meeting George III. travelling down to Windsor at a right royal rate, with just as little mercy for the horses of his carriage or escort, as he had for the Yankees in 1776. I was told that in passing out of town, and hearing a cry, he had put his head out of his carriage window and called sprats very lustily. There was little doubt of his insanity at this time, though nothing was said of it.

Strictly agricultural as the county may be, I was pleased with Berks, and having been only a few months from the country, enjoyed returning to it again. My old predilections in its favour came back. The superiority of metropolitan society cannot be disputed, and its more enlarged and liberal modes of thinking and acting; but neither then nor now, had I or have I, any affection for blackened brick walls, interminable streets, rattling vehicles, howling costermongers, wretchedness, poverty, and vice, made more deplorable and vicious by close contact with dissipation, wealth, and luxury. The shady side of a wood in summer, a mountain top, or the ocean shore, the lodge in some irriguous valley by the dashing stream for me, before the architectual extravagances of

Buckingham House, or the plaistered mansions and empty show of Belgravia. This may be want of taste for what the hour may deem superlative things, I cannot help my bad taste.

The loss of my father deeply afflicted me. Every remembered scene rose freshly to my view in which he was concerned. I still imagined him entering my bedroom, as he frequently did, at six o'clock in the morning, awakening me with the lines he quoted from Thompson on such occasions :—

Falsely luxurious will not man arise,  
And springing from the bed of sloth enjoy  
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour  
To meditation due, and sacred song—  
For is there aught in sleep to charm the wise !

I left Reading for Oxford by way of Wallingford. My stay at the head-quarters of orthodoxy was short, but long enough to convince my youthful mind, that the road which, it was pretended, led to religion in that famed seminary, speaking generally, was like that of Curran's pig-driver, avowedly going to Cork, but really going to Dublin. It was well Duns Scotus, and his thirty thousand scholars were no longer extant, to lead the life of Oxonians at that period. Learning and the surplice were the ostensible things, no doubt, but dissipation and the name of learning rather than its spirit marked that celebrated seminary ; since then, they say, greatly reformed. There was need enough of reformation, a double face was worn upon everything. The immorality scorned refinement, and though there were, no doubt, many exceptions, the habits must have been

prominent and striking, for a young wilding like myself to notice the dissonance they caused between profession and practice. At Oxford, I learned that it was far better to possess sound judgment, then to be a wit, the latter character was common enough there.

I had not wasted all my time during my absence from town. I had reflected much on my future prospects, and the necessity of immediate action. I had an idea of establishing a newspaper, then a different task from the easy thing it is at present. I was fully qualified for such an undertaking by an acquaintance with all the details, even to the mechanical part, and the arcana of the mischievous art of typography, I had read much, and knew several languages. I had omitted no available means of extending my stock of general knowledge, a thing essential to success. I even attended Sheldon's lectures on anatomy, and all sorts of lectures, besides, and I visited the drawing-school of the Royal Academy more than once. There, I remember, I first saw Fuseli. I had mingled much in society, and had been inaugurated, Cornubian as I was, a member of the Caledonian society in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the same time as little Paull, the member for Westminster. I belonged to a club called the Bucks, and to several similar bodies, but I did not visit either half-a-dozen times, such societies being little to my taste.

Acquaintances from the country were continually arriving in town, and some were exceedingly *gauche* in their manners. Practical jokes are inexcusable, but it was impossible not to smile at some tempted by the awkwardness of west countrymen in these days. A wag from the west, named Paynter, was continually

practising upon the simplicity of those who trusted to his good faith. One of those individuals, of the character he delighted to play upon, was walking down Bond Street with him, fresh both in language and costume from the rural abode which he had never before quitted, for the distance of threescore miles. Seeing pine-apples in a fruiterer's window, he said :—

“ Bless me, what fine fruit—what pines Mr. Paynter ? Dear enough here, I suppose. We can't get one under a guinea.”

“ They grow but few in the west, Harry—more are reared here ; so that we get them from a shilling to eighteen-pence a piece.”

“ You don't say so, Mr. Paynter. I'll have a couple, I think.”

So saying he went into the shop with all the confidence of a man having an overflowing purse. He selected two of the largest, put them into his pocket, and laid down a couple of shillings. The shopkeeper stared, and, becoming alarmed, asked for the rest of the money. The dispute grew so serious, that Paynter found it necessary to interfere, having stationed himself outside the shop, calculating upon his presence being required as soon as the comedy was likely to change into a performance of an opposite character. His apology for his countryman's behaviour was couched in language calculated to put all in good humour, except the man to whom the laugh was adverse :—

“ Why Harry, you will believe anything,” said the wag to the disappointed pine buyer.

“ Aye, Mr. Paynter, anything anybody says, but thee.”

"It was all for your good, Harry—you must learn the way of the world to prevent your being bit in good earnest."

"Thee shalt not be my master, Mr. Paynter."

And poor Harry walked away from his friend, and never became reconciled to him afterwards. This did not cure the trickster. A Devonshire farmer fell in his way, a man of wealth and dullness, quite out of his latitude. Passing along Bridge Street, Blackfriars, he observed hatchments affixed to several house fronts.

"What be they, Mr. Paynter, signs, I 'spose?"

The hint was too good to be lost :

"Yes, signs. Did you never hear of London Porter?"

"Yes, Mr. Paynter—good stuff, be'ent it?"

"When it is genuine : the right sort is only sold at the houses which bear those signs."

"Indeed, I should like a wet of it."

"I never drink it—go and knock, and ask for a glass, I will wait outside."

The clod-pole knocked, entered without ceremony, and said he wanted a glass of porter. The servant shewed him into the parlour, and went to announce a visitor. Presently he came back, and said there was no one of the name in the house, nor expected ; the domestic having, from the farmer's dialect, mistaken the enquiry for a Miss Porter. In vain he attempted an explanation, and was, at last, literally ejected into the street to Paynter's great amusement, who had watched the event from the other side of the way. The farmer came up to his hoaxer :—

"You be woundedly mistaken, Mr. Paynter, there be no London porter to be had there."

"It was your ignorance, my friend, the sign is over the next house. The doors are close together. You entered the wrong house."

"And did I indeed, Mr. Paynter, why I will go again, though they were not very civil in the place where I just enquired."

"Don't go again, no," said Paynter, who began to think his dupe, an irascible and powerful man, might, on discovering the trick, have recourse to a method of retaliation somewhat too personal; "come with me, I have not dined,"—and he took the farmer, nothing loth, to the London Coffee-house, where he supplied him with genuine porter, while he dined himself, and then plied him with wine until he was obliged to take the guest to his inn, the Angel, in St. Clement's, then a noted receptacle of the western stage-coaches. A Devonshire rustic of that time, was only second in obtuseness to an Essex calf. The dullness of both arising, as time has proved, from the lack of intercommunication, rather than birthright, from ignorance of the world, rather than lack of intellectual ability to advance. It would be difficult to credit the benefit achieved since by the increased facilities for travelling.

I had a relative, who, not long before railways were established, on stating his intention to come up to town, was solicited to accept, as a fellow-traveller, a man of property, a neighbour, who had never been thirty miles from home in his life. They travelled by coach. All went on well until they reached Brentford. The countryman supposed he was nearly come to his journey's end. On seeing the lamps, mile after mile, he expressed more and more impatience. "Are we not yet in

London, and so many miles of lamps?" At length, on reaching Hyde Park Corner, he was told they had arrived. His impatience increased from thence to Lad Lane. He became overwhelmed with astonishment. They entered the inn; and my relative bade his companion remain in the coffee-room until he returned, having gone to a bed-room for ablution. On returning, he found the bird flown; and for six long weeks there were no tidings of him. At length, it was discovered he was in the custody of the constables at Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, his mind alienated. He was conveyed home; came partially to his reason for a short time, and died. It was gathered from him that he had become confused more and more at the lights, and long distances he was carried among them; it seemed as if they could have no end. The idea that he could never be extricated from such a labyrinth superseded every other. He could not bear the thought. He went into the street, inquired his way to the westward, and seemed, from his statement, to have got into Hyde Park, and then out again into the Great Western Road, walking until he could walk no longer. He could relate nothing more that occurred until he was secured. Neither his watch nor money had been taken from him.

Am I right in recording trivialities that come intruding upon memory when things of more importance have perished? The truth is, we must sometimes take what memory tenders, nor slight incidents, which may set off graver associations, and furnish standards for comparing the past and present.

I got, for a time, into a round of visiting, but was soon tired of it. Nothing is more profitless, and it was

my nature, when I had run a short round of any novelty, to get tired of it. Purposeless visits soon pall ; by which I mean those visits which constituted routes, or the form of walking in at one door and out at another. Where something like cordiality prevails, and some sort of interest exists between the visitor and his host, it is different. The coldness of fashion renders detestable a compliance with all its dictates. In those days, dress was scrupulously regarded, and the chapeau-bras was indispensable. In the bliss of my town inexperience and thoughtlessness, I went to an evening party, at the house of a merchant, near Highbury, where lived a family of girls who were exceedingly attractive. I know not their subsequent fortunes, when severed from each other in after life. So sisterly, so unaffectedly graceful and agreeable is their memory, that their names sadden my spirit when I think of the interval of remorseless time that has dimmed their images. I have reason to believe the greater part of them are consigned to the house appointed for all living. I had lingered until between four and five o'clock in the morning, following the example of one or two other guests. Day dawned ; we sallied forth in company. It was one of those drizzling dawns which added tenfold ugliness to the London of those days, and a proportionate mass of filth and chillness to the streets. I had never thought how I was to get to my lodgings. No hackney-coach was obtainable. My companions had prepared for all accidents by bringing great-coats. I had none. It was soon broad daylight ; the drizzle increased to rain. I was left to pursue my way alone, my companions taking a different direction from mine. I wore a blue



dress-coat, white waistcoat, lemon-coloured breeches, white silk stockings, with silver knee and shoe buckles; the large cocked-hat could no longer be carried under the arm, my head piteously demanding shelter. The mud, black and fluid, I did not mind, had I not been mortified at the figure I cut before passengers of the lowest class, stealing from drunken orgies, or going to their diurnal toil. They eyed my bespattered legs with a smile. I had to march to Fleet Street, worse looking from the wet than a ducked pullet, and magpie coloured to the waist. Had it been dark, or had I been unobserved, it would have been of little moment. To become such a spectacle to the raffish people, at that time in the morning, shocked my young pride. Some rough-looking fellows cast their eyes at my shoe-buckles, until I began to dread their piratical seizure. Others smiled, winked, and passed on. Some of the fair sex, foul to view, hoped I would send them my washing. One called me a d—— macaroni. I kept on my way, deeply mortified. I had not yet exchanged my country modesty for town assurance. Glad enough I felt when I arrived at my quarters, determined never to visit again without providing for my return, to be clear of the vilest streetocracy that deforms any capital in Europe. A Londoner would have laughed at such an adventure, but it was a different thing with a provincial, keenly sensible of the ridiculous as I was, and, in spite of reason, deriving small consolation from the fact that nobody knew me, and that no one whom I had met that morning would, probably, ever see me again, if I lived all my life in Coccagne. When I went out afterwards, it seemed as if all whom I had met in the street curled

the lip at me, so self-mortifying is that rustic modesty, the existence of which the metropolis never long tolerates—but enough.

I was twenty-four years old before I opened a classical writer again after my school days. Horace drew me back to his native tongue. His conviviality, amatory, and social feeling, blended with his love of nature had always delighted me. I loved woods, and streams, and haunted them as a solitary when young, for I was early a solitary. Even now I never visit a gushing spring, as I did that of Cliefden the other day, but the Ode “O fons Bandusia !” rushes again upon my soul in its pristine freshness of feeling. I had pored over all kinds of books, for I had little choice, my father’s library being selected for his own profession, three fourths of a theological character. My lively imagination led me first to the poets. The reading of young persons so situated is naturally of a desultory character; they read what comes in their way. There is sometimes an advantage in this, because by becoming familiar with the outlines of many things, there is an opportunity for choice as to the object to be followed out in after-life. He who is destitute of fortune may thus seize upon opportunity with the superior advantage of not being theoretically ignorant of the pursuit before him.

My father possessed too much of the old educational prejudices. I was a dull scholar whenever I was required to learn what, in my view, were dull things. His affection for me was unbounded, and I am inclined to think he knew this, and thus he tempered it with a severe sense of duty in his own view, which sense

was common to the time in which he lived, and upon which we have since greatly improved. To return—Caesar, Plutarch, and Cornelius Nepos were once more perused. I did not relish Cicero, although awake to the splendour of his latinity. I had, in fact, no ground to aspire to the eminence of a critic, or even of a scholastic adept in the Latin, which I only read to obtain facts.

I have said I acquired the art of writing verses early in life. How many of my hours that would otherwise have been passed in idleness has that art beguiled. I sent my lines anonymously to the "Weekly Entertainer." "Stat nominis umbra" was my motto, yet how gratifying was the vanity that attended their perusal in print.

I have mentioned the "Weekly Entertainer." This was a periodical work published once a fortnight in Sherborne, Dorsetshire, at the office of the 'Mercury,' and circulated largely in the west of England. Cornwall had no newspaper, and there were only two in Devon, both at Exeter. The publication of which I speak, cost but three-halfpence to those who took the "Mercury," and two-pence to those who did not. I am doubtful if I should recognize my youthful contributions at this distance of time, lame and inefficient enough I dare say.

My father had early presented me with Dryden's Plutarch. I question the wisdom of putting Plutarch too early into the indiscriminating hands of youth. War and ambition dazzle the uninstructed mind. In a Christian land, crime should not be stimulated by

representing it as in any shape an example worthy of imitation. There is less fear of this when the mind is formed. Magnitude of guilt dazzles. In my view, at one time, there was scarcely a hero in history out of Plutarch. It is singular how of the two antagonistic principles which keep the world in a perpetual struggle, the tendency to that of evil is so strong, despite reason, that we admire what we do not dare to defend in the actions of vicious characters, often miscalled "heroic."

## CHAPTER III.

I WASTED time in perusing works of imagination, and vapid novels, calculated as they are, except when of a high order, to pervert history, and vitiate the taste. They who possess a mature judgment, read some works for their style, others for information, or for the disposition of their parts. Some are excellent as sources of knowledge, but of little service in teaching how to acquire correct modes of thinking, such as scientific compilations. From others, we derive no great accession of facts, but they sharpen and discipline the faculties. Books of mere amusement are good for the diversion of the mind after heavier studies, but they are the bane of mental discipline, unless well selected, as I have found from experience. The more frivolous are preferred, from being written down to the unrefined feeling and bad taste of the many; extravagant in excitement, or else childish; vulgar in dialogue, and suitable to low and untutored sympathies, or full of spurious morality, giving false pictures of manners, and contradicting historical testimony. Their heroes, like the clown's spectacles that were to teach him reading, being imaginary models of all that shines in the social character, without much

regard to morality or good taste. There have been as many different fashions in novel writing as in the shape of a coat, in the same duration of time. The novels of the Minerva Press were the rage in my youth. Many works appeared too openly licentious to be tolerated now; yet it is a question whether that insidious immorality which prevails in some works of imagination, with too fair an outside, is not really more prejudicial than where vice is at once apparent.

Monk Lewis's works fell early into my hands, but they operated in a different mode from that the author intended. I set Lewis down for a bigot in faith, as well as a man of loose morality. I had known some Catholic sisters of exemplary character; and I had early become acquainted with several excellent persons, members of their faith. There are many excellent people who will believe chalk is cheese, if they are told they must believe it, their fault being a belief in anything but the dictates of good sense—are they to be maligned rather than pitied? Lewis hated the men, the creed was of less moment. He described vice too well not to have been familiar with it. I read his 'Monk' at fifteen; he borrowed that tale, I have no doubt, from "*l'Année Littéraire*," for 1772, and the article "*Le Diable Amoureux*." The "*Tales of Wonder*" I well recollect appearing. The first edition of his 'Monk' shamed even its author into the suppression of some of its prurieneces on its reaching a second. I heard of his "*Castle Spectre*" in the country; but I did not see it performed until I arrived in town. It produced no effect on my mind—I was an infidel as to ghostly appearances even then; but it drew crowds to the

theatre. London was full of the praises of the productions of Lewis. His lubricity was tolerated in compliment to the service it rendered to intolerance. In those days, numberless stories were told and credited of the fleshless gentry, who appear to visit the earth on very silly errands, and hobgoblin Lewis found superstition and intolerance towers of strength in support of his popularity. Lewis was a pale, small man, no wizard in manners nor appearance, to be possessed of the talent with which he was unquestionably endowed. It was in 1807, when he was getting ready his "Romantic Tales" that I last saw him.

In regard to ghosts, I had, when a lad, a sister whom the gods loved, for she died young. She was a fine high-spirited girl, to whom I related my stock of ghost stories, and to whom I was able to entrust, without fear of betrayal, all my tiny secrets. I believe she wondered from what source I derived them. My father rejected all such superstitions, and endeavoured to guard against their effect on the youthful mind, as if he had some surmise of the true state of things. On a dark, ghostly, cold winter's night, he asked my sister if she was afraid to fetch a book out of a pew, at the upper end of a chapel, which stood at the termination of a long avenue of trees planted among the graves of several departed generations. I suspected it was done to try my courage. My sister was two years younger than myself. She shall not go, thought I, feeling that my courage was suspected, and as well that she would prove unequal to the task. My chivalry vanquished my fears. I volunteered, my father taunting me, when I did not deserve it, that my sister would fetch it, if I failed.

She, poor girl, had no taste for the expedition, from stories with which I had crammed her head. It was past eleven o'clock at night; a dozen horrible tales came to my recollection, I had scores, and worse than all some faith in them. As I was setting out, I put on the most heroic countenance. The long avenue of trees was to be passed. The night was black as Erebus, the gusty wind made the branches rustle and creak, and I could see my way only by looking up at the tops which were a little blacker than the heavens. I was scarcely half a dozen yards on my way, when the demons of Lewis came into my mind, a hideous group as they were. Next came uppermost a picture in an old edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which represented Christian passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and close at his heels a tall cloven-footed fiend, with bat-like wings, a figure well adapted from its superlative hideousness, to adorn the temptation of the most holy St. Anthony. I reached the door of the edifice, not whistling like a school-boy to keep my courage up, but standing in need of some such resource for the purpose. I dashed open the door of the sacred edifice, near which I had seen a person inhumed a few days before. It was an effort of courage for which I took credit, that the echoes from the empty edifice, though they brought my courage down to the freezing point, did not make me retrograde, I only halted for a few seconds to give my valour breath. I then felt my way up the aisle, and as I extended my hands for the purpose, fully expected one of them to be grasped by marble-cold fingers. A pew door left open struck me as I was passing. I felt a shiver, halted, then recollect-



ing what it was, I proceeded cautiously to the clerk's place, seized a book, and groping along the pew fronts, returned with much more alacrity than I had shown in proceeding on my errand. I deposited my trophy on the drawing-room table, saying, what was untrue, "I don't care for a hundred ghosts, not I!" The youth of the present day is fortunate in not having to contend with the tales of spectres and apparitions, which once made children so miserable, imbibed among other mischiefs in the nursery, the invention of superstition to overawe mind for the worst purposes. What, for example, would our forefathers not have said of the electric telegraph, but to prove that we dealt with the devil?

Moore's Poems under the name of Thomas Little, published after his 'Anacreon,' I read by stealth soon after their appearance. It was not a feather in his poetical renown, that he should, in youth, treat love no better than harlotry. It did not speak a pure spirit. I doubt whether Moore ever felt real love. The language of artifice and warmth beyond delicacy, coloured the passion after the mode in which rakes would depict it, but in more elegant language. It was the love of the lip, not the heart. He had passed his early years in the Dublin circles; he had visited many of those dissipated personages to whom the simplicity and truth of nature's colouring were too tasteful to be welcome, for he was somewhat of a follower of fashion and title. It is true, he expressed his regret in later years, that he published Little's Poems, and there is no doubt his regret was sincere, but he could not have written the poems with the untainted mind of unartificial youth, prompted by genuine natural feeling. It is true that the generous,

pious, impartial, and profoundly gifted public, or 'masses,' as they are now called, which flatterers deem an authority not to be challenged, decided against my humble opinion, for in five years, in this wisest, most virtuous, and most religious of all nations, the lubricious poems of Little passed through thirteen editions.

"The Children of the Abbey," by Maria Roche, Surr's "Splendid Misery," and Mrs. Opie's "Mother and Daughter," I remember successively taking to my place of reading in fine weather. This was a dense wood, seldom intruded upon, where I could enjoy reading undisturbed. I carried thither a piece of white-painted board for a seat, on which I had pencilled, in an idle mood, Pope's line :

"Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care."

I never knew, for certain, what fair footsteps had followed me unobserved, but I had been followed, and by one who was familiar with Pope, for I found the line written under mine in a lady's hand :

"For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I must state that Charlotte Smith's beautiful Sonnets were among my early reading, and that I read them still with great pleasure. Her novels, too, were popular, and rank with the best of those days. She had a far-spread reputation. Miss Owenson's "St. Clair," and "Novice of St. Dominick," I read about the same time as I perused Surr. Clara Reeves' "Old English Baron" followed. Godwin was too

profound for my youth. Bage's "Hermsprong" I well remember, and Moore's "Zeluco." The last was the first novel I ever called my own property. The fault of many of the novelists of that time, was that they relied too much upon imagination, leaving probability out of sight. What a history, by no means honourable to the popular taste, would that of novel-writing be, with its lights and shadows, for sixty years past!

Coleridge's poems I perused with delight, but I could never lumber through Southey's leaden epic, "Joan of Arc." His "Curse of Kehama" I perused with the interest arising from its novelty of subject, notwithstanding its verbiage. I remember the starting of the "Edinburgh Review," much talked of by the public. By the "Monthly" and "Critical Reviews," and the "British Critic," I had been too much swayed in opinion. I think there was an "English Review" in my early years, but I only remember there was such a work. It was said to be established through the instrumentality of a Dr. Thompson, a friend of Dr. Parr, and author of a work called "The Man in the Moon." The "Monthly Review" had attained considerable reputation, and was first the property of Mr. Griffith, assisted by Dr. Rose of Chiswick, and a Mr. Cleveland. Old Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool—whose writings, Peter Pindar said, showed not a spark of fire until they were put into the grate,—Charles Burney—not the musical man, but the Greek number three (or Porson, Parr, and Burney),—and Dr. Rees, of Encyclopedia renown, were contributors. The literary opinions the work expressed were not always

correct. The writers made no pretence to Essay writing, under the false colour of reviewing. The "British Critic" was established principally by the activity of Archdeacon Nares, Prebendary of Lincoln—not him of the same name who wrote "Thinks I to Myself." I knew the Archdeacon well; he was a sound scholar, and an excellent man, although with the extent of his divinity qualification, I was not acquainted. It was in Nares' "Review" that Parr criticised the splendid edition of Horace, which he had at first consented to join Dr. Combe and a friend in projecting, as I heard the history of the affair. Parr backed out, upon finding his coadjutors not equal to the task. Combe was a physician. The Doctor's review enraged Dr. Combe, especially as Parr pointed out numerous blunders in the Greek quotations, which gave origin to a war of pamphlets, and an epigram:

"Combe's Greek proved a lapsis—though at home in a pty sick,  
It was so much the worse he deserted his physick—  
*Parr combed* him they say for his Greek, and so far,  
It was proved to the world he was not up to *par*!"

Of the parties who established the "Critical Review" I do not remember having heard. A very ingenious compiler for the press, Stephen Jones, gave me much information about the reviews, which I regret has long been forgotten. The "Quarterly Review" did not appear until 1809, two years after I had begun my town career. Most of the foregoing statements I remember to have learned in town. The only literati, in my boyish days, resident near where I lived, were Polwhele, and Whittaker, the Manchester historian.

The latter wrote more elaborately upon the leanest text, than any one before or since his time has done. I do not remember any of the Magazines, except the "Gentleman's" and "Monthly." Mr. Urban was, of course, no stranger to the world fourscore years before I saw the light. Phillips, the bookseller, was the proprietor of the "Monthly," and Dr. Aikin the editor. Phillips had been a schoolmaster, then a bookseller at Leicester, where he set up a periodical publication, and was imprisoned for publishing Paine's "Rights of Man." He became a bookseller in Bridge Street, Blackfriars, afterwards, and his shop a lounge for those who supported the proscribed doctrine of Parliamentary Reform. Many literary men used to look in there. Phillips was a selfish, conceited, shrewd man. He got knighted afterwards, Mansion House fashion, for he became Sheriff of London; whether he was ever Lord Mayor, I do not remember. It is hardly possible, I should think, as he never touched animal food. Thelwall, tried for his life with Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Joyce, used to be often in the shop of Phillips. The last was a fresh-coloured, plump, hale man, and died at eighty years of age. He once offered me a tolerable sum of money, if I would go to Elba and write a book about Napoleon. I never had any business transaction with him.

Scott's "Marmion" delighted me, and it was well calculated to do so, especially on the first time of perusal. It came out at this period. There was a happy abruptness in the termination, which left a grateful recollection behind. It lost much of its attraction on a second perusal, and on the third descended to

what it really was, a versified story. Scott was well aware his pretensions as a poet were fallacious, and changed his mood. Verse has its peculiar sentiment and language; the best must "accommodate the shows of things to the desires of the mind." We do not want to hear repeated to us continually the existing or defunct state of things—our senses make that state sufficiently evident; we want something more elevated, better, something which our minds tell us we do not possess, but of which we may laudably aspire to the fruition. There is an innate sentiment of right and justice ever blended in the poet. His colour must not be drab, nor his voice colloquial and prosaic; he must be all brilliancy of hue. He must have a mind that, in place of gasping after kings, courts, and pageantry, can take them at their real worth, climbing above earthly things, along the broad empirean, in place of aspiring to strut under painted ceilings, among the stars of the embroiderer, robes of the tailor's happiest adjustment, jewelled and painted ladies; and courtiers the froth of nations,—a mind that, in place of such cribbed desires, can expatiate upon real greatness, fear no truth, read the better things of nature, and associate with the wise and good of all ages, daring to pass even the bounds of time and space—such a mind, and its peculiar sentiments of greatness and independence, was not that of Scott. Hence he shone peculiarly in his novels, which dealt more with earthly beings in fantastic dresses, and in times nearly forgotten. He had strong yearnings too, after every-day things, which he was continually necessitated to disguise, lest the innate nakedness of his characters should become too palpable. Hence, perhaps, the hero

of the novelist—some incorrigible ruffian—he clothed in gorgeous raiment, endowed with a thousand virtues and one great crime, the union forming the staple in the description. The virtue that hangs about the heart of the true poet, reverses this. Virtue never leaves the poetic fancy, if occasionally overlooked in description. The poet describes “the one virtue link’d with a thousand crimes,” and in exaggerating it, inflicts no wound upon the ascendancy of honourable and virtuous desires, if not clothed in moral beauty. Scott became the enchanter of the age, from possessing, with points in his literary character, some of which resembled those of the poet, others which constituted his own particular excellence as a prose writer, which, while disqualifying him for lasting poetical success, made him the transcendent novelist.

Another of the noted works of the day, a little subsequent to Scott’s “Marmion,” was that of a poet whose fame was already fixed upon a durable foundation in “Gertrude of Wyoming,” the second edition of which appeared the same year as Scott’s “Lady of the Lake.” “Gertrude” did not strike me with its tranquil and peculiar beauties, until I had read it more than once, as Reynolds observed of Raphael’s cartoons, the excellence of which did not strike at the first glance. It was somewhat in this way that the first perusal of “Gertrude” affected me.

I was so pleased with passages in Darwin’s poetical works, when young, that I retained them in memory. His prophecy in regard to steam-vessels was singular in its verification. His writings were put down by the wits of the Anti-Jacobin, not for their demerits, but

from his unfashionable politics. This figure in Darwin much struck my youthful fancy :

“ Thus charmed to sweet repose when twilight hours,  
Shed their soft influence on celestial bowers,  
The cherub innocence with smile divine  
Shuts his white wings, and sleeps on beauty's shrine.”

Many and varied were the snatches of bygone verse treasured in my youth, in rambles over waste, and through wood and vale. In lonely hours, thoughtful, companionless, it was then I used to fix, or rather, such quotations became fixed in my mind, by continual repetition. Gray was one of my favourites, from whom I culled fragments, and the same with Milton, Pope and others. How fresh-coloured, even through the dimness of years, is the recollection of the localities where I thus beguiled many solitary moments.

The appearance of “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” in the return for the attack of the Scotch reviewers upon young Byron, I well remember. The Edinburgh did not make much noise at its first appearance, but grew rapidly into favour. It would have merited unalloyed praise, had it supported liberal principles only, and taken a tone more exalted. Still it had merit in a point difficult to be understood now, from the alterations for the better effected by time. Intense religious bigotry, the judicial bench little better than a tool of the crown ; the Test and Corporation Acts in full force, the press enslaved, illiberality and ignorance triumphant, all showed the necessity for a striking advocacy of equal justice and free opinion. It has since



had, too, the gratification of seeing the full realization of the principles with which it set out. On the other hand, the "Quarterly" has been doomed to find its most cherished and reiterated opinions erroneous, and its averments falsified over and over. Its prophetic denunciations of national ruin were met by an increase of prosperity. The more extensive its fulminations, the more false they proved on a comparison of the results with the predictions. The prophetic denunciations in this work would make an entertaining volume.

The waste of labour and logic, the assumed egotism, and something like bombast at times, presented no very edifying example in the use of the critical tomahawk upon those literary men who were so unfortunate as not to be able to claim the reviewer's political brotherhood. The first person named as editor, was Dr. Grant, who could not proceed with his duties from an attack of illness. Gifford then undertook a task for which he had from toil the scholarship, the intense virulence from nature, and the vulgarity by early tendencies. He had no scintillation of genius, but was a plodding labourer over books, when not occupied in pushing his fortunes in other ways. How he became tutor of the late Lord Westminster is well known. In his published account of himself, he took care to omit his turf transactions, and his female acquaintances. Weatherby, of racing calendar notoriety, was the chum, at one time, of the tutor of the young nobleman, when he might, at least, be supposed to "affect" strictness. Jockeys and blacklegs were hardly consistent companions for grave tutors. But he was not likely to be over exact in this and other matters

within the circle where he made his *débüt*. The patron's house was not a bad locality in which to illustrate Juvenal.

I had a clerk, when I was in Devonshire, named John Colmer. He and Gifford were companions at Ashburton, of which place both were natives. They separated when Gifford left off the contemplative trade of the last, to go to the college, whither his early patron sent him. Whenever Colmer came to town, for he had been in trade, he used to go and see his old crony. I questioned Colmer as to his knowledge of any female sent down to Ashburton to school by Gifford. He replied in the affirmative, which decided in my mind all I had heard.

What I learned from Colmer, who did not at all suspect the drift of my questions, had better pass into oblivion.

The coarse mind of Gifford, infused fear into many writers, lest he should mangle them in the "Quarterly." Gifford was the very antipode of anything poetical, while affecting to be a poet. His love of arithmetic and the betting-book, were hardly consistent with such an affectation. Byron, a peer, so abused by the "Edinburgh," though not a Tory, obtained the support of Gifford in the "Quarterly," besides that, Murray, the bookseller, owned the "Review." Gifford flattered Byron, and the latter in return, handed over his beautiful verses in MS., for Gifford's "experienced" correction. The critic made such ridiculous, anti-poetic work of it, that Byron could not put up with the emendations, and in his teeth fortunately kept to his first text. Byron wrote :—

"When all is past it is humbling to tread,  
O'er the weltering field, of the tombless dead!"

Gifford cobbled these lines as follows:—

"O'er the weltering limbs of the tombless dead!"

Again, at the passage:—

"All regarding men as their prey,  
All rejoicing in his decay,  
Follow his frame from the bier to the dust."

he omitted the couplet:—

"Out upon time! it will leave no more  
Of the things to come than the things before!"

It is then clear, that the Cannings, Freres, Milmans, Crokers, and other men of talent who contributed, elevated the "Review," not its editor. Some of the scholarship notices are excellent. A selection of these in three or four volumes, from the mass of high-flown rubbish, and falsified prophecies of national ruin, would be most useful. In its classical articles, the "Review" as far outshone the "Edinburgh" as the "Edinburgh" outshone the "Quarterly" in the truth of its political predictions, and that advocacy of improvement and reform for which its reputation is imperishable.

But I digress. The above subject seems to me not a week old. Time carries no scale of the distances of its spoliations; the more remote often appearing the more approximate.

I met in society many literary characters about this time, some Templars, others collegians, and some pro-

fessional writers. All were men of education. It would have been thought then, that an individual who had not studied, one, in short, without more reading and acquirement than those receive now, who too frequently become in their way instructors without, would not manage an argument in a satisfactory and logical mode, and that to inform and give weight to opinion, men must themselves study and acquire information. There was then an effort to trace effects to their sources, and to meet opponents by an array of facts drawn from research. Hence social converse was more improving than at present among literary men, who really enjoyed each other's society; their manners, too, were more gentlemanly. Clubs then were pleasant things, ill-exchanged for the sullen silence of the modern institutions so named. At a meeting of this kind, I can scarcely recollect how it happened, an offer was made me to take part in the establishment of a new daily evening paper. To me, the machinery of such an establishment was novel, but that belonged to more experienced hands than mine. The paper was to be named "The Pilot," and a main feature to be the discussion of East Indian affairs. The principal proprietor, was Samuel, a barrister, who had been concerned in a paper called "The World," with Major Topham, of the Life Guards. The latter had long retired to his cottage in the wolds of Yorkshire, while the former, proceeding to India, had become auditor, I think that was the office, to the Nabob of Oude. While in India, Samuel established the "Madras Gazette," which, on his departure, he let for a considerable income, and brought home with him thirty thousand

pounds. Thus, a newspaper was not a novelty to the chief proprietor.

Samuel wrote with rapidity and elegance, but he possessed little imagination. He left behind him an elaborate volume on courts-martial, written just before he quitted England some years after this, to become Chief Justice of Demerara, where he died. He was of the middle height, inclined to corpulence. His complexion ruddy, with some remnant of the Israelitish feature still apparent, rendering his countenance rather handsome, the midway between the personal of the two creeds. He was singularly generous and affable; in his living rather profuse than otherwise. He wore the invariable blue coat, buckskins, pigtail, and powder of that day. Suspenders were not yet in vogue, and the shirt was invariably displayed above the waistband, rotund gentlemen being continually forced to pull the buckskins up. I see him now, through the long vista of years, in the act of the existing fashionables. He lived in Sloane Street, where I often used to call upon him. He drove a handsome vehicle. I remember he had a French valet, who was a greater man than his master. In Surrey, ascending a steep hill the horses fatigued, the master got down and began pushing the carriage, desiring Louis to descend, but he sat unmoved.

"Dat do for my master, but dat not do for de valet of France : monsieur do if he please. I not."

Not only did Samuel attack the East India Company in the 'Pilot,' he obtained the advocacy of Sir Thomas Turton in the House of Commons, by a series of letters in that paper. But Sir Thomas made his motion in vain on "the most atrocious, shameful, and inhuman

act, that had ever disgraced any government," to use the words of Sheridan. The company by placing Azeem ul Dowlah on the Musnud of the Carnatic, abandoned the rightful heir, under vague pretences, to the mercy of the tool they had set up, who was the next by two, if not more remote, in the succession. The victim died in the custody of the favoured usurper, after eight months of severe suffering. The cries of justice towards India from the day of the great plunderer Hastings, to recent minor transactions in Bombay, have been successfully stifled. Recently, the line of the petted Nabob and usurper of that day has been pulled down in his turn. The deposed prince was young, only about twenty years of age. The excuse, false and hollow, was that his father had once corresponded with Tippoo Saib—not he, but his father. One of Samuel's letters had the following passage :

"About the fifth of April, the mother of this illustrious youth, with agonized heart and frantic feelings, sent the stained and reeking garments of her expiring son to the Chief Justice of Madras, and along with it the imprecations of nature for the dreaded loss of her beloved offspring, laying his death, which now appeared inevitable, with a mother's wildness at the door of British policy ; and calling with widely extended cries for vengeance and restitution. On the sixth, this ill-fated prince was relieved by the hand of death from his earthly miseries, having endured with the patience of a martyr more than a martyr's sufferings ; having never lost, in the feelings of the man, the dignity of the station for which he was intended, and for which he was, by Providence, so well and so peculiarly endowed."

This is, perhaps, the only fragment remaining of that exposure of those base transactions within human memory, except in the journals of parliament. There is little doubt the prince's death was accelerated by the tyrant who possessed his throne.

Dr. Maclean, the well known anti-contagionist, had a share in the paper at its commencement, but parted with it soon afterwards. David Walker, a son of the rector of Middleton, near Manchester, held another share, and resided at the house in the Strand, next door to Burgess's Italian Warehouse, where the paper was printed. The printer, a tall raw-boned Scotchman, named Taylor, was an original character, a "pawky" fellow, as any Scotchman need be. He had won the sixteenth of twenty thousand pounds in the lottery, but this good fortune made no difference in his conduct. He took his own four guineas weekly, was in the office daily a quarter before 4 A.M., and paid the same close attention to his duties until the paper appeared at 3 P.M., on the Saturday. He then paid his men, set his dress in order, and adjourned to a bout of good fellowship with some of his countrymen, until Sunday was well in, though your Scotchman is a great external religionist. Even if his potations were continued into the evening, he was at his post at four on the Monday morning. Each of his men was expected to have his column of type ready by eight o'clock. The papers, it must be recollected, were not then as gigantic as they are at present. The only reporter on the establishment, little required, was named Jenkins. The morning papers supplied most of the requisite reports.

The editor of an evening paper then came at 8 A.M.,

and quitted about 3 P.M., after running his eye over the finished proofs of original matter. He thus controlled the whole political bearing of the paper. When the number of a paper was large, duplicates of the inner form were set up, as the printing press could only supply a certain number per hour. This involved much additional expense.

Samuel, when he gave up all but a few contributions himself, had an Indian friend in Mr., afterwards Sir Herbert Compton, who having run a successful career in the law in India, found it necessary, before he could rise higher, to become a member of the English bar, now, I believe, necessary to any legal practice in the East. He became chief editor of the paper. His history was a singular example of talent, industry, and integrity combined. He remained editor until it became requisite for him to return to the East, after having dined himself into a knowledge of the law here. He became Advocate-General both at Madras and Calcutta, and finally Chief Justice at Bombay. He returned to England, dying in Hyde Park Gardens two or three years ago. He is said to have run away from his friends early in life, and to have enlisted as a private soldier in a regiment ordered to India. There he soon obtained his discharge, and studying the law upon the spot, was permitted to practise, under the old charter. He continued an advocate in the Supreme Court, but there he must have remained and risen no higher had he not returned and entered the Temple. I am often reminded of him by his house in Upper Baker Street, on the same side as the house of Mrs. Siddons, but not half way up from the New Road, all beyond it being then grass land to



Hampstead. He was a stout, rather tall, strong built, gentlemanly minded man, a little marked by the small-pox. In 1828, long years afterwards, Marsh, once of the Indian bar, wrote some anecdotes of the members of that body. Among them were some of Compton, which were put into my hands by Colburn for the "New Monthly Magazine." I sent them to the printer, as they were not the kind of matter about which Campbell cared. I thought they did Compton honour. One anecdote is worth mentioning. Sir Henry Gwillim, a choleric Welsh judge, was on the Madras bench. Compton idly drew a pen and ink sketch of the Lion grinning at the Unicorn, over the bench, in the royal arms. Gwillim imagined Compton was caricaturing him, and told him so, boiling with rage.

"You are wrong, my Lord, I assure you, I was sketching the lion."

"Let me see it, I insist," said the angry Rhadamanthus.

Compton handed up the sketch, which the judge declared was an intended insult to himself, foaming and distorting his features with anger.

"My Lord," said Compton, calmly, "I have assured you I did not intend it for your likeness. It is not my fault if your Lordship's passion makes your face resemble the lion's."

Compton, when Samuel undertook the editorship, in his place for a day or two, visited Bath and Cheltenham, and sometimes Brighton, towns new to him. On those occasions he sent us up letters, and light articles of local interest, which drew the attention of the fashionable world to the paper. He generally signed

his letters "Fretful Murmur." Being at Bath at one of Rauzzini's concerts, when the rooms were crammed to suffocation, there were not seats for all the ladies. One bulky dowager dropped herself in stress of ankle, plumb down into the lap of a slim girl, who, pinioned on each side by the others, could not move, and was scarcely able to breathe. Crushed, extrication vain, even prayers, tears, and entreaties useless, she contrived to extract a large pin from her dress, which she applied to the nether side of the hill of flesh that oppressed her. Compton told the tale in rhyme, and Bath echoed with the lines that came down in the 'Pilot.'

I remember gentleman Lewis as he was styled, coming to us occasionally to go and dine at a coffee-house. They truly called him "gentleman." He was an excellent companion, and deputy manager of Covent Garden Theatre, a remarkably amiable and contented man. Some relations of his in India, made him known to the 'Pilot' people, I forget what the connection was. Lewis shone as Ranger and the Copper Captain among his more prominent characters.

When I quitted town, for an object subsequently explained, I left Compton at his post, his Temple probation not having been completed. He was succeeded by Edward Fitzgerald, who died, in 1823, Chief Justice of Sierra Leone, after twelve years' residence.

My duties were desultory. They commenced about half past 10 A.M., by a walk into the city as far as Lloyd's, the great mart of commercial intelligence. I had access by an ivory ticket. From thence, and after looking at American and other papers, I returned to communicate the intelligence of the morning. I delivered all I might

have learned to the office by a little after one o'clock. I had then to prepare what I thought useful for the next day, if Parliament were not sitting ; but the compilation part was principally undertaken by David Walker. I wrote light articles to add variety to the columns. There were some topics which none of the establishment would venture to handle, such as complicated matters of finance, for the newspapers then did not spare each other's errors. I had generally to ferret out writers upon particular subjects, and to secure the desired article by a pecuniary compliment. I well remember getting one or two from Playfair on a finance question, when the public budget was before Parliament, he being a great authority on finance at that time. I wrote, I remember, some descriptions of Hyde Park scenes, and an essay on Equipages. The well-known W. H. Ireland sent us one contribution, a counterpart to Canning's "Elijah's Mantle," shewing considerable ability in a pen too notoriously misdirected.

I met the funeral of Opie, the painter, passing up the Strand, on its way to St. Paul's, and it reminded me that I had an introduction to the painter from the West, but procrastinated calling when I came to town. I deeply regretted not knowing him. How often had I rambled along the wild shores of his native parish, bent over its lofty cliffs, and traced the metallic veins laid bare in their sides by the ever-resounding surf that undermines their base. He had married a second time in 1798, a lady so well-known by her writings. His first wife was a wanton from whom he was divorced.

I remember an instance of her conduct characteristic

of her immorality. I had a relation, a very handsome man from the country, on whose arm she was leaning on the way to Berners Street, where Opie resided. The artist, with two or three friends, was holding conversation not a hundred yards distant. They were passing through Soho Square, when Mrs. Opie directed my relation's attention to a certain notorious house there, saying she understood it was a curious place, and she should like to see the inside of it some day, if he would show it to her. Repassing the house with a friend the same evening, my relative, in perfect simplicity, mentioned the lady's remark, and thus strengthened the previous suspicions regarding her conduct.

Many other characters, the names of whom alone survive, used to drop in occasionally at the office for whose reception there was a handsome drawing-room. One of these was Major Topham, when on his visits to town from the Wolds, having long given up his paper established nearly twenty years before, called "The World." He wrote the life of Elwes, the miser, several dramatic and political works, and prologues and epilogues, I know not how many, with an account of an aërolite, which fell near his country residence. It was taken up warm, having penetrated deeply into the earth. Topham was a stout, full faced, ruddy complexioned man, with grey whiskers, of middle stature, gentlemanly in manners, with much openness of disposition. He died in 1820.

His attachment to Mrs. Wells, the actress, was singular. It is true I only saw her when much altered by time, and still more by ill habits. She was a fine

woman, but her features were neither handsome nor expressive, and a little marked with the small-pox. She might have appeared well on the stage, but she had long been, in every sense, a faded creature. All her life she had been passionless in matters of the heart, which accounts for her subsequent history. She was the daughter of a carver of some eminence, and married an actor named Wells, who soon after her marriage forsook her. She appeared on the stage subsequently, and became a popular favorite. In one or two particular characters, the town rung with her name. Topham was smitten with her acting, and she soon left the boards and lived with him in every sense, but the ceremony, as his wife. She bore him three daughters, who were carefully educated, and becoming elegant and accomplished women, married into families of high respectability. She discovered an inclination for drinking, at first secretly, till it became so confirmed a habit that neither Topham nor her daughters could restrain it. Her temper, too, grew ungovernable; at length, even her children were compelled to discard her. She came to London, got into debt, and the King's Bench, where she so well played her part as to influence a captain in the navy to pay her liabilities. She was soon afterwards arrested again. A Jew, named Sumbell, not only paid her debts, but on her turning Jewess, married her. Soon afterwards, running away from him, he sought her, found her, and they were reconciled. Her conduct afterwards became so bad, that her husband left her in his turn, and the kingdom together.

She next pretended to embrace the Catholic faith,

perhaps to excite the charity of the Romanists, on her desertion of Judaism, but she failed, and became almost destitute. Samuel, who had a generous spirit, repeatedly sent her sums of money, but would never see her. He told me one day, he feared she was starving, and he should like to give her a few pounds, but he did not know how. I said, "Give me the money, I should like to see so singular a character." She lodged in Child's Place, Temple Bar. I knocked, entered, ascended two pair of stairs, and knocked at the second door to which I was directed. It was opened and the lady herself, she who had once so fascinated the town ! stood before me, a red-faced bloated creature, the remains of a fine grown woman, with features rather strong and coarse. Such was the ruin before me, the victim of that propensity which in the one sex is so degrading ; in the other, so utterly destructive of every trace of the ideal of womanhood, and of present beauty ; changing the loveliest object of creation into the foulest, as if to show how deep may become the degradation of the fairest humanity. She contrived to get a speculating bookseller to publish, what she called her memoirs or adventures, and died in obscurity.

Spencer Smith, the elder brother of the hero of Acre, Sir Sidney, and British Ambassador at Constantinople, was another of our friends. He got the paper introduced into the Foreign Office. He was about this time contesting the borough of Dover. He possessed much general information, and was a delightful companion. He had married in 1798, the daughter of Baron Herbert, the Austrian minister at Constantinople, who the year

before, in 1806, had made her escape from Italy, and the French. An account of this escape was published by the Marquis de Salvo. Her life had been a perfect romance. This lady is immortalized as the Florence of Byron's *Childe Harold*.

Sweet Florence ! could another ever share  
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine,  
But check'd by every tie, I may not dare  
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,  
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

Smith gave me the detail of a most frightful abuse of English law in the ruin of a Turkish captain of a vessel, named Antonopolo, by a London attorney, such a history of professional rascality was hardly ever before equalled, the Turk was got into prison, and his ship and cargo applied to the purposes of his plunderer. The unfortunate man was a total stranger to the country, and in prison would have died, but for Smith's interference. I put the whole case into the paper. It had been printed the year before, in a series of letters addressed to the Earl of Moira. After 1808, I saw no more of Spencer Smith. Ten years passed away, during three of which I had been absent from England. Wind bound nearly a week at Dieppe in 1818, where I knew no one, and by no means in good spirits, hoping for a change in the wind every hour, I was seated near the sea ruminating at my detention, when a voice near me called out :

"God bless me—what Cyrus Redding !"

A packet had come in with Smith on board. Our congratulations were mutual. We spent the day together.

He proceeded to Caen where he took up his residence, and I believe died.

I visited Johnson, the smuggler, in the Fleet prison, to obtain some intelligence of moment, which we required, and he frankly gave it to me. He was a man about the middle height, no way calculated from his appearance to carry the formidable name he bore. He was enlarged by government, so it was reported, to pilot Lord Castlereagh's expedition to Walcheren, because he knew the coast better than most pilots. There was a tale circulated some years afterwards, that he had planned to take the late Emperor Napoleon off the Island of St. Helena. I imagine it was an idle story.

Some comments on Major Semple Lisle, although the police had been seeking to apprehend him, brought him to the office. He was charged with stealing a bit of bacon—his life has long been before the public. He was rather tall, a thin pale man, with acute features. In manners gentlemanly, dressed in shabby green; I could not help fancying I saw marks of great suffering in his countenance. I assured him we had no reason to press upon him, our reporter had brought the proceedings as they occurred. He complained of being haunted with charges wholly unfounded, and obliged to secret himself from his creditors, he could not therefore openly meet his accusers. I pacified him. Singular enough, the next day passing where I had not been half a dozen times before in my life, that row of one story houses at the east end of New St. Pancras Church, I saw Semple Lisle knock at one of them. He observed me, and looked imploringly, so I fancied—I kept his secret. Government gave him at last some



situation at Lisbon, where he was found one morning, dead in his bed.

Little Paull, who was returned for Westminster, and ultimately committed suicide with such remarkable deliberation, placing the looking glass in a position which reflected the part of the throat most eligible for his purpose, and himself opposite to it when he inflicted the wound;—he used to look in sometimes for the purpose of hearing or communicating Indian news. His affairs had become deranged. The Prince of Wales' party, which had proffered him parliamentary support, having offers of certain concessions from the administration, throw off Paull at the very moment he was going down to open the debate. While he was in Carlton House on his way, the arrangement was concluded, and the prince's friends, who had before pledged themselves to bear him up with their votes, abandoned him at the eleventh hour; such was the political honour of that time.

The day Paull destroyed himself, it was said remittances had arrived at his house from India, which would have prevented the catastrophe, this could not have been the fact, for as late as 1839, Sir Charles Wolseley told me, at Wolseley, that he had been one of Paull's securities for the reserved payment for his house in Charles Street, St. James', and that after his suicide, he had to pay two thousand pounds on that account. Paull was a zealous man, versed in the East Indian affairs, but seemed to know very little besides.

The duel between Paull and Burdett took place in Coombe Wood, near Wimbledon. In that wood there was an ice house overshadowed by five or six venerable

oaks, a bricked conical pit now marks the spot at the back of Coombe House, where I have often since joined pic-nic parties. Burdett the tee-totum of Horne Tooke, paid here the penalty of his shuffling by getting a shot in his thigh.

I saw the election for Westminster, when Sheridan and Paull were rivals. Among other ridiculous things, a kind of stage was brought from Drury Lane Theatre, supported on men's shoulders, upon this there were four tailors busily at work, with a live goose and several huge cabbages, they came close up to the hustings, before Paull, amidst roars of laughing. The joke was, that Paull's father had been a tailor. A voter called out to Sheridan that he had long supported him, but should, after that, withdraw his countenance from him.

"Take it away at once—take it away at once," cried Sheridan from the hustings, "it is the most villainous looking countenance I ever beheld."

## CHAPTER IV.

THE theatres were then in the height of their prosperity, and never did the scenic art sustain itself better, except when interrupted by the temporary rage for the boy Betty ; an event that reversed my previous ideas of the excellence of the public judgment, in things attaching to art and literature, more and more confirmed since. I saw Betty first in the Earl of Warwick. It was a humiliating spectacle to those who loved the drama, and its display by the better actors of the time. Betty's performance was well enough for a boy, but he had no adequate conception of the author. I went more than once, and came away in disgust. It was Betty the chambermaid in male habiliments.

My very first sight of Mrs. Siddons was in Queen Catherine. Never did I behold anything more striking than the acting of that wonderful woman ; for, no heroine off the boards, she was the ideal of heroic majesty in her personations. I have seen real kings and queens, for the most part ordinary people, and some not very dignified, but in Siddons there was the poetry of royalty, all that hedges round the ideal of majesty, the ideal of those wonderful creations of genius, which rise far beyond the common images exhibited in the

world's dim spot. It was difficult to credit that her acting was an illusion. She placed the spectator in the presence of the original—she identified herself with heroic life—she transferred every sense of the spectator into the scenic reality, and made him cast all extraneous things aside. At such times, the crowded and dense audience scarcely breathed; the painted scenery seemed to become one, and live with the character before it. Venice, Rome were there, not their representations. Another moment, and there was no object seen but that wonderful woman, because even the clever adjuncts vanished as if of too little moment to engross attention. If her acting were not genius, it was the nearest thing to it upon record. In *Lady Macbeth*, she made the beholders shiver—a thrill of horror seemed to run through the house, the audience, thousands in number, for every seat was filled, even the galleries—the audience was fear-stricken. A sorcerer seemed to have hushed the breathing of the spectators into the inactivity of fear, as if it were the real fact that all were on the verge of some terrible catastrophe.

Miss O'Neil has been called a fine actress. She did not appear to me as anything striking after Siddons. It is true her line of acting had not so much of the high heroic cast as that of Siddons, and the two performers could in no respect be compared, their styles were different. I saw George Frederick Cook several times in tragedy, but not in comedy, although his *Pertinax M'Sycophant* was so celebrated a stimulus to Scotch anger. His *Richard III.* was, as a whole, superior to that of Kean. It is true he looked the character well in every respect, which Kean's insigni-

fiance of person forbade. He also took more liberties with his audience than any other actor. I remember seeing him stagger away drunk from under the curtain and still he was cheered. How he remembered his part is surprizing. John Kemble was not so good a Hamlet as Young, but his Roman characters always deeply impressed me, Plutarch-reader as I was, with their great fidelity. I confess after all I was no great devotee to theatrical representations. The old genteel comedy pleased me. Holman, in Lord Townley, was a favourite performer, where the wit was as "keen and polished as his sword." I enjoyed Bannister's never-flagging humour, the most buoyant of comedians, and Lewis, one of the most pleasing and gentlemanly; he was, in a certain line, the best comedian our stage ever possessed. But the great charm of comedy of another kind was Mrs. Jordan, though at this time her appearances were rare. Her hilarity was like champagne, brisk, refreshing, gleesome; she was boisterous enough, too, when she pleased. She laughed as no one else ever laughed before, and made oftentimes the tender and soft run into the romping, jovial, don't-caring, rattling vein. She threw a spirit into everything, and made her incongruity of character forgotten in the second youth she assumed, as if in defiance of nature and time.

Grimaldi appeared at Covent Garden the first year I was in town, and about the same time Miss de Camp became a favourite in the "Forty Thieves." Young and Kemble in Brutus and Cassius were much followed. I have stood on the back seats in the uppermost boxes to get a sight of the stagè, when they have played, and

the house became as still as midnight. Young was both a first-rate actor and a gentleman.

I hold myself, after all, no reliable authority on stage-going matters, judging, perhaps, too much by my own impressions of excellence, in place of histrionic rules. Here, therefore, I must conclude my remarks upon a topic which, since Shakspeare has been abandoned in his native land, and the tendencies of the age in dramatic literature are so decidedly downwards, can excite small interest.

This same year, I lost my father, and paying a visit to my home for the first time after my departure, I passed through the town of Chudleigh, which had just been consumed. A town in ashes is a forlorn object of human helplessness.

A newspaper at Plymouth was projected, by the proprietors of the 'Pilot,' stimulated by a gentleman of that town intimate with Samuel. Towards the end of the year all was ready to start such a speculation. An active and experienced editor alone was wanting. This delayed the progress of the publication until the end of February, 1808. I took a share.

The seizure of the Danish fleet, or as our sailors called it, the pirate robbery, had just taken place, and the vessels were brought to England. Some came to Chatham, and an old friend being on board the *Haf Fruen*, who could not quit her, I went down with his brother on a Friday. We made merry among the spoils of the poor Danes for two or three days, lying close alongside the *Victory*, which had brought home the body of Lord Nelson about a year before. It was necessary we should be in town before Monday morning,

we posted up on a Sunday night. When we came to change horses at Gravesend, then a miserable little place, the post-boy stopped at the small inn by the high road side, now called the Lord Nelson. This road was the most noted in the kingdom for the extortion and plunder of the traveller all the way up from Dover. While the horses were changing, we had a biscuit and a glass of spirits and water, for which we were charged five shillings. "It's the customary charge on our road to gentlemen going to town, Sir," said the waiter.

My companion, a wild youth, was in a rage. While I was paying, he went back into the room and managed to smash half a dozen glasses on the side-board. When we arrived at the next stage, he quietly called the Gravesend post-boy aside, and bade him tell the waiter at home, that he would find gentlemen going to town that road could observe old customs as well as his master, as he would see if he examined the side-board. "The custom of the Dover road," became a saying among naval youngsters.

We found an editor in a Scotch clergyman. The printer, his men and material were sent off. I went down with the embryo editor to set the machinery going. The first number appeared. Seeing all in order, and things likely to go on smoothly, I returned, having no idea of living out of London. No one can imagine the watchfulness necessary in those days to succeed with a country paper, where only a false and fictitious freedom of pen was to be maintained, under a ticklish dependence upon every opposing political interest. The difficulty was enhanced in a great naval and military arsenal, where every sentiment

broached was in accordance with the views of the Treasury for the time being. It was necessary to avoid any decided expression of political opinion, for it was requisite to be in keeping with all. Nobody was to be displeased in local or general politics. The Tory attorney or auctioneer would not send an advertisement to a paper that had a sentence displeasing to his party, and the Whig side acted in the same manner. Radicals were then all either in the shell, or held themselves in a politic silence "praying a plague on both houses."

I cannot refrain from giving an extract of a part of the prospectus, because it paints faithfully the feeling and the style of address adopted on such occasions, in that eventful period.

"Threatened as we are by such a people directed by a head of unrivalled sagacity, assisted by the acquisition of an immeasurable force, it is not to be concealed that the danger of our country is imminent. To conceive that we risk only a few points of naval etiquette, or that we are only likely to concede on our failure a few privileges of trade, would be to flatter a prejudice most injurious to the public safety, and to destroy that patriotic sensibility which ought to be at every post alive and watchful. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon every mind, that it is nothing less than our all against which our enemy combines his efforts, and that the variety and extent of means which his combination embraces are the most formidable that were ever arrayed against any nation of the world. 'Proud Islanders' as we are termed in reproach, and Proud Islanders as we may be, and in a proper scene we ought to be, let us not suffer either the privileges we enjoy from one political consti-



tution, nor the safety we derive from our local situation, to inflate us with a proud contempt of any danger which menaces the island of our glory. How correctly soever we may think or feel concerning our real and relative condition, some future historian, who shall state it with fidelity, will recount with astonishment the number and the force of the foes that are marshalled around us, wonder why so vast a multitude should have been found necessary to overcome so small a population, and exhibit in its brightest pages, the struggles which we support, and the triumphs we obtain. But while it is left to transmit to posterity the memorials of this eventful crisis, it is for the defenders of our country to furnish the exploits which he will emblazon, and it is for the journalist to record and to animate the exertions which our country demands."

I returned to town and resumed my customary duties. The ministry had determined, by the irresistible argument of an obedient majority, that all done in India, right or wrong, was to be sanctioned. Samuel became less anxious about the paper he had set up to advocate a worthy cause. He left the editorship to Compton, or as he was called at Madras "Iotta Compton," from the frequent use and odd pronunciation of a word, he often adopted in his addresses to the bench.

After Compton's departure for India, when Fitzgerald became editor, the "Pilot" rose into favour at the Horse Guards. The Duke of York subsequently supported it so far as to impart to it the exclusive intelligence in his department. I had then quitted town, Perceval having betrayed his client, the unfortunate Queen Caroline, and "the Book" he compiled in her vindication, had become

minister. One day the dispatches having been posted off to Windsor, a summary of their contents was sent so quickly afterwards to the "Pilot," that before they could have been opened at the former place, they must have been set up for that day's paper. When the news appeared in that paper exclusively, and it reached the ears of Perceval, he told the Duke that the "Courier," which had some time before apostatized from the Whig to the Tory side, was that which he and the administration supplied. In those days, there was a preference shown for an apostate at head-quarters before an honest man. Jew Goldsmith, the traitor to France and England alike, was a pet of Perceval. Pitt had years before established the "Sun," through old George Rose; and that paper would most consistently have been the ministerial organ; but the minister had a liking for a Magdalen repentance, and preferred addressing to consistent papers, the Magdalen recommendation to the institution, "Go thou and do likewise."

The Duke of York replied to Perceval, that if he could not have his own way in similar matters, relating solely to his own department, their substance should not go to any paper at all, save the Gazette. The general heads only were all the Duke had permitted to be communicated.

The "Courier" had, by its apostacy, attained an enormous circulation. Messrs. Street and Dan Stuart were the proprietors. There was a brother of Dan, if I recollect rightly, who once edited the "Post," and then possessed the "Oracle." The latter was a morning paper, published on the south-side of Fleet Street. Dan Stuart was a Whig, and stated upon the change of the politics

of the paper, that he had nothing more to do with the Editorship.

He still took his share of the profits, and ultimately retired into Oxfordshire with a large fortune, afterwards serving the office of Sheriff for the county. Street, who was an anythingarian in politics, conducted the paper, lived liberally, and I believe died poor. Neither of them were men of any literary talent. Street had written a poem, not poetic, and Stuart had been delivered of a mediocre pamphlet. It is curious that many years afterwards, another Stuart should have become proprietor of the "Courier" about 1831. He was said to be a city coal merchant, and in the mercantile spirit of the present, rather than the past time in such concerns, he went down to Lord Grey soon after the accession of the noble lord to office, and offered him the support of the Tory "Courier" in exchange for the Treasury patronage. Lord Grey looked at him with indignation, rang the bell, and when the attendant entered, bade him "show that gentleman the door." The Editorship of this paper was once offered to myself, but I declined it at a moment its acceptance would have been of great service to me. I adhered to the old principle, not to write when I could not write with the whole will bearing upon the expressed opinion.

The paper most respected for principle at that time was the "Morning Chronicle," the organ of the old Whig party, patronized by Charles Fox and his friends after him. The Whigs were notorious for neglecting those who supported them, and for rewarding their political opponents, in this respect contrasting ill with the straightforward gratitude of the Tories. Perry, the

editor, was a personal friend of Fox. The Duke of Norfolk, in private friendship, so I was told, gave him the house in the Strand, where he published his paper, the back of which extended to the Thames. Macintosh, Campbell, Moore, Sheridan, and others contributed to his columns. I became personally acquainted with him about 1813.

The "Statesman" was an opposition paper, edited by a Mr. Lovel in Fleet Street. It affected to be an ultra-Liberal of those times.

The "Sun" was edited by John Taylor, a kind-hearted man of great play-going renown. His paper, Peter Pindar used to tell him, was a Sun without a ray of light when old George Rose had it, and he hoped Taylor would light it up. I believe it made little way under a play-goer and punster of the best intentions, the author of the farce of 'Monsieur Tonson.'

The "Traveller" and "Globe" were edited by Edward Quin, a noted member of the Common Council of London, where he was renowned for his orations. He was an agreeable man, and a good speaker. I was introduced to him by Major Kavanagh. He had a son at the bar, who went the Warwick Circuit, and died in the prime of life, just as he was getting into extensive practice. I must break the chain of time here, as I shall often do, to mention that, some years after I had long parted from the sight both of father and son, I met the latter in the assize court at Warwick. Our meeting was rendered memorable by a specimen Judge Best gave of his bland temper. We were seated at the barristers' table. A man named Edmonds was on trial for a blasphemous libel, as it was styled under the

rule of Lord Castlereagh, who made war against the press so unrelentingly. Edmonds, in his defence, impugned some of the doctrines of the Church, stating the view he took of religion. I had my attention called off, at the moment, by a question from a person who had brought me a note.

"There, Redding, did you hear that?" said Quin, the bar tittering, and Reader, once so well known, who went that Circuit, laughing audibly.

I replied, I had heard nothing.

"You observe that gentleman who is taking his seat by the judge—a friend, I suppose. You see Best is in a towering passion with the defendant. When the gentleman introduced himself, Best said to him, loud enough for everybody to hear, 'I'll be d—d if I will sit and hear the Christian religion reviled in this way!' This notion of religion recalled to my memory that of the boatswain, who was sent after a youngster missing at divine service-time on board, and found him asleep in a cask; hitting him with a rope's end, he bade him, with an oath, get out and save his young sinful soul."

"Very becoming in Best as a judge," I observed to Quin. I never saw him afterwards. This gentleman must not be confounded with Quin of Gray's Inn, who wrote 'Travels by the Danube.'

A morning paper, called the "Aurora," was started about 1807, in Fleet Street. Of the editors, or proprietors, I know nothing. I only remember that its career was short, and that it exhibited no talent of any attractive kind.

If I remember correctly, Captain Macdonnell, a pale, sickly-looking man, of very gentlemanly manners,

edited the "Morning Herald," which had been the property of the "bruising parson," as he was then called, Sir H. B. Dudley, who had once edited the "Morning Post." He fought with his fist as well as his pen and pistols, just as it happened. He was a hero, I found, among the theatrical ladies, and somewhat too loose for a divine, even in those days.

The "Times" was more noticed by its past unmerited persecutions than by its talents, even at this time. Walter, the proprietor, had, some years before, been tried and imprisoned for stating that the Duke of Clarence had returned home without leave. It was true enough. The priority of news of this paper was then noted by the public.

There was a paper called the "Scourge" or "Satirist"—I forget which, edited by an individual named Manners, a barrister, whom I several times met in society. It attacked age and sex alike, provided they were anti-ministerial, in the most scandalous manner; and, for this dirty work, Manners obtained the consulship at Boston, United States, which he held up to the time of his decease a few years ago. He was a tall, stout, clumsy man in person.

Another dishonour of the press, at this time, was the notorious Jew Goldsmith, already named. He advocated republican principles here, and then became editor of the "Argus" in Paris, writing against England. He left France, and, coming home, libelled the French in their turn. He trumped up extravagant falsehoods regarding the public men in France. Napoleon, he declared, was the son of a shoemaker named Nicholas. His libels and falsehoods were read with great zest during the

extraordinary and blind hatred which prevailed against all Frenchmen, except the Bourbons and emigrants. In pursuance of the system of that day, in supporting an apostate rather than an honest advocate, Goldsmith touched the public money, there is no doubt; and never was more villanous trash rewarded. There was his "Revolutionary Plutarch," published under the name of Stewarton, the larger portion a malicious fiction. "A Secret History of Bonaparte," a "Female Revolutionary Plutarch," charging all ladies, related to persons holding power in France, with every kind of vice. He is said to have forged "Memoirs of Talleyrand." He made way here by falsely declaring that Napoleon had offered him licences for twelve ships, worth £100,000, if he would cease writing against him, and stranger than the tale of the offer, was this man's refusal of it. His end, in the assertion, was to enhance his value to our ministry. His anti-Gallican paper produced no effect. Scarcely anybody read it, because his character was too well known. To terminate what I recollect of him, by passing onward a few years—I was standing in Galignani's shop, in the Rue Vivienne, in 1817, when, to the astonishment of old Galignani, with whom I happened to be conversing, Goldsmith entered the shop. Galignani was surprised. "How dare you venture here? You are not come over in your own name?"

It must be observed that Goldsmith's libel upon France and Frenchmen had not been concealed after he had left the "Argus;" and his diatribes had naturally caused him to be regarded, in France, in the light he merited. He replied:

"No, I am not here in my own name; but if I

were, I should be safe under the protection of a strong power," pointing to the westward, in allusion to the Duke of Wellington's residence, meaning that he should claim shelter there. In reality, he had come over to intrigue with the new French government—a manœuvre said to be successful. He found his reception rather cool. Galignani observed to me, "that man's impudence beats anything I ever knew. He is a liar about France and Frenchmen. He has libelled and abused everybody, good or bad alike; and he is no doubt come over now upon some nefarious scheme." It was singular enough that, in two or three weeks afterwards, I encountered this man's wife in company with a daughter, in the same place that I had met the father. It appeared he had left England suddenly, and they had come over in search of him. Mrs. Goldsmith appeared a respectable and personable woman. Galignani spoke of her in the highest terms, as being, in every way, a thousand times too good for her unworthy consort.

To go back to 1808—Beresford's silly book, "The Miseries of Human Life," made its appearance, and passed through four editions. Beresford, an Oxford clergyman, soothed the severity of his theological studies by recording the petty annoyances of social life.

At this time, I met Thomas Hardy, once the Secretary of the Corresponding Society, and the keeper of a bootmaker's shop on the north side of Fleet Street, where I bought such goods. Boots and leather brogues were then the fashion. He was a plain man, with much simplicity of manner, the last to be expected to plan evil against a monarchy. I met this quiet man in Waterloo Place just after the Reform Bill had



passed, nearly eighty years of age. He had a small income of his own, to which Sir Francis Burdett added fifty pounds more during his life. "Who would ever have thought that a Reform Bill would be the law of the land in my time! I was to have been hanged, drawn and quartered, for advocating parliamentary reform. Thank God! such bloody persecutions can never happen again."

To an officer of militia, I met sometimes in Hardy's shop, named Porter, an Irishman, London was ever an inextricable labyrinth. A story told of him was a counterpart of his dullness in this way. The subalterns were ordered sometimes to put the regiment through the manual exercise, and the customary manœuvres of the parade. He was performing his duty, and got the regiment into a square; but he could not recollect the words of command to get the men out of it again. Time passed—his memory was still treacherous. The brilliant idea struck him that, if he called out "Ugh! ugh!" the men would move out of the square of their own accord. "Men, attention! ugh! ugh!" The regiment remained stock still. "Ugh! ugh!" he repeated. There was no movement. At length, fairly at his wit's end, he bawled out "Ugh! ugh!" adding "get out of that there, I say."

Life is ruled by trivial events. It is vain to repine. We are the slaves of circumstance, not of our talents nor will, as our self-conceit generally makes us suppose. A straw across life's pathway will bar our fortunes, quench our proudest aspirations, and convince us how little we do against accident.

The individual whom we had sent to Plymouth, was

not equal to his editorial duties. He set as formally about the composition of a leading article as he would about the composition of a book. If an Editor cannot use the pen of the ready-writer at the eleventh hour, upon a topic which unexpectedly arises, he is not duly qualified. Many well-educated men have failed here. Becoming confused, and unable to marshal their ideas, they are brought to a stand-still. Complaints reached us, too, that our reverend Scotchman had the incurable propensity of many of his countrymen, for swallowing whiskey-toddy. Prompt measures were required. Would I go down, if only for a time? No one else could be spared — was the concern to be sacrificed? I started per mail, displaced the Scotchman, and did not see London again until the autumn of the following year.\* When I had organised the establishment, my duties were light. I had generally completed them before noon, the mail coming in at 8 A.M. I read or wrote diligently until four o'clock, then the customary dinner hour. I contributed, at this time, to "Gould's Naval Chronicle," sending up my contributions. Born in a bustling sea-port, and now resident in one of our more important naval stations, I had great facilities of acquiring information. Here, too, I saw the 'Caledonia' launched at Plymouth dock-

\* In Mr. Jerdan's Autobiography, in a passage which mentions my connexion with the 'Pilot', he states that he held a department in, or was a contributor to it, during Compton's editorship. This must have taken place after I quitted London on the above occasion. I did not know Mr. Jerdan until my return from the continent, ten years after I left the 'Pilot.' As I was connected with the paper at its commencement, I must in any other case, have had a personal knowledge of that gentleman.

yard, and was nearly swamped. I was in a four-oared gig, rather too near her bow, as she plunged into the element in which, I believe, she has floated to the present hour.

I unexpectedly met my old friend Hambly, then first lieutenant of the 'Defence,' a seventy-four, commanded by the late Sir Charles Ekins. One day I went off to the ship, and was surprised to see at the mess several foreign officers, dressed in blue with red facings. They were Spaniards from the 'Algeziras,' the first vessel of war that entered an English port after the peace with Spain. The 'Algeziras' was a French ship, taken at Trafalgar. In the gale that followed the battle, she escaped into Cadiz. The Spaniards had now seized and appropriated her. . . . The officers were gentlemanly young men; and we made merry enough. The compliment of breaking the glasses after national toasts, by throwing them over our heads, smashing them against the guns, I saw for the first time. The intention being, that they should never be drunk out of again after the sentiment given. We drank the King of England with that honour, and then (Heaven forgive me!) Ferdinand VII.; but the peculiar virtues of Ferdinand were not then known, nor had he embroidered petticoats for the Virgin Mary and other lady idols. Before we separated, the Dons were rather heady; but they reached their vessel in the Sound safely. In the return invitation, they did me the honour to insist on my presence. The celebrated Breakwater was not then begun. A tumbling sea rolled in from the south-west. The boatmen who took me out were "two sheets in the wind;" and we had some trouble to get alongside. The 'Algeziras'

lost a hundred and fifty killed, and a hundred and eighty wounded, at Trafalgar—a prodigious massacre. She had borne the French Admiral Magon's flag, who fell on that renowned day. We renewed our toasts and glass-breaking, until the deck was covered with fragments. Compliments and wine were pushed to an extent that sober Spaniards had rarely seen before. I slept in the 'Defence,' returning in her boats, and little thinking that, with the exception of her gallant Captain and my friend Hambly, who quitted the ship prior to her sailing for the Baltic, all the fine fellows with whom I had been so merry, as well as the entire crew, were destined to perish on the Haak Sand, in the 'Texel,' with the 'St. George,' and other vessels, a year or two afterwards, most of them being frozen to death, together with my fellow-townsmen, Admiral Reynolds.

It is grateful to record the virtues of the dead. At that time, desertions from the navy were continual. The crews of the ships of war were made up of men of all characters and countries. The discipline in some was unnecessarily severe. It was difficult for any, except long-trying men, to get leave to go on shore. Running alongside the 'Defence' one morning, I observed a solitary marine, from a shore-boat, mount the ship's side, and remarking upon it to one of the officers, he said :

"That man has been on shore. He has had twenty-four hours' leave—no refusal is ever given in our ship to a request to go on shore, if the duty will admit of it."

"Then you have desertions?"

"No, we have no reason to complain. We make a man who asks for leave, find two sureties on board, that he will be back to his duty at the time his leave expires.

I have known a man give the last half-guinea he possessed to a boatman to come off with him, and save his honour. The system works well. When men are debarred from going on shore, as in some cases has happened for years together, they will desert."

Captain Hillyar of the 'Phœbe,' was another officer, who used his crew so well that he did not suffer from desertions. He used to land his men and march them to Stonehouse Church on Sunday mornings, leaving none but the cooks on board. Some of his brother officers, on that account, called him the psalm-singer. One day, I saw him marching at the head of his men, when he met a brother officer in commission, and pointing to his crew, said, "Do it, my boy—you daren't!" It was too true. Few in those days dared to follow his example.

This desertion was not wonderful in men who had been pressed, I was told of a man who had not set his foot on shore for five years, yet the anchorage to which he came, when his ship ran in from the Channel Fleet, was in sight of his own home!

Ships having officers of a character that stood high with the seamen, were often filled with volunteers in those days, while others could not get a man. Lord Cochrane in the 'Impérieuse,' was one of the sailors' favourites. I have heard a captain say, he had not a good man in his ship that was not a Yankee, the rest were made up of all he could kidnap, and he was not nice how he got them. He could flog them into duty. What a system! Captain M'Culloch, of the Engineers, a brother of the well-known Dr. M'Culloch, and an old boy companion, I fell in with here. He had as many per-

sonal eccentricities as the doctor. He was wounded at the siege of Badajoz, and returning home, died at Cork. How the memory of the perished friends of youth darkens the latter years of existence. We are accustomed to speak of the "cherished" memory of departed friends, but it is difficult to reconcile the pain thus inflicted with anything enjoyable. Is not this feeling rather a cherished sense of regard, in which we would not willingly be found wanting—a duty rather than a pleasure.

There was a tall, stout, brawny lieutenant whom I sometimes used to meet, the best tempered fellow in the world. Dining in his company with a party of blue and red coats, a marine officer got angry at some joke the lieutenant passed, being a little fiery fellow. He rose from the table, evidently, for the purpose of going out to send a challenge. There could be no other interpretation put upon his conduct.

"Don't go—don't go. I am your commanding officer. I'll put you under arrest if you do. I won't consent to be murdered," said the blue-coat coolly.

"I am not in a jesting mood, Sir," replied the marine.

"Nor I," said the Lieutenant, "I have more at stake than you can have. I'll be chalked, if you must have satisfaction."

"Chalked! What does that mean?" I asked.

"Why, C—— shall be chalked out full size upon my body, and if he hits outside the mark, it shall be murder."

The laugh went round. The Lieutenant asked the marine to take a glass of wine, and in a few minutes

his angry mood was over. Duelling was then but too common, where the ground of offence was equally trivial. I thought the lieutenant's condition fair. He would have made full two of his opponent in bulk, and therefore the odds would have been double against him.

Just after I went to the West the second time, I attended the first naval court-martial of which I had been witness. A master's mate of the 'Parthian' had shot his captain for threatening to disrate him. His name was John Smith, son of a planter at Vera Cruz, a fine young man, aged only twenty. Such a trial was a rare occurrence. Captain Quilliam, a Manx man, Lord Nelson's first lieutenant at Trafalgar, whom I knew, was one of the court. It was a painful scene. There were not more than twenty spectators besides myself. The public knew nothing of the proceedings, but I had always private information whenever anything of moment was about to occur. The prisoner in custody of the sergeant-at-arms was introduced, unshackled, into the ward-room of that noble first-rate, the 'Salvador del Mundo.' It was a soul-harrowing scene to the spectator. I stood close to the culprit, and was astonished at his imperturbability. He had mentally assented to his doom. When the evidence closed, and he was asked what he had to say in his defence, he replied with firmness, "nothing." He spoke in a mild tone, not without deep feeling. He had no defence to offer for such an outrageous act. He was not master of himself, through intoxication, when he committed the crime, and as he knew that was no excuse, he made up his mind to a sentence of

death. It was the most striking condemnation I ever witnessed.

A remarkable incident occurred during the proceedings, showing how intently my senses were fixed upon what was going forward. As I ascended the gangway to leave, I smelt powder and remarked it.

"To be sure you do," said one of the lieutenants, "we have just fired a salute of twenty-one guns."

"I declare solemnly, I never heard a gun," I replied.

"It is true," he answered, with a smile of incredulity, "a great deal of the sound does go outside the ports."

The weather was cold, and the ports were shut close where the court sat. I recollected that I had once or twice shifted my footing, I knew not why, but I now attributed it to the vibration or tremour of the timbers under my feet; but I heard nothing. My absorption in the proceedings may thus be guessed, while had it not happened personally, I should scarcely have believed such a thing possible. Quilliam and myself were engaged to spend the Saturday and Sunday following at Wembury House, five miles from Plymouth. The order of the Admiralty had come down for Smith's execution. On the Monday he was to die. Admiral Young ordered that the officers, who composed the court-martial, should attend the execution, a very unusual order. Saturday and Sunday we passed pleasantly in the hospitable mansion where we were entertained.

"The execution will be at eight o'clock," said Quilliam, "we must rise early, and be in town by half-past seven, then I shall have time to go off to the 'Parthian,' where the execution takes place."



We rose early—it was a dark frosty morning—breakfast delayed us. Some rain, too, had fallen, and frozen upon the surface of a hilly road. We calculated minutes hurrying on at a rapid rate, both able to take long strides, for Quilliam, as well as myself, was above six feet high.

“We shall do it,” said Quilliam.

“But if we don’t find the passage-boat to cross the Lara?” I remarked.

“O, I had forgot that, we must double our speed.”

In a state of exhaustion we reached the water, and the boat was on the opposite side. The Captain was in a fit of great impatience. Minutes seemed hours, for Admiral Young was a strict disciplinarian. We crossed the ferry, proceeded at a running pace, and had got within a quarter of a mile of the spot, and I had just said “good morning,” having had enough exercise, without any desire to see the death of the criminal, when the echo of the gun reverberated from the rocky heights. “He’s at the yard arm,” said Quilliam, posting on still more rapidly. He reached the vessel twenty minutes after the sufferer had been suspended. The Admiral passed over the breach of order. We neither of us recovered the effects of that day’s effort for some time afterwards. Quilliam went to his native island at the general peace, amused himself on his estate, and died in the prime of existence.

Sir William Beatty, Lord Nelson’s medical officer, was resident as physician to the Channel Fleet on my arrival in the port. We used often to meet during the five years of my residence there. Thirty years afterwards in Baker Street, we casually met again.

"I think," said Beatty, "you and I ought to be old acquaintance?"

Beatty's frame promised a longer existence. Another acquaintance in Plymouth was the Hon. Willoughby Bertie, of the 'Satellite,' in which vessel he perished, going down with all his crew in the Channel. In fact, my nautical acquaintances were numerous.

There were a few literary and scientific individuals, too, in the town whom I knew, and who, occasionally, made up a small circle for conversation. One of these was Samuel Northcote, a brother of the painter of that name, and a superior man in mind to the artist. He was of a shy unobtrusive disposition, and his confidence was necessary to be acquired before he could be brought out. He had nothing of the cynical ill-nature, close disposition in pecuniary affairs, or small views of his brother. Meek in manner, and a profound thinker, he was one of those who attracted little public notice, either through his unobtrusiveness, or from that sterling love of independence which often rules superior minds, and keeps them retired. He possessed no wealth. He was above all the trickery of trading accumulation. Getting infirm, his brother wished him to come to town and reside in his house. He consented, but the cramped mind and narrow spirit of the painter, did not suit his more enlarged views and generous aspirations. He returned to his old home again, where he died. The Rev. Dr. Bidlake, Master of the Grammar School at Plymouth, was another of this small party. An excellent scholar, in person small and deformed, but with a well-stored mind. He had a brother, a colonel

of marines, almost as insignificant in person as himself, whom he delighted in saluting as his "ugly brother." He loved to bring out talent wherever he could find it. He was the patron of Nathaniel Howard, whose translation of Dante's "Inferno" long years afterwards, I shewed to Foscolo, who pronounced it the most literal we possessed, and as I recollect mentioned it in his "Essay on Petrarch." It was published by Murray, but I believe did not pass through a second edition. It was the scholar's Dante. Dr. Bidlake was an amateur artist, and brought forward Rogers, a landscape painter of considerable promise. He educated Haydon, and gave him a love for his art, which did not please the artist's father. Fond of simple pursuits and of the country, Dr. Bidlake had a cottage some distance from Plymouth, which I used to visit, situated in a retired spot, where a clear brook ran brawling by, through a sweet flower garden, of which I cannot now think without regret and that our meetings there should have passed away for ever. Tea, fruit, clouted cream, and conversation, the latter of the most agreeable and instructive kind, formed our summer afternoon entertainments.

One who occasionally joined our symposia in the town was Mr. William Eastlake, the elder brother of the present Royal Academician. He possessed much information, and was somewhat of a metaphysician. He was afflicted with asthma. I met him for the last time in Paris, in 1817. One brother, I remember, took it into his head to become a traveller in Africa, and prepared himself for that object. I could not help remarking to his relatives that his stout, full make and

habit of body were against him in such a design. He went, and, as I foresaw, died, I believe, in a few days, after landing on that shore of pestilence. The Landers, whose father I remember keeping a small public-house in the West, succeeded better. The elder Eastlake was solicitor to the Admiralty at Plymouth. I used to dine with him sometimes, and was indebted to him for one of the best-worst of mortuary inscriptions, which I have never forgotten.\*

There was also a gentleman, an old inhabitant, named Cookworthy, somewhat eccentric, of reflective habits, whose family established the first porcelain manufactory in England, about 1760, principally of Cornish materials. Some specimens of this manufacture are still unrivalled in this country. He used, when walking on the flag pavement, always to put his feet on particular stones. There was a medical practitioner of the same respectable family whom I met here, newly entered upon his professional duties.

Obliged to pay a hurried visit to London, I found the O. P. riot in full exercise, and went twice. The theatre was crowded to suffocation. When the actors came on, people stood up, and the whole beat time with their feet, turning their backs to the stage. Clouds of dust rendered dim the pantomimical actors. Whistles, catcalls and small bugles contributed to the dissonance, at such a scene as never before took place in a theatre. Bow Street officers were present; but they could do

\* Here lies the body of Betsy Bauden,  
She would live longer, but she cou'den,  
Old age and death did she decay,  
'Twas she's bad leg carr'd she away.

nothing in a crowd so dense, purposely impeding their operations. Ears were superfluities, sight was almost useless. The mass of living heads in the pit undulated like ocean waves. The shouts of the gods were deafening. The heat and dust produced extreme thirst. The actors, more like *les ombres Chinoises* than anything else, strutting in dumb show, presented a scene strangely novel and exciting. I pitied Kemble, although in a pecuniary sense he could not have suffered.

While on this short visit to town, the proprietors of the 'Pilot' gave a dinner to some of the officers of the Horse Guards at the British Coffee House. After a sumptuous repast, in the fashion of the time, we sat down to wine. There was present a bustling little man, a Scotch colonel, named Macleod, with his son, a fine young man, about twenty years old, who sat by me. He was an only son, with a number of sisters. The bottle was pushed hard. The youth partook too freely for one of his years. He was seized with fever and died. The estate entailed went by his death to distant relatives; and his mother and sisters, who would have had to depend on him, were left pennyless on the father's demise.

I returned by the mail to the West. The sea breezes and a little cruising off the headlands during the leisure time at my command, strengthened my healthful feelings. Off the Eddystone, I fell into the midst of the fleet and transports returning with the wreck of Sir John Moore's army from Corunna. Some of the vessels went on to Portsmouth. I learned the particulars of the battle. No troops could be in a more wretched plight. Those who have only seen soldiers on a parade ground can

have no conception of an army demoralized by hunger, combat, and disease. Even the well looked ill enough ; the ill seemed at the gates of death. Some of the officers were scarcely recognizable from the men. The latter were many of them toil-worn skeletons. A tall grenadier might be seen supported to the hospital by a couple of hardy tars, making the contrast more striking, his cheekbones sticking out, his eyes brightly clear, his voice faltering.

“ Wounded, my good man ? ”

“ No, no, weak—only weak. ”

The fine military hospital at Plymouth, and the noble naval one, before nearly empty, were both filled with sick and wounded men. The officers were accommodated in private houses. The cavalry had been on board ship before the battle, having shot their horses, and were far better off than the infantry, the latter having embarked in confusion. A naval officer who assisted in the embarkation told me he thought he had a man in one of his boats from every regiment in the service. Most of the badly wounded were left behind. The French moved down field pieces, and fired at some of the transports, which cut their cables, their commanders being frightened. “ We got our broadside to bear upon them, and our heavy shot sent them off scampering, pop-guns and all,” said my friend. The seamen had difficulty in avoiding the pressure of the troops into the boats. “ Come, my men, a little patience ; we’ll be quickly back for you all. See, our ship’s broadside will protect you ; the shot will hit high and dry, passing above your heads.” Most vigorously did the seamen labour, and cheerfully did they divide their allowance

with the toilworn soldiery. It was a noble picture of kindness in the tars. I shared my room with the late Colonel Sir Edward Kerrison, one of Lord Anglesey's lieutenant-colonels in the 7th Light Dragoons. He had a broken arm. Death soon laid many gallant hearts low among the returned wreck of that army.

The same year, I saw the military suffering under the Walcheren fever. I called upon a medical officer I knew in the cavalry, on my way down from London.

"We landed," the surgeon said, "on our return, with not twenty men ill in the country, having been little on the Dutch shore. Now we are in a worse state than any other regiment. We have not men left in health to look after the horses, and have retained ostlers and grooms for that purpose. Major Orde is lying dead over the mess-room, and others are ill, some dying; meet us at the mess to-day—it will be a charity, for there is no overcoming the gloom—there is no excitement."

"Thank God, then, you are well."

"I shall have my turn, I dare say. Come with me. I will show you such a sight as you never saw before."

"But I shall get the fever."

"No, you are not acclimated—you must be acclimated to take it."

I passed from room to room, and bed to bed, and confess I was never before or since so painfully affected. The want of a visible cause for the suffering I encountered, seemed to enhance the impression it made. I have been through civil hospitals, but never saw anything like it in them. The wounded and sick of Sir John Moore's army, were no parallel. There was an obvious

cause there. Here, fever and death seemed to operate so stealthily, that the destroying angel of Sennacherib in black midnight, could not have more silently cut off his prey. Gaunt spectres of men, some half-dressed, tottered along between rows of beds. Others, still weaker, lounged on their beds, attenuated, pale, acute of feature, balanced between relapse and recovery. Some lay motionless from debility, others were contending with the King of Terrors near their exit. Here was encountered in the mass, what we meet with only now and then in solitary instances among our neighbours. It was a harvest of death, not the gleaning of a solitary stem.

In this expedition, which exhausted the provident genius of Lord Castlereagh, and the martial prowess of General the Earl of Chatham, our real loss was never known. The pretensions of a *coup de main*, in a commander who embarked with twelve pair of silver candlesticks, and sat down to a siege as a beginning, was odd enough. Walcheren was taken by as fine an army of 30,000 men as ever left the English shore. By the time the siege was over, the *coup de main*, which the French say must have succeeded, had become impracticable. When this was admitted, why did the army not return? There was no reply. Five weeks' idle encampment on the pestilential ground, for no possible end, made the work of death surer. The poison lurked in the human frame sometimes months before its effects appeared, and killed at last. Change of place was no security. A most pompous medical staff was sent out, which just knew as much of the existence of the malady as of the earth's interior. Every smuggler and



trader, from Johnny Groat's to the Land's End, knew of the fever. Many of the regimental medical men had heard and read of it, but the medical staff knew nothing about it. When the regimental medical officer applied for bark and wine, the only remedies known, not any were to be had—there were none with the Expedition.

In the first two or three weeks only 23,000 out of 30,000 men were fit for duty. In a little time, some 11,000 were down. How many got the fever after their return is still a secret. I knew officers who went to the West Indies to avoid a return of the complaint, and died there.

I did not dine at the mess on the above occasion, but drank a glass or two more of wine at dinner that day, than I should have done, but for the scene in the morning. My friend was nine or ten months before he got the fever, and escaped with life.

## CHAPTER V.

1810 THE fiftieth year of the reign of George III., styled the Jubilee, was celebrated, with great marks of rejoicing in the West, I know not why, in a reign marked by much calamity. A grand dinner was given on the occasion. I was not very reflective about the consistency of the address, on being requested to write one, availing myself in its opening of Shakespear's description of St. Crispin's day, October 25, 1415.

Some stanzas from my pen were set to music by an eminent composer, and sung as a glee by the men of the bands of the regiments in garrison. The fête went off well. All proceedings of a public nature were then enthusiastically carried into effect.

Here I first met Wilkie, the artist. He and Haydon were on terms of close friendship. Wilkie's health had not been good. Haydon had proposed a visit to Devonshire. I was introduced by the father to the son, and to Wilkie by young Haydon, in his father's drawing-room.

Nearly opposite the end of Market Street, the awkward Guildhall being on the opposite side of the way, stood the house and shop of old Haydon, since deserted, in a street then a great thoroughfare, but now

entirely forsaken by the widening of another entrance to the better part of the town. Old Haydon was a printer and bookseller. The house was spacious, with a private entrance. At the shop-door congregated the news-mongers of all grades, civil, naval and military. There were seen the mild and gallant Sir Israel Pellew, the brother of Sir Edward, afterwards Lord Exmouth, who himself lived in the town. Sir Israel, who was Captain of the Fleet which his brother commanded off Toulon, used, I remember, to complain of his brother's imperious manner. There was old Captain Winne fond of relating anecdotes of Lord Howe, and the first of June, 1794, in which he bore a part, and how when Sir Roger Curtis told the Admiral the line was complete, Howe replied: "Then up with the helm in the name of God!" and dashed through the French line, the Queen Charlotte firing from both sides with her guns double shotted, when seven hundred Frenchmen fell in the 'Montagne' alone. From Haydon's Winne would go and perch himself on the Hoe or in the citadel with his glass upon the look-out. It was with Winne's sister the Duke of Clarence fell in love when stationed at Plymouth. Old Admiral Manley, of whom they used to relate that he took a cloud for a ship, fired whole broadsides at it, and the sky becoming clear, there was not a sail to be seen; Admiral Vincent, a Captain of 1747, who wrote a book to support Berkeley's theory of the non-existence of matter, when between eighty and ninety years old; one-armed gallant Sir Michael Seymour, of the 'Amethyst', and, occasionally, Sir T. B. Martyn or Sir Samuel Pym. Now and then that "huge hill of flesh," General England, the Lieutenant-governor

from the citadel, whom the Duke of York christened "Great Britain," (some surmised he was the Duke's brother.) Haply little Sir M. M. Lopez, of Maristow, would show his Hebrew face there, or Sir W. Elford his bluff one, and the stiff stately Admiral Young would bow to some one of the group and pass onward; and old Herbert, the banker, one of Pharaoh's lean kine, who had the soubriquet of "Death." Two sailors with their grog on board rambled one evening at twilight into the garden of his house, in Frankfort Place, where the old haggard gentleman was nodding by his parlour fire, the shutters not being closed, one of them looked in and cried to his comrade, struck by the lank form and gaunt face of the old man, "Jim, Jim, didst ever see death? come look in here—here, here, heave a-head!" But these are shadows of the past—why recall them!

With rigid fingers from a gouty stiffness of the joints behind his counter, or in his back parlour, would be seen old Haydon, busy with his books. He had been a great rake in youth, a shrewd clever man, who had succeeded his father in business as he had designed his son, the painter, should succeed him. His only daughter, Harriet, was then a pleasing and accomplished girl, married afterwards, I believe, to a medical gentleman in Somersetshire.

Wilkie disappointed me. Perfectly self-possessed, he was destitute of life and energy, pale almost to delicacy, so that I fancied him more indisposed than he was in reality. Not bashful nor exactly clownish in manners, but simply awkward. His Scotch accent was decided. I met him at dinner the next day, when he talked sensibly enough on common-place subjects. I never

observed him deviate from these, except when he alluded to his art, and towards that he was destitute of enthusiasm. I found him more apt than the English at a coarse after dinner allusion, a thing not uncommon among his countrymen, making one think, with his gravity, were it possible, of a quakeress singing licentious songs. Haydon was overflowing with conversation about art, the Elgin marbles, sunrise from Mount Edgecombe, and views from Staddon Heights, or Saltram Park. He proposed we should go, the following morning, and swim in the Sound, where "we could have fathoms of water under us." He was a good swimmer, and so was I; but in diving, I could not approach him.

"Weel, mon," said Wilkie, "an I must e'en look on?"

"No, no, the boatmen shall pull in under Mount Batten rocks, to which we will swim. You can undress on the sand, and paddle in the shallow water."

"We shall have some fun," said Haydon, aside. "Wilkie is anxious to learn to swim, and told me yesterday I must teach him. 'Can't I learn a little now?' said Wilkie, and began sprawling upon the drawing-room carpet. I spread out a table for him, and he got upon it with his face downwards, moving his limbs like an awkward frog, little to the purpose. I almost killed myself with laughing to see him."

We pulled into the Sound. The breakwater was not then begun. Haydon and myself undressed in the boat, and jumped overboard to swim to Mount Batten, Wilkie going in the boat. There we found him sputtering on the sand, in a few inches of water. "Let me

hold up your head, Wilkie," said Haydon: "you must go in deeper." This did not much mend matters; little tact and a want of confidence in his own buoyancy made him the least adroit of any adult person I ever knew, under similar circumstances. Haydon told me he continued his table-practice for some time. I was the more observant of his conduct, because I respected him as a man of high talent, and, in consequence, thought that such an individual must be worthy of note in everything. In a little time afterwards, I found my estimate of Wilkie not erroneous. His ideas were almost wholly artistical, in the line in which he was a great master. That he had aspiring ideas about a higher line of art than he had yet practised was not then visible. He had a fine eye for nature in the humbler social sense against all the world. He took so little notice of the fine scenery around Plymouth; that region of picturesque landscape, that even Haydon, who knew him well, seemed disappointed. Returning from a long walk, I once missed Wilkie at a turning in the road. On going back a short distance, I found him looking through the back gate of a cottage yard, at a troop of children literally seated upon, and round a dunghill.

"The finest grouping I ever saw," he said, as we came away; "the finest bit I ever saw in my life." Such things were with him, what the Elgin marbles were to Haydon. He loved the beaten track, and his enthusiasm for his art was phosphoric; for it shone without burning. He had a secret vanity, and he indulged it when among strangers, as if he were ashamed that those who knew him should discover his foible. When at Rome, he bought all sorts of fancy dresses, and sported

them when unnoticed by his countrymen, as if he thought those who knew him would tell of his weakness. To appreciate the singularity of this fancy it was necessary to know the man. An artist I well knew sketched him at Rome, without his knowledge, in some of those disguises, on which he certainly conferred no credit by his personal bearing.

Having been late at a ball about four miles from the town, Haydon proposed that we should ascend a hill by Saltram to see the sun rise, "it was absurd to think of walking home and going to bed that fine morning." Wilkie, who had danced furiously, said he was afraid of the air, he had rather walk home. He did so, and Haydon and myself ascended a lofty eminence just in time to see the break of a glorious day. The artist was enthusiastic. "Mark that light in the east ! How fine it is ! How sombre it looks below in the valley, and the water in the Lara like pale silver. Then the woods, those limestone rocks, how rich it all is, and in London we sleep away these things. Look to the west, and the haze there, which the sun will presently disperse. Perhaps God dwells in the sun—or some delegated spirit who governs our system, our half a dozen cricket balls, called worlds. Who cares for this beautiful sight, my boy, but you and I ?" It was in this way Haydon talked in his earlier years.

When we got to the town, we found Wilkie at the door of Haydon's house endeavouring to make the servants hear him, full of fear lest he should take cold. 'Daavid,' as Haydon sometimes called him, went to bed, while we breakfasted, and then having had a plunge in the sea, we were fit for anything again. Haydon

possessed surprizing energy, and worked continually thirteen and fourteen hours a day. I visited Mount Edgcombe with the two artists, Wilkie did not show any admiration of the fine scenery, or the splendid foliage of the private gardens.

"North Corner is the place for Wilkie," said Haydon, "there is famous grouping, sailors, and their lasses, drunk and sober, bearded Jews, salesmen, and soldiers." We returned by that bustling and dissipated landing-place, which was always very crowded and noisy in war time. Wilkie thought something good might be got there earlier in the day.

In town, Haydon lodged in Great Marlborough Street, on the south side, the number I forget. Wilkie in Great Portland Street, as I recollect. I remember our breakfasting together in a coffee-house, called the Nassau, at the corner of Gerrard and Nassau Streets, Soho. Since the ruin of coffee-houses by the rage for clubs, that, with a hundred others, has been shut up. It is at present occupied by a baker. I never pass it but I think of those times, and the changes since. How painful a part of human destiny is it to recall such scenes. Not far from that house lived and died glorious John Dryden about a century before. Where are he and his contemporaries, and where now are Haydon and Wilkie?

With Haydon I first saw the Elgin marbles, then in Burlington House. I went some years after to see Lough's sculptures, and found him looking at them. I could not help finding fault with the hands. "Yes," said Haydon, "they betray a want of professional education—of study and practice. When you go to see



the works of artists, look at the hands and feet, they will tell you whether they are the work of educated or fancy taught people—yes, Redding, look at the hands and feet, few can master them perfectly even among students.”

My intimacy with both Wilkie and Haydon was little during their latter years. Wilkie had no conversation of interest. There was nothing but his fame that was exciting about him, and in the vast social range of London this is not enough to give a preference. His genius was bounded by a limited circle, his conversational acquirements were not commensurate with his high abilities in art. Haydon was a pleasant companion, had read and thought much, and also to the purpose, but there were reasons why his friends could not enjoy his society as they wished; they were estranged without being desirous of estrangement. Peace to his manes! He was not born for the present era of taste in art, the era of common-place and mediocrity.

The father of Haydon told me a story interesting to ornithologists. A mulberry tree grew outside his printing office window in the heart of the town. A robin used to come there and sing sweetly to the delight of the inmates. The window being open one day at the commencement of winter, the bird flew in, and on being fed remained, singing occasionally with great sweetness. In the spring it flew away, and was seen no more until the next winter, when it reappeared on the mulberry tree again, and the window being left open, it flew in as it had done before. The men to know the bird, marked it with printing ink on the breast. In the following September, it came again to

the favourite tree, fluttering its wings, and again flew in, and was found to be the same bird. It was accompanied with two others. It became so tame that it would perch on the top of the cases of type where the men were at work, and sing with great apparent joyousness. By some means, a strange cat got into the office at night, and killed all three birds. The men proceeded to the summary execution of the cat, by hanging it on the mulberry tree, where the bird had first cheered them with its autumnal song. Mr. Haydon, senior, was fond of ornithology. He assured me that in 1796 a cuckoo had been distinctly heard to give its note in Mount Edgcombe woods in January. The winter had been remarkably mild as that the year before had been severe.

Old Haydon had known, when a boy of seventeen, an old seaman named Pearce, who died aged ninety-seven. This seaman used to describe the horrors of the storm of November, 1703. He had seen the unfortunate Winstanley go off from the Barbican steps to the Eddystone lighthouse, of which he was the builder, and of which neither builder nor the slightest fragment of the pharos was ever seen again. The sea, he said, broke over Drake's Island like a cascade. I have myself seen the spray break over the lanthorn of the present building, nearly a score feet.

There was a fishing bank between the Eddystone and Rame Head, to which we sometimes used to resort, and dropping anchor at the right time of the tide begin fishing. Fish will bite at anything shining. A sixpence with a hole for the hook will do. It is all fair gobbling, "right-minded fish," as old Walton would

say, being truly aldermanic in the swallow. The gills are above water before you know what is hauling up. In summer weather it is delightful to run in a boat before the gentlest of breezes, with a solitary hook and line attached to the stern. The fresh delicious air, the serene sky, the undulating motion, impart the most luxurious sensations. By pulling the line gently, it is easily perceived if a line mackerel is hooked. This solitary fish dies like the dolphin, its beautiful colours fading into death as the life of the creature goes out. The colours of this species of fish are more beautiful than those of the common mackerel. I remember, too, there is some little difference in the shape. We sometimes got becalmed in these little cruises off the headlands. I once missed a famous dinner and ball in the garrison this way, having lain in the ground swell, without a breath of air for forty-eight hours. Once a thunder storm wrapped us there in a mantle of flame, the grandest thing I ever saw.

We ventured sometimes to run in a cutter nearer the French coast than was prudent. We knew old "Billy Blue," (Admiral Cornwallis) was between us and Brest with from twenty to thirty line-of-battle ships. We sailed, too, in the wake of a seventy-four that had run in for bullocks. We once got a peep of that glorious, persevering old man, while his fleet was on the same tack, and the French snug within. It was on a morning cruise of this kind that I saw, hull down in the horizon, the masts of a vessel of considerable magnitude. When the whole had become visible, there were two vessels, one in the way of the other ; and it was soon plain that one of them was in tow. "There is a prize to some-

body," was the exclamation, as our little cutter mounted the ocean furrows. "What can she be?" The tricolor was waving beneath the British flag, over a vessel sadly mauled in "the sticks," as the sailors used to phrase it. We could not account for the perfect state of the victor, every rope in its place—not a rent in the sails, the rigging as trim as if he had just come out of port. It was a moment of considerable interest; we had no glass. The real conqueror was not in sight, being too much crippled to do more than take possession of the prize. The 'Shannon' had fortunately come up at the moment, and relieved the victor from an arduous task, the prisoners being greater in number than his effective crew. The prize was the 'Thetis' of forty-four guns, captured by the 'Amethyst' of thirty-six. The commander of the English vessel was Sir Michael Seymour, as fine an officer as ever walked a deck.

The reflective mind, on witnessing its scenes, shudders at war, sickens over the sound of that "glory" which so intoxicates the tyrant, the ignorant, and the unthinking. The unimaginative judge only by the evidence of the senses, and can form no idea of what is revealed to present perception in the term war, when out of reach of its mischiefs.

It was past ten o'clock at night when the English frigate (which I saw wrecked a year or two afterwards) came up; and in about an hour and half after, perhaps the most sanguinary engagement of single vessels during the last long and cruel war, the Frenchman struck his colours. There were, on board the 'Thetis,' a crew of three hundred seamen, and a hundred soldiers. In the space of time I have stated, out of four hundred, no

less than one hundred and thirty-five were killed, and a hundred and two wounded. Among the sufferers were all the officers but three. The prisoners who were unhurt were put on board the 'Shannon,' and English sailors sent in their place; but they found the prize unmanageable; and it was obliged to be taken in tow. Naval conflicts are always more destructive than land engagements in proportion to their numbers. I do not remember hearing how many the crew of the 'Amethyst' mustered, probably from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and thirty, of which seventy were killed or wounded—nearly one-third of the whole. This carnage was much spoken about. I met many years afterwards a gentleman, who saw the vessel at the same time; and he recalled the scene as one never to be erased from his memory. In the heyday of youth, accustomed to warlike exhibitions from a child, giddy and unreflecting, I can never forget how it took me "aback." No sight could be more painful. All was in the same state as when the action closed, except that the dead were thrown overboard, and the dead had the best of it. The dreadful nature of some of the wounds inflicted, the number of sufferers, some moaning, others sighing away their hearts, or shrieking in agony—it was horrible. Humanity forbade clearing the ship before getting to port; and, indeed, there had not been time. The sufferers were so numerous that, in the confused state of the vessel, they lay about upon torn, blood-soaked hammocks, many writhing on the planks stained with gore. Amputations had been performed upon some as they thus lay. The surgeons' narrow quarters below were full of miserable men who had

been brought down in the early part of the conflict. Severed limbs lay here and there for want of attention to inferior matters, while life was depending upon a succession of rapid operations. This scene of mangling and death had all occurred within a space not greater than many a ball-room, cannon-shot and splinters striking down people mercilessly in that limited space. The crowded state of the decks increased the havoc. It was scarcely possible to believe that two hundred and thirty men had been put *hors de combat* in so brief a space of time. Death had made a rapid harvest of the vigour and high mettle of manhood, and taught the living an unmistakeable lesson of humility. On reaching the anchorage, those of the wounded who could be removed were taken to the spirit-depressing locality of the prison hospital, little calculated to be cheered by the sight of the guard's glittering bayonets. The victor did not arrive for several days afterwards. In that small class of vessel, a middle-sized man was in a continued stoop while working the guns, and was, for want of space, liable to suffer more; while the roomy French ship, on the other hand, was too full of men to profit by its better space for action. It is difficult to prevent English seamen from double-shotting their guns when at a distance from an enemy, but when near, it is impossible. Much must be left to the seaman's discretion, and safely too; for he is master of considerable resources. When I was a child, the guns on board ship were fired from the match; the lock was afterwards introduced. This was a great improvement. The seaman looked along the gun for the direction, lanyard in hand, noted the heave of the ship under his feet;

then, pulling at the right moment—a knowledge which experience only could give—he sprang on one side to avoid the recoil, which would otherwise crush him to pieces. His fire was thrown directly into the enemy's hull. The effect was fearful, two ports being often knocked into one. The French used to fire at our rigging, as if they wished to prevent our manœuvring. The splinters made dreadful havoc. Grim death seemed to have entered at every perforation. The bulwarks were jagged with shot. The rigging, ropes, yards and blocks, encumbered the decks above. Coils of rope, dabbled with gore, on some of which were seated wounded men, pale and ghastly, showed grief and disappointment dividing the empire with pain. The tars who were put on board endeavoured at the alleviation of the sufferings of their captives. Some were on the forecastle, preferring the pure air to the groans, sights and sufferings on the decks below, where many a gallant spirit that a short time before had breathed defiance, lay gasping, uncertain of life or death. Some seemed doomed to die by inches, yet cherishing the hope of life, in the very jaws of death. Poor fellows! they would fain live for the chance of the repetition of similar misery, rather than repose where human nature could no more exhibit, except superstition, the most degrading of its features. The surgeons were tasked upon this occasion. On the planks in one place, side by side, were laid thirteen unfortunate men with locked jaw. "We can do nothing for *them*," observed the professional men, as they cast a glance of pity at their terrible condition. Owing to muscular contraction, the bones from the severed limbs had

frightfully protruded ; yet, though speechless and rigid, life lingered as if loth to quit its shattered and worthless tenement. One or two, though severely wounded, seemed to muster a stern resolution to bear their suffering like men—self-possessed, whatever might be their fate, and triumphant of soul in their prostrate state of body. The mischief caused by splinters has never been overrated. There were portions of the bone of severed limbs, driven by them against, and even into the timbers, and some pieces from living men into the very plank, so that it was not easy to detach them. One piece of skull was thus driven into the ship's side, with hair attached to it. A gun was so covered and splashed in blood, that it showed many men had been struck down together while in the act of working it—most likely by a fragment of oak timber. Some of the gangways had coagulated blood over them that had dropped from step to step, as the bleeding wounded were borne below. The odour was insufferable, reminding one of a butchery. Gunpowder had, in several places, mingling with the stream of vitality, been trodden into the planking. I did not descend below the water-line but a little way ; I was advised to return. The cockpit is the surgery during action ; it is safe from shot, and lighted with candles. The agony suffering there, in a close, confined space, common nerves could not withstand. I had seen enough. I had been through hospitals, with surgeons on their duties ; but they gave no picture of such a scene of suffering, so confused and sanguinary.

I was struck, I remember, by our folly in adopting, and even preferring, vessels of so small a scantling



as our thirty-six gun frigates, while the French had their metal heavier. But I was set down for my opinion by some professional people. Both French and Spaniards were our masters in ship-building at that time. I have stood with my hat on between the decks of a Spanish first-rate. A noble French double-banked frigate, the 'Egyptienne,' after being sometime at sea with our flag, wanted new masts, and was used as a sheer hulk. "What a fine vessel!" I remarked, one day, to a naval officer.

"Yes; but the navy board won't allow her to go to sea again, she would take the masts of a seventy-four."

"What of that?" I asked; "give her the masts of a seventy-four."

"Oh! it is contrary to regulations."

This ship, every timber of undecaying cedar, was afterwards broken up, and the cedar used for ornamenting the cabins of other vessels, while cramped ships, in which a small man could not stand upright between decks, were expected to triumph over great physical superiority—but 'I wander from my tale.'

I was not aware, until this incident took place, that surgeons judge of the mortal nature of the wounds very much by the appearance of the eyes. The medical head of the prisoners at that time was Doctor Magrath, afterwards Sir George Magrath.

The treatment of prisoners of war in the land prisons was well enough for a system of idleness without utility. Many would have been glad of any kind of labour. It was different in prison ships, and worse than that of the convicts at Woolwich, because these are relieved from *ennui* by labour. Prisoners of war, shut up

in floating hells, only a fifth part permitted to go on deck at a time, for an hour or so ; the rest were battened below to look through iron bars at the water. The monotony, the idleness, the waste of life, the expense, used to strike me forcibly. I remember one of the prisoners in the ' San Rafael ' imitated a two-pound note with India ink. He was sent to Exeter, tried for forgery, and condemned to death. He would have been executed, but for the interference of the Home-Secretary of State. The lawyers were against him. I fought hard in my little way against them. ' He was under the protection of the laws, and had broken them.' I denied it. He might shoot the sentinel and make his escape—he might carry off the ship if he could—and not be indicted for robbery or piracy. The sentinel might shoot him, and not be guilty of murder. He was not a free agent. He was a man under military coercion, out of the protection of the civil power as much as one of our own deserters under martial law. The man was not executed. It was curious that two Frenchmen did make their escape from the ' San Rafael ;' swim ashore, and then were puzzled what to do to avoid being taken. They saw a lighter moored lower down the harbour, and no one on board. They swam off ; found one man asleep ; mastered him ; up sail ; cut the rope attaching the lighter to a buoy ; ran down through all the ships in Hamoaze, round Drake's Island, and so across the Channel, unmolested. They had on board all the powder of a seventy-four, which lay in the Sound, and which the officer would not hazard taking in at the late hour at which it was brought alongside the night before ; so the lightermen went

back, and, mooring to a buoy, left one man on board, and went ashore, meaning to be off again early in the morning. The prisoners not only got clear, but divided the value of the lighter and cargo, worth some hundreds of pounds between them. If these prisoners had been intercepted in the Sound, could they be legally hanged for the theft? This would hardly be maintained, although the punishment of death was annexed at that time to almost every offence. My heart often bled at the statement made by the poor fellows of their overwhelming *ennui* on board.

There were altogether above seven thousand prisoners in the depots within the garrison. They were allowed to work at Dartmoor, and to sell the produce of their labour, and numbers did so, but there were men who were unable from having no trade. Many of these took refuge in gambling, and played away the clothes off their backs. Going in with the officer of the guard, I saw a number nearly naked in that cold region. They were called 'the Romans.' Even their bedding had been gambled away. They slept on the prison floor, huddled together for warmth. It was said they used to turn sides in the night at the word of command, "turn one, turn all." Years of captivity and *ennui* thus driving men to wretchedness and demoralization, exhibited another of the calamities of war.

Sir Arthur Wellesley landed here at night, and was at an hotel near where I resided. The Cintra Convention had just been concluded. In the morning the landlord came to me and said Sir A. Wellesley was at his house, and would be obliged, as the mail had just passed, for a sight of a newspaper. I was the only

person in the town who had a paper before the post-office delivery, which was never much hurried in those days. I feed the mail guard, who dropped me my papers as he passed on to Dock (Devonport). I sent a paper over to Sir Arthur, not being quite dressed. I took over a second, all I had for that day. Sir Arthur was then about forty years old, and appeared to be full that age. He was dressed in a blue coat, knit pantaloons, and Hessian half boots. In person rather slender, but compact. This gave him a taller appearance than he bore later in life. I do not remember the officers who were with him, he alone attracting my attention on account of the Cintra business. I expressed my regret that I had no more papers to offer him till the post-office should open. He replied that he was obliged. "We wanted to know what people are saying about us, not having seen a paper for a considerable time. We leave Plymouth immediately," he added. He thanked me for the papers, and left strict orders they should be returned. At that time the Cintra affair made a great noise in the garrison. It was reported Sir Arthur did not much like it, though he afterwards, somewhat chivalrously, spoke in its favour. That General Burrard had succeeded Sir A. Wellesley on the field after the battle, in order to give a worthless approval of his dispositions, and that Sir Hew Dalrymple superseded Burrard the following day, to approve Sir Hew's disposition for letting off the French, bag and baggage.

Before Wellington repealed the Test and Corporation Acts, those tyrannical laws pressed heavy on two thirds of the population of the United Kingdom, preventing their holding in England common civic offices. A

medical man, obnoxious to a political party in Plymouth, so high did political feeling run, being about to be sworn in as Mayor, had been asked whether he had taken the sacrament according to the rites of the church, within the preceding twelvemonth. He replied in the negative. "Poor B——," said a friend of mine, "he reckoned without his *host*."

The statute was rarely enforced, but it was still the law. Going to call upon the doctor I met a very high church clergyman, "I have an odd feeling of indisposition," I remarked, "I am going to Dr. B. and shall ask him about it."

The parson at once put on a sour face, "I never consult him, he is a rascally oppositionist. If you want a doctor go to Mr. L——."

"I shall ask Dr. B——," I replied, knowing the motive of the recommendation.

"Don't consult any one," said the parson, seeing I was not to be persuaded. "The great physician, Hoffman, said, 'If you wish good health, avoid physicians and medicines—*fuge medicos et medicamina*.'"

"How cunning the jesuit is," thought I, "he will keep me from my intention at any rate to gratify his spleen. I fathom his motive," and I doubled my pace to Dr. B——.

I cannot observe exactly the order of dates. I know it was about this time that I became acquainted with General Wakin Tench of the Marines. We used often to converse about his voyage to Botany Bay when a captain, with the first convicts in 1789. They were thirty-six weeks on that voyage, and lost one marine,

and twenty-four convicts. He wrote a narrative of the passage, with some description of the country and its productions, a valuable work to the generations since, and to those yet to come in that continent. Tench has long been numbered with the dead. He spoke with humour of a native becoming strongly attached to the colonists because one of them had shaved him. Had that convict expedition not sailed, where would have been our present commerce and gold mines. The views of statesmen are very contracted. A large percentage out of the convict colonies turns out well. At home, even those who are sincere in their reformation and regain their freedom, are marked men. They must starve or turn to their vices again. The first convict generation soon passes away in the distant colony. It is a circumscribed view of things to try the benefit of this species of punishment by its immediate effects. I have witnessed the continental system. It only contributes to multiply offences.

The Roderick Random gait and appearance in our seamen, were fast disappearing in the time to which I now allude. One of the last individuals with its taint was Captain Rotherham, who commanded Collingwood's ship the 'Royal Sovereign,' in the battle of Trafalgar. Not stout, tall, his cocked hat worn square, a mahogany complexion, and now and then a quid, he had much about him of the seaman of the past time—such men are now become traditions.

I made the acquaintance of Belzoni here, the Egyptian antiquary, nearly seven feet tall; he had a brother with him six feet six inches. He was exhibiting feats of strength. Having a dispute with Foote, the manager

of the theatre, Belzoni came to me with his story. A country editor of a paper is too often condemned to receive similar applications. Foote wanted to screw the Italian too hardly in his bargains; I interfered and got the matter arranged to Belzoni's satisfaction. One of his knees inclined inwards a little, or he might have stood for an Apollo. He was a meek quiet man. I have no doubt he was right in his subsequent dispute with Salt in Egypt. The latter treated him as a mere pounds, shillings, and pence man would treat another. Belzoni's zealous heart was in the business he undertook, and he was rightly not inclined to let Salt carry away all the merit.

Here I met the author of 'the Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul,' Samuel Drew, by trade a lapstone, brother of Gifford and Bloomfield, but superior to both in mental power; in fact, a first rate metaphysician. He had attracted the attention of the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, the historian of Manchester, who drew him out. His essay was a surprizing performance. He was a Wesleyan methodist, and died a preacher among the sect in 1833. His mind was too logical to shine among those to whom a few wild ideas in an ocean of words, were more objects of admiration than dry verities or abstract reasoning. Here, too, Dr. Hawker thundered forth his discourses in the church of St. Charles, I did not like the manner, matter, or man. Polwhale's Greek translations were first put into my hands here. I read them more out of compliment to the author whom I knew, than from any supposition of their superior excellence. He was a laborious working man, with no low opinion of

himself, never offensive except to a methodist, whom he could not tolerate as Whittaker his neighbour did. His prejudices were continually at war with his perception of our intellectual advances. He could work laboriously. There is merit in some of his compilations, but his verse had not levity sufficient to float. He sometimes daubed his friends with flattery, in expectation of a return which he did not always obtain. He lived and died out of the great world, a country clergyman, of talent and unimpeachable character, not so orthodox as to be divested of all candour, nor so liberal as to look complacently upon John Wesley's disciples.

I had deprecated religious persecution from a child, first from having perused the pictures before I was able to read the text of Fox's Book of Martyrs. This feeling grew up with me. I soon learned that I was not to hate a man, and wish him burned, because he thought a brown loaf good mutton, or an honest reformer, because he denied the apostolic succession through Roderic Borgia and Leo X., to the Archbishop of Canterbury, inclusive. I deemed such things hallucinations, and have ever endeavoured with my pen as much as possible to prevent time-worn superstitions and early prejudices from tainting action. It is a humbling consideration for human nature that we make so little progress in this respect. Shan O'Neal, of Ulster, put some of his own partizans to death because they made bread in the English mode, and not in the good old way. All religious disputants are infallible in their own opinions ; all ready to condemn the error of their brothers. How do they know they are not in error themselves. How do they know this when every reflecting man of right



reason is well aware that, with all we know, we know comparatively nothing.

I was a never-ceasing reader. In poetry, I have said, I had early in youth possessed myself of the works of Charlotte Smith. I got fond of her melancholy egotism. She died soon after I arrived in London the first time. Her 'Old Manor House' I read with youthful delight. What a pure delight that is which arises out of inexperience! The sonnets of Bowles were not in my view equal to Charlotte Smith's, and yet I was delighted with them. When the fancy is tickled, it is the happiness of youth to be satisfied; it is never discontented enough to be critical. I had read, as I have stated, most of the poets before Cowper, in earlier youth. Spenser delighted me; I revelled in his imaginative scenes of fairyland. Chaucer was too obsolete. This was before I knew much of Shakspeare, from the latter not coming in my way.

I know not what it was that made Miss Edgeworth so attractive to me then, dry and formal as she really is. I hardly perceived, nor was it likely I should appreciate if I had, her fine tone of moral feeling. Her 'Patronage,' some years after, did not produce the same effect on my mind.

The novel-writers, immediately previous to Scott, produced some works worthy of being still remembered. The supremacy of folly was not then acknowledged by those who sought reputation. The more intellectual portion of the social body decided the merit of works of literature and art, and the advance was upwards, not downwards, as it is at present, when low-mindedness leads the critic. Scott's success made the avaricious

dealers in the brains of writers cry out for works like Scott's. All the mutton must be South-down, as if in literature or art men can be great by imitation, while the original imitated is before the public.

It was at this time that Strutt's 'Queenhoo Hall,' a posthumous romance, appeared, the author dying before it was completed. Edited by Scott, 'Queenhoo Hall' merited particular notice, because it was the first attempt to add to tales of the olden time correctness of keeping in dress, manners, and language. Just as Macbeth came to be played in the costume of his supposed contemporaries in place of a bagwig and sword, so was Strutt the author of a great and beneficial reform, heralding Scott, who made so excellent an application of his system.

Hannah Moore had just published her 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.' That such a work should have gone through many editions, must be ascribed to the author's previous writings now nearly forgotten. She exerted herself extensively in the cause of common sense and benevolence, but I thought her somewhat presumptuous to meddle with a state in life of which she had no experience. I had an introduction to her, being at Clifton, and called, but did not find her at home. Her residence was some distance away. She advocated, at that moment, I well remember, the education of the poor. Too many of the clergy were virulent against her upon that account; they said it would derange social order. This was before Lancaster promulgated his scheme of instruction. How different now is the conduct of the clergy—how pleasing to see the school of the parish in its place. I remember that, at the time I was at

Clifton, they were excavating the Bristol docks, and driving piles for the gates next the Avon.

The longevity of this or that type of novel it would be curious to examine. Of many I recollect in my early reading, there are now no traces. What becomes of cast-off novels? Some were sofa companions, read between call and call of a morning, light inanities adapted for that purpose, and no more; others were natural, many supernatural; there were also the fashionable, the languishing, and the furious. Except a few resuscitated by speculative biblioplists, to save copyright expenses, most are forgotten. Ancient Greeks used to talk in them in good English, and knew more of London than Athens. Romans conversed in the language of Bond Street. Cherokees were represented as sentimental, and love sometimes becoming too deficient in excitement, was exchanged for the hazards and perjuries of a genteel adultery.

Pratt's 'Emma Corbet' exhibited at this time the most writing and least merit of any book I ever saw; and it had still a run, though it had been published twenty years. The Miss Lee's 'Canterbury Tales' I read in 1805, in a second edition, generally ascribed to Miss Harriet Lee. These tales were a joint production of Harriet and Sophia. The latter lived in Bath, during my first visit there, and died in 1851, wanting but little of being a century old.

The accidental death of a friend, in the prime of youth, Lieutenant Robert Tryon of the navy, much affected me. We think little of man's grim foe in youth, except on similar occasions. He was a native of Lincolnshire, much admired by the fair sex. I had heard he was wounded, and wrote to the purser of the

ship for particulars. He had carried a French privateer by boarding, when one of the guns in his own vessel went off by accident; and the shot striking him on the back of the left shoulder, shattered the blade, and laid bare part of the ribs and flesh close to the spine. He became delirious at night, having begged to be removed to his own ship, at the risk of his life, the sea running high. He sat on the deck supported by the men, pale, weak, faint, vomiting blood. Landed at Yarmouth, he rallied surprisingly, and his wound nearly healed, when, in an evil hour, he was advised to go to London, the place of all others most inimical to an open shot wound. There he soon fell into a decline, and died. I noticed him in the "Naval Chronicle," the only tribute I could pay to his memory. It was long before I could shake off the gloom occasioned by this event. It was a deep shade of cloud passing over youth's gay landscape. We had witnessed lively scenes together, in the society of much female loveliness. Another of a different stamp, a Hercules in strength, and a pleasant jovial friend, I lost just afterwards, in Lieutenant Millridge of the 'Emerald.' A twenty-four pounder was in the slings; he saw a rope or something amiss under it, stooped to remove it, when the gun fell upon him, and crushed him to death in a moment. He was an iron man, with none of the pensive graces of Tryon. I, even now, hear his deep voice calling to the men aloft. It might have been heard half over the bay. My old friend and townsman, Captain Cardew of the Engineers, now numbered among the dead, I met with here, and renewed our youthful intimacy. We were once returning together from a ball at Ridgway, in a morning in November. It

was between three and four o'clock, when we crossed the Plym, by the bridge near Saltram Lodge. On the right hand stood a dwelling called Marsh House, an avenue of pines leading up to the door. Within the entrance gate but a few yards, close to the trunk of one of the trees, there burned steadily a bright light, so bright, that the minutest configurations in the bark were seen by it. The night, or rather morning, was drizzling and dark. I got off my horse and climbed the gate, which was locked. I was descending on the other side, when a furious dog came down upon me; and I was forced to retreat. The light burned steadily all the time; and, as the dog passed close to it, the hair on his back was distinctly visible. I had often seen the *ignis fatuus*; but that moved, and uniformly disappeared on being approached. Here the light continued steadily burning; and we left it more luminous than an ordinary candle—every blade of grass around it distinguishable. For twenty minutes that we watched it, there was no diminution. We were neither of us strangers to appearances of a similar character in the mining district of Cornwall; but there were no mines here. About thirteen miles from where Cardew and myself had spent our boyhood, there was a remarkable phenomenon of this kind. It was seen during the winter months only, and, perhaps, is seen still about a mile westward of St. Austle, in the high turnpike road, near the summit of a hill. This light was like that of a candle, and on drawing near disappeared entirely. Angles of the spot were taken in vain; for nothing peculiar was observable on the surface, the ground near not being marshy, but the great copper and tin mine of Polgooth was in the vicinity.

With two or three friends, we established a private club, called the Beefsteaks. The "King's Arms Inn," where it was held, was nearly full of guests, when Lucien Bonaparte, and his suite landed, thirty-four persons in all. We made room for them, by giving up our apartment, and adjourning. Lucien was not much like his brother in person, with a sallow complexion. In stature he was under the middle height. His family was with him—all Italian-looking—his daughters five in number, pretty, and two sons. He came in the 'Pomona' frigate, to remain a species of captive. I believe he completed in England his poem of Charlemagne. One of his daughters was subsequently the wife of my friend Mr. Wyse, now British envoy at Athens.

About the same time, I was requested to meet some gentlemen in Cornwall, who wanted another paper in the county, there being but one, which, having been secured by the opposite party, and having before been neutral in position, they thus became deprived of any support from a Tory press. I represented that it was against my interest to oblige them. They pressed me farther, told me they had an editor ready, and a printer as well; but that none of them knew how to organize the whole. If I did not assist them, they were determined to get some one from town who would. They appealed to my sympathy as to their position. I consented, ordered from London what was necessary, organized the undertaking, and returned to my duties. Some lines bearing the anonymous sign adopted by an old schoolfellow of mine, who had often sent verses to the older paper, appeared in

the new, and roused the jealousy of the proprietor, who assailed me with the most violent personality and ribaldry, for a thing of which I was guilty of being innocent. I made a short reply, and the proprietor of the old paper not long after sold his journal. Such was the origin of the "West Briton," the largest circulated paper in the county at this hour, exceedingly well edited. The promoters of the undertaking, at that time, included Glynn of Glynn, some of the Rashleighs, the Stackhouses (Pendarvis), and other gentlemen of high respectability in the county, most if not all of whom are no longer numbered with the living.

There are few reflections which afford me more gratification than the share I had in aiding that undertaking, and thus in disseminating the principles since become everywhere triumphant. I rejoiced to see them there, for the memory of the wild shores of that county, its barren heights, fertile vallies and mild climate, with their hospitable inhabitants, can only perish with life. It is, doubtless, a melancholy thing to return, and be unremembered in the district of one's birth, no wonted names seen that of old greeted the native, save those inscribed among the records of the dead. Still I had rather retire, and breathe my last there, as the stag retires to die where he was roused, than on any other spot upon the globe. How many incidents happened there, now lost to all but myself, how many names have sunk in oblivion, how many are partially submerged, desolate islets of which the surrounding waves continually displace fragments that disappear in the remorseless depth beneath! If any

thing could teach human pride its nothingness, the lesson might be acquired in the contemplation of such a position, when time has left the individual like a column in a melancholy waste.

I used to meet Lord Cochrane sometimes—a remarkably plain, quiet, fine young man, wholly unassuming. He was often in and out in the 'Impérieuse,' a ship in which he performed so many gallant exploits, and among others the destruction of part of the French fleet, of eleven sail of the line, in Basque roads, while hampered by a do-nothing commander-in-chief, much as Nelson was shackled by a commander-in-chief set over him in the Baltic. Although the hero of the Nile, he was ordered by signal from that commander to leave his victory half-achieved; though he would not see the signal amid the smoke of the Copenhagen combat. People talked loudly and indignantly of the higher powers in the affair of Basque Roads. It was singular that Cochrane and Sir Sidney Smith, with Nelson, were all capable of operating against an enemy on shore or afloat with equal success.

A friend of mine, with his lordship, when they next came into port, expressed his astonishment at the scene so unparalleled in our naval warfare. Of eleven sail of the line of the largest class, one was taken, three others struck their colours, and seven went on shore, of which three could not be got off. All this was achieved with the loss of only ten killed and thirty-six wounded. It was a daring act. Twelve or fifteen hundred barrels of powder were placed in casks standing on end, and girt strongly round with cables. Clay was rammed in the interstices between the casks, and wedges forced down to



make more resistance in exploding. On their top were placed three hundred loaded shells fused for explosion, and above two thousand grenades. The enemy was ready in the ships and batteries to receive them. Cochrane himself, his lieutenant, and four seamen proceeded thus towards the ships of the enemy. The French became alarmed as the tremendous engine of destruction approached, and cut their cables. Undauntedly the little party proceeded in this magazine that a spark would tear into a million of atoms. The shot of the enemy struck the explosion ship. Cochrane made his party get into the boat, and then kindled a fusee himself, calculated to burn fifteen minutes to give them time to escape. It must have been an awful moment for the most intrepid spirit. They pulled away at their boat most vigorously, having as they supposed fifteen minutes to get out of the danger, but the wind was fresh, and the fuse burned too fast. In nine minutes from leaving the explosion-ship she blew up, and the fragments of thousands of shells fell or flew about like rain. The boat just on the verge of destruction escaped being struck. The waves broke over them, and the lieutenant died of fatigue and exhaustion. Two of the seamen were so worn out, after they reached the 'Impérieuse,' that their recovery was doubtful. The battle of Lord Howe, and the capture or destruction of seven French line of battle ships, cost nine hundred killed and wounded. Here six or seven line of battle ships were destroyed, and one was brought away with the loss of ten killed and thirty-six wounded. One of the French captains, a prisoner, was killed by Lord Cochrane's side, and his boat nearly sunk in the first attack upon the

enemy. Admirably did his lordship calculate everything upon that occasion. Many years afterwards when I became acquainted with General Miller, who was much with Lord Cochrane when he served the South Americans, I learned from him that the precautions taken beforehand in all his dashing attempts to ensure success, were a remarkable trait in Cochrane's character, and all that mortal man could take in the circumstances. Cochrane brought Gambier to a court-martial, unsuccessfully of course, for his delay in the operations undertaken, in which more promptness would have ensured further success. The praises of Cochrane, and the dispraise of the commander of the squadron off Rochfort, were on every tongue in the garrison, and his being ordered to sea soon afterwards alone prevented a public demonstration of feeling in his regard on the Basque Roads affair. I met his lordship lately at Temple Bar. Alas! what ravage time had made in his once handsome and active figure. Such changes tell painfully in the history of our fleeting humanity.

The government in those days had a personal dislike to men of high bearing, and disinterestedness, who would not become its servile tools. Nor was any love lost. It was necessary to employ such officers for the sake of obtaining credit for the successes which strengthened ministerial interests. I remember Cochrane's 'Impérieuse' was painted black with red ports, which gave the frigate a strange appearance, like no other of our ships of war.

I sometimes, during an idle half day, crossed over to Drake's Island, where a captain's guard was stationed and relieved once a week. Cut off from society, it was

a deed of charity to visit any friend when there. I had just landed, as some of the soldiers reported a dead body floating close under the island. It was one of the crew of the 'Barfleur,' of whom twenty-two had been upset in a boat a day or two before, and sixteen drowned, in crossing what is called the bridge, a line of sunken rocks connecting the island with the main. Through one spot in this reef, at high water, at a place called "the gap," a small ship might venture, but with the least wind a heavy surf broke along the whole ridge. Lord Cochrane, I was told, had dashed through it on hearing a French privateer was off the coast, as the only chance of getting out quickly in pursuit. Few would have dared it. This incident recalls a matter in which I was myself concerned, while it reveals the effects of the close borough system of those times.

Among the drowned was an officer, the brother of some ladies of a family in which I felt great interest. Attention was also drawn to the incident by the public indignation, and regret that the whole scene was passed over by the proper authorities. The 'Barfleur' a fine second-rate, lay in Cawsand Bay. The captain and his crew were a band of brothers. I do not recollect whether from promotion or from what cause, the commander left the vessel. A new captain was appointed, notorious throughout the navy for wanton tyranny. The appointment in that, as it would in any other case, produced dissatisfaction, and ultimately a round robin to the Admiralty, which the latter sent down to the commander-in-chief at the port. The latter sent it at once to the party to whom it related,

who had received his appointment. The new captain introduced himself to the ship with the round robin, and ordered the men to be mustered. He then questioned them man and man. "What have you got to say against me, what complaint have you—tell me I command you."

Knowing the danger of his position, and the articles of war too well, several men replied, "Nothing, Sir." At last a man who had served under the little Tartar, replied, "You command me to speak the truth, Sir, I was punished wrongfully under your orders. I was innocent of the charge."

The reply of the Captain was, "Put that man in irons!"

Such was the feeling of the men, that proceeding in the same mode, while some made a negative reply, others determined the man in irons should not suffer alone, and told the truth, that they had once served under him, were wrongfully punished, and did not like to do so again. Two more were put in irons, and being enough of whom to make an example, as the phrase was, he applied for a court-martial upon them.

The request was granted, the time fixed. The wind blew fresh on the day the irons were taken off the men, who with officers and a guard were ordered to proceed the shortest way over the bridge to the flag-ship. The order was obeyed, the boat upset in the surf, and seventeen out of twenty-two were drowned, among whom were two of the prisoners. The remnant reached the flag-ship, having been saved by a boat passing near. The president of the court-martial humanely told the solitary prisoner, that if he wished,

after such a melancholy accident, the trial should be postponed. He answered that he had only done what he was ordered to do. His accuser was heard, and with a sense of that justice inherent in British bosoms, the court fully acquitted the prisoner, and set him at liberty. This was a tacit censure, but it seemed not to be so felt. The 'Barfleur' sailed, the crew of which from their commander's previous character, knew they had nothing to hope and all to fear. The tyranny under which they groaned became so unbearable that one of the crew, off Lisbon, stabbed his commander with a knife, which turning against a rib did not kill him, but inflicted a painful wound. The man was hung of course, his only remark being that he had devoted himself for the ship's company. The Captain coming to England not long afterwards, died of apoplexy. Talking of this affair twenty years after with a gallant post-captain in the navy, who had a pension for wounds, he said that, when a lieutenant, he had by ill luck got twice under the command of that officer, but having some little interest himself, he was removed from his authority each time into another ship. He saw that Captain flog a whole watch, because laying out upon the yards, they did not secure the sails within the time he ordered, in which time no men could do it. I asked why he did not bring that officer to a court-martial. He replied, "No, my dear Redding, you will not catch a lieutenant too often at that game. If it were a holy deed and succeeded before the court, I should be a marked man—no further promotion. A lieutenant in the navy is not tried by his equals, though a soldier captain is tried by those with whom he ranks."

To return to myself in this matter of the 'Barfleur.' It was expected the port-admiral would report all to government, and perhaps he did, for the affair became the topic of general conversation, but no more was heard of it. The officer I speak of had great interest. I felt for the family I have mentioned, and the death of a fine young man in such a way. I determined, in consequence, to detail the facts carefully, and I did so in the columns of the paper. Everybody cried "shame." In a few days, I received a message from the little despot, through a relative of his own, whom I knew, "that he would give me a d— horse-whipping and call upon me for the purpose."

I sent my thanks to him for the obliging information, as it enabled me to lay in a tolerably heavy whip to return the courtesy, and that it should go hard if I did not give him as good as he brought. I was well able to put my threat into execution, for I was his match in strength. He thought so for he never came near me. It would have been impolitic, too, for it would have enabled me to notice others of his exploits byegone, of which officers had informed me, I should then have had a motive which otherwise a *diabolus regis* would have declared, in those days, to be pure malice.

I got the commendation of the ladies. One fair dame told me as indicative of this man's temper, that sitting with the captain's wife one morning in cold weather, the rain falling fast, a delicate looking genteel youth came with some papers. He was suffered to remain in the open porch of the house in the cold.

"Why don't you let the poor little fellow in?" said his lady.

The reply was, gruffly, "he is very well where he is."

"But it is so cold."

"No matter, he shall remain there."

"Nonsense, Captain, let him come in, he looks delicate," said my fair informant.

The captain rose angrily, went to the door, and ordered the poor middy to walk up and down in the rain on the pavement, till he called him, which was nearly an hour afterwards, when he was thoroughly water soaked. What must men have endured, subjected to the tempers and caprices of such personages—tempers and caprices never displayed by the great or eminent of the profession. It was impossible for the hero of my animadversion to lose credit on the ground upon which I assailed him; on the other hand, I obtained much commendation for not passing over in silence so disreputable a proceeding.

I was a spectator, too, of the 'Africaine' frigate, when she lay in the Sound. It was suspected there was a mutinous spirit on board, in consequence of another commander, notorious for his arbitrary conduct, being appointed to her. She had before been a well commanded ship. The appointment made a great talk, for it was reported that if any resistance was made on board to the appointment of Captain Corbet, the port-admiral would lay a frigate on each side and sink her. The admiral was a strict officer, who looked only "to the stop watch." I never heard a word in his praise or dispraise. Cold, exact, destitute of enthusiasm, peculiar in dress and personal bearing, he was the last with whom any liberty could be taken. Just or unjust the

letter of his instructions was his law. About the middle height, spare, grave, one hand always on the hilt of his sword, the other hanging stiffly at his side, white breeches of kerseymere, and black top boots to his knees, hat never worn fore and aft, strait and upright as if a spit passed through him, a complete Quixote in bearing, Dighton's caricature of "a first-rate man of war," still extant, represents him wonderfully well. Such was Admiral Young, the naval commander-in-chief. Sir Edward Buller, a pleasant kind man, and good officer, was second in command. Young was fidgetty if orders came down in the morning for a ship to go to sea, and the captain did not take himself off quickly after dinner, if dining with him at the time. It was at his table that Corbet, newly appointed to the 'Africaine,' said the service would not be worth anything till captains could flog all in the ship, even the lieutenants.

"Then admirals will flog captains," said Sir Edward Buller, "and I'll give you your share if ever you come under my command."

The subsequent history of the 'Africaine' and her commander, is but too well known—melancholy it was, according to all accounts. He expiated his faults with his life off the Isle of France.

Speaking of Admiral Young, his gravity, stiffness, yet gentlemanly bearing, in short that species of character, which seemed calculated to awe the impudent, exact obedience by law and rule, and keep the just middle course in everything, there is an anecdote I recollect which is amusing.

Among the regiments in garrison, the West Middlesex



militia used to be thought low in the scale of character, and the officers inferior men in manners. One of them, a field-officer, dining with the port-admiral, when the wine had warmed a front of great natural assurance, was tickled at something the admiral said, which might be taken for a joke by a little straining, but which its author never intended to be so misinterpreted, for I query if he ever joked in his life. The officer's name I forget, he was a knight, or something of the kind, of course, an ill-bred man. Taking the remark as a joke, he tapped the admiral on the shoulder, in his vulgar hilarity, and exclaimed:—

“Well done, old Stiff Stump!”

To feel the full force of so gross an act, Admiral Young's exact bearing, reserve, and very gentlemanly habits, should be understood. Sir Robert Calder succeeded him as commander-in-chief. General Stephens commanded the Artillery, whose only daughter, known as Miss Jenny by the officers of that arm, is now Lady Gough. Of all the Artillery and Engineer officers in the garrison at that time, I believe Captain Veitch, of the Engineers, the present able consulting engineer to the Admiralty, is the only survivor. General England was succeeded by General Gore Brown. The former was a kind, good-natured man, with little mind. I knew him only by sight. General Brown I knew personally; he was a liberal in politics, which at that time meant little more than that he would concede religious freedom to everybody, even to the Catholics of Ireland. The Misses Brown were the most beautiful girls I ever saw. They lived in the citadel. When the Emperor Napoleon was a captive in the ‘Northumber-

land,' he was struck with their beauty, on visiting the ship. Young Turton, the son of the Sir Thomas, the member for Surrey, whom as I have before mentioned I knew, married one of them. The history of the same individual in relation to another sister, and his conduct in an Indian office, are painful incidents. General Mercer commanded the Engineers, whose son and aide-de-camp, an old friend of mine, died, I believe, in the Bermudas.

I remember dining with old Sir Massey Lopez at the mess of the regiment of local militia, which he commanded. General Brown was present. The conversation turned on Catholic Emancipation. I remarked to the General, that Sir Massey had voted against it in a recent debate in the House of Commons, and he had been once of a persecuted race himself. Sir Massey observed, "that he thought he should have voted for it, but Mr. Perceval pressed him to vote against it. I thought it better to oblige Mr. Perceval;" a very sound excuse for a vote in a senator of that time. It was said Sir Massey wanted to be Lord Roborough. The baronet, a millionaire of that day, was not a bad-minded man. He was only something of a miser, which those lovers of the root of evil nearly all are, who acquire large fortunes by an attention to small sums. Here his old money-making position continually drew him towards the principle of accumulation, and he forgot to keep up his existent character. In electioneering, which he did not understand, he was fleeced continually. In fact, he was more sinned against than sinning; he did not know the 'disinterested' qualities of agents. He lost seven thousand pounds at Barnstaple, and had

to pay for some hundred pairs of shoes made presents of to poor men there, who belonged to a local militia corps.

"They must have cost you half a guinea per pair, Sir Massey," I remarked to him one day.

"Before God, I believe they did," he replied.

He was tricked at Grampound, a most venal place, and suffered for it. Some of his doings were original in their way, and contradictory. His word was his bond, once pledged. He purchased land all round Maristow, his seat, as fast as he could obtain it, in order to extend his domains. Mr. A——, whom I well knew, agreed to sell him a small freehold, happening to want money. His land adjoined Sir Massey's. After much haggling, the bargain was settled.

"I have not ready money to pay down; you must take my bill at four months."

This was assented to and arranged.

"Now, will you want this bill discounted?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will discount it for you; how will you have it?"

The prospect of a little gain made him forget his existing situation, and he discounted his own bill. One or two other things I recollect of him. An individual, who kept a stationer's shop, in which he used to lounge, had his house burned down. The stationer was not insured, and a subscription was opened to reimburse him for his losses. The Baronet went into the new shop, one day, and said:—

"I have not subscribed anything for you, Mr. Rogers; give me a stamp to draw a bill for thirty pounds."

The stamp was given, the bill drawn, signed, and given to the stationer, and the Baronet went away. In a few minutes, he returned again, breathless.

"But, Mr. Rogers, you did not pay me for the stamp."

The money, about eighteen-pence, was actually handed over to him, and he went away satisfied.

Coming to dine with the Corporation of Plymouth, he thought he would take with him a pine-apple, to present at the dessert. Passing down the Market Street, before the dinner hour, the presentation pine in his pocket, he cast his eyes at the window of a fruiterer, named Ponsford, where there were several starveling pines.

"How do you value your pines, Mrs. Ponsford?"

"Half a guinea apiece, Sir Massey."

"They are very small, very. What is this worth?" said the Baronet, pulling out a fine specimen from his pocket.

"That, Sir Massey, is well worth a guinea."

"Here, then, give me one of the small ones, and half a guinea."

The bargain was concluded; Sir Massey presented the small pine to the Corporation.

On the other hand, there was an half-pay lieutenant I knew who used to dine occasionally with Sir Massey, in Arlington Street, where his town house was situated. One day, after dinner, he asked the Baronet if he had not some votes in the India House. The answer was in the affirmative, "that he had four votes."

"Were they promised?"

"No."

"Might I ask them in favour of a worthy friend of mine?"

And the friend's case was explained.

"He shall have them."

Parliament was up; Sir Massey returned to the West. The voting afterwards came on at the India House. The petitioner for his votes had no idea of Sir Massey's voting for his friend, for he knew he was not in town, and he could not dream he would travel two hundred miles and more on his account. What was his surprise to find, calling in Arlington Street, accidentally, after the voting, that Sir Massey had posted up to town, given his four votes as he had promised, and, forty-eight hours afterwards, returned again to the West, having travelled on purpose, backward and forward, four hundred miles. How could the baronet afford it! Such are the contradictions in the money-loving character.

He was uneducated, or he made little use of his acquirements. When he purchased Maristow as it stood with its contents, Sir Massey, after being put in possession, asked the widow of the former possessor if there was nothing she wished to retain. She replied, nothing except a set of Classics in the library, the only set there, which her husband particularly valued.

"You shall have them, Madam, whenever you choose to send for them."

The lady sent once, twice, thrice, no books were forthcoming. Sir Massey stating at last he could not find them, and if she did not think it too much trouble, he would be obliged if she would come over and point them out. The lady did so. "O," replied Sir Massey,

"those are the books are they—I see different names on the backs, I thought I should see 'The Classics' upon them."

I might recount many other incidents, but he has departed to where wealth is no more the object of solicitude.

I once gave a receipt for money to an officer of the Falmouth Customs, and was subpoenaed to the assizes to give evidence against him. There were two receipts for the same sums, he having informed me that the first was mislaid, and he could not make up his accounts. Sir Vicary Gibbs was the judge, and Jekyl counsel for the Crown. Gibbs was the worst judge I ever saw on the bench. He bore harder against the accused than Jekyl, who was the counsel. He called for a witness to go into the box and prove to the jury the large amount of the receipts by similar officers of the Customs throughout England, to enhance the importance of the offence to them, as if the act of theft were heinous in proportion to the number of pounds sterling it involved. Gibbs was a snappish narrow-minded creature. I never heard of his possessing a redeeming virtue. He pushed up Gifford, afterwards Lord Gifford, who was his great favourite, the son of an Exeter grocer, where he got much business through his plodding attention, and I used frequently to meet him. He was then in his sphere. He broke down completely when he acted for the Crown on Queen Caroline's trial. His ignorance was astounding. It seemed as if he had never read anything but a brief in his life. A-propos of Jekyl. I remember a good-natured solicitor, who had a large practice at Tavistock, and kept excellent claret, for whom Jekyl was retained.

This limb of the law wore an enormous white cravat at all times. The witty lawyer began :

“Gentlemen of the jury, I am counsel in this case for a gentleman well known throughout the county of Devon, Mr. Frank W——, remarkable in general for wearing a pillow about his neck, but sometimes a bolster.” I recollect another case by which he set a jury in good humour. An apothecary kept a villa near the town where he practised, Jekyl contended he should have been at his business. “Methinks, gentlemen of the jury, I see this modern Æsculapius retired to his Sabine farm, cultivating his plants with his spatula, watering them with his syringe, and reclining under the shade of his Peruvian bark.” Jekyl had pale small features, his eyes were indicative of acuteness, and humour, but his features spoke nothing of the disposition of the man. He belonged to a race quite extinct at the modern bar.

This was the year of the famous comet. The moment I could leave the court, I posted to Liskeard where I had left a horse. I had seventeen miles to ride from thence, and there was no moon, but the stars were bright, and the magnificent comet, lord of the sky. There was something awe-striking in its appearance, night after night for weeks. I walked to the church-yard, where the tower rose darkling over star-lighted tombs. They were saddling my horse. I fell into a melancholy train of ideas. I thought of some who had died about that time, of others afar off, of death as the term of our pilgrimage. Rogers’s line

“On yon grey stone that fronts the chancel door.”  
came into my mind. At that era of life death asso-

ciates more with nature than we are conscious of at particular times in the country, darkness and solitude being aside and around us. The town lay hushed in sleep, and the sound of my footsteps came back from the house fronts. I returned to the stable, I mounted my horse as the clock struck ten, and was quickly on a very solitary road, having to pass scarcely a single hamlet till I was near my journey's end. Here the road plunged into a dark vale, and there led over a hill summit. From the hollows, the comet outblazed the stars, seeming to double its brightness from the dense gloom that enshrouded me. It appeared to challenge human wisdom to explain its nature, as if it would hint of great mysteries in the illimitable regions of space. Sometimes it seemed more a dream than a reality. I had that and nothing else on my mind the whole way, and what a mystery it was to man.

I reached Crafthole, a miserable hamlet about five miles from my journey's end, as the sky became thickly overcast, and the comet vanished. From Whitsun Bay sounds broke on my ear like distant thunder. This was the ground-swell on the rocks, for it was a dead calm. Rogers's lines came up again to recollection, and his "Ode to Superstition." Then following Bürger's "Leonore."

"Tramp, tramp across the lea!"

with all the devilry of that ghostly, fiend riding, charnel house procession.

I began to feel superstitious for a moment—then I rallied, what foolery, this fancy must not be indulged, I shall be as bad as an old woman. So I put spurs to my horse, and dashing forward, no witch catching the



animal by the tail, I reached Torpoint, and took it to a small inn, knocking up the people. I intended to cross the water and send for my horse the next day. It was black as the Styx on all sides. Nothing moved, I went to the water's edge, and called out lustily "Boat a-hoy!" All was still over Hamoaze. Presently I heard "Comet a-hoy!" My mind ran on the comet above. "Comet a-hoy! It's boat a-hoy! Nobody can see the comet now," my mind running on the comet in the heavens, not on the earth.

"What, is that you Redding?" said a voice near me.

"Who are you?"

"Lieutenant P—— of his Majesty's ship 'Comet,' which you must know."

It was the first-lieutenant who told me they were under orders for sea, and he had come to hunt up two or three men who were missing. I told my tale.

"We are off to sea to-morrow, God bless you! here youngster," he said to a midshipman, "put Redding across." We shook hands, parted, and met no more. I had been at a ball on board in the preceding week. The first-lieutenant was the captain's brother-in-law—Captain Blamey. I never met him again.

I lived in a cottage, in a beautiful situation called Mutley, on the Tavistock road. It commanded a fine view of the Sound, Mount Edgcumbe, and the heights. I remember Young, the tragedian, was one of my visitors when he came on his professional tour. Once on Incledon's coming down, some naval men agreed to invite him to dinner at the Pope's Head Inn. We had an admiral in the chair. I joined the party. The object was to hear his sea songs, which no one ever

sung like him. He was a coarse man, fond of good eating and drinking. The bottle circulated freely. He gave some of his best songs in excellent style. I had heard that the passage in Sampson Agonistes, beginning "Total Eclipse," was admirably given by him. He began it, but in a few minutes, his head sank on his breast, and he ceased to articulate, becoming totally eclipsed himself. It appeared he had been dining out daily for a week before. It is probable that his dinings out, and sacrifices to the bottle which followed, and which he could not resist, aided to shorten his days. He was a Cornishman by birth, and a dutiful son. His mother, too, addicted herself to the bottle. She died about 1808. Incledon allowed her an income out of his professional earnings which was paid her by instalments, in order to prevent her squandering it. I knew the paymaster. She was buried at Kenwyn near Truro; and her son went down to visit her grave.

It was about this time that Spencer Perceval, then Premier, commenced his attempts to reduce the liberty of the press to nihility. His mode of proceeding was worthy of the capacity of the smallest-minded minister England ever saw. In three years he filed forty informations against the press, not half of which were ever intended to be carried out. Ruin by the costs of *in terrorem* informations was his plan, thus keeping a part of the press tongue-tied. The more bold who dared farther, he pushed to trial, cost, and suffering. The meanness of his mind was seen in all his measures, as well as his short-sightedness as to results, while a varnish of religion covered the man. An intense bigot, whatever was high-minded had no congeniality with

his nature. His treatment of his client Queen Caroline, with the history of the "Book" he concocted in her defence, said little for his honesty. The poor Queen imprudently made him her confidential adviser. During the turbulent times of the administration of Pitt, covering nearly twenty-two years, the press prosecutions stood as follows, contrasted with those of Perceval.

Twenty-two years Pitt—14 prosecutions, or Pitt 0.631 per annum.

Three years Perceval—40 persecutions, Perceval 13.333 per annum.

The stamp duty was raised to fourpence, and that on advertisements to three and sixpence each. These with the paper, paper-duty, and carriage expenses, pretty well aided the minister's intention. He would have succeeded, had he not fixed public attention upon the press by overdoing his persecution; the public aroused, rallied round the press. There was no originality about the ministers of that day. Precedent supplied the place of ability. Policy was the lever of power, regardless of justice being combined. The reigns of Addington, Perceval, and in a great degree of Castlereagh, showed this. Neither could be prime minister of England now over a session. I published a letter to Lord Holland in consequence of a notice he had given upon the foregoing subject, in the House of Lords. Lord Holland was then a perfect stranger. I had seen him when I was a youth embarking at Falmouth for Spain, and that was all. His Lordship wrote me;—

"Sir,

"I feel much flattered and obliged by your notice

of my endeavours in Parliament, and the acceptable present of your letters in their new shape. I was much gratified by the perusal of them in the newspaper, and am happy to have them in a more permanent form.

"You have thrown much new light on the subject, and brought many authorities to the recollection of your readers. Your conclusions seem to me to be generally well founded, and you have not injured your cause as writers on this question are apt to do, by pushing their arguments too far, and drawing from the abuse of prosecutions for libel the necessity of suppressing them altogether. I agree with you completely, in thinking *ex officio* information unnecessary, as well as liable to abuse, but I know that by attacking their existence altogether, one is more likely to extend than to diminish the abuse of them.

"I am, Sir,

"With many thanks for your politeness,

"Your very faithful and obedient servant,

"VASSAL HOLLAND."

March 23, 1811.

That I should be flattered at such an unexpected approval of my sentiments was natural.

On the prosecution of one Binns for openly supporting parliamentary reform, which I had read of when a youth, Perceval, the counsel against him, had talked of "the monstrous doctrine of men sacrificing themselves for posterity," declaring it to be "a very false philosophy," and insisting, as he generally did, on the weakest points of his case. Romilly was employed against him, and was successful. It was on this trial that Judge Ashhurst made the admission, wonderful for a judge in those days,

in addressing the jury, "it would be the bounden duty of every man to take arms, and resist the attempts of the executive power, if it strove to wrest from the people the liberty of the press, and the trial by jury." I had formed an opinion of Mr. Perceval when he came into power, from recollecting the account of this trial, for I could not agree that love of country was "false philosophy." I have often thought since of the career of that minister, how correct my boyish notion proved regarding him. Inexperienced youth may, perchance, form correct anticipations. Many years afterwards, the statement of Sir Egerton Bridges, to whom Perceval had said something insulting, when he took him by the waist-band of the breeches, and placed him on his back upon the drawing-room carpet, diverted me exceedingly. I received the fact in a communication from the Baronet at Geneva, in certain papers he transmitted regarding his own life, which were published in a periodical work with which I was connected.

## CHAPTER VI.

I MUST record an incident here in which I was concerned. An individual, who laid claim to a peerage, rendered himself remarkable by acts exceeding the limit of those excesses which arise from the exuberance of youthful spirits. His conduct became the topic of general conversation. Acts, attracting public reprobation, cannot claim shelter in the sanctity of the domestic circle. Though then comparatively inexperienced, I was particular in ascertaining the truth of facts before I animadverted upon them. The barrack-master to the Board of Ordnance, a Major in the army, and an old soldier, told me that he had been greatly surprised at a scene he had witnessed on the Sunday morning preceding, during divine service. It was a dog fight at the door of a public-house, about three miles from the town, the most cruel he ever beheld. He was accidentally passing on horseback. He then described it, adding, that not content with his dog's victory over that of a butcher, the victorious dog was made to tear the beaten animal to pieces.

On the following Sunday I had gone into the country to remain with a family I occasionally visited. I found that during the time of divine service, a party had landed from a boat, and been shooting round the

church, which stood upon the estate. The gardener had challenged the intruders, and got abused for his pains. Other things still more out of the way came to my knowledge. I thought it right to comment upon such conduct, particularly as regarded the example, and the outrage produced on the feelings of others. I never had an idea, nor would I ever admit that the accident of birth or station should prevent that being done in one case, that it would not be proper to do in another, where the question was one of morality. I was surprised soon afterwards by receiving the following letter from a nobleman in the vicinity, to whom I had sent a copy of my letter on libel, but whom I did not personally know.

“Saltram, Sept. 4.

“Sir,

“I have enquired of my servants at this place, relative to the copy of the printed letters which you had the goodness to send me, and cannot obtain any tidings of their being received. I should therefore feel much obliged by your transmitting me, at your leisure, another copy; if by chance the number which you have retained may enable you to do so with convenience.

“I read with regret, and I may say surprise, your article in your paper of yesterday, relative to ——. With regard to the dog-fight, I learned from several persons present that the latter part of the fight, which was the only part that partook of cruelty, was in no way attributable to ——, as though his dog was thought likely to beat his antagonist, he repeatedly offered to give up all the money he had depending, if

the persons with whom the money was engaged, would consent to the immediate cessation of the fight.

“With regard to his shooting over the manor of W—— on Sunday se’night, I learn that the real fact was that being at sea, in consequence of a gentleman with him being indisposed, he landed with a gun for an hour or two, shot two or three rabbits, and returned to the vessel.

“I certainly think that when a gentleman of fortune comes upon the public service, and at some considerable sacrifice of his own personal ease and convenience into this distant country, it is a little ungracious in any local journalist so to misrepresent his actions, and I must think it still more so, when I find it is the question of an individual whose singular case has attracted so much of the general sympathy, and likewise when I find the ground, on which part of this attack is made, is so little tenable, as the anxiety for an equal operation of the laws on the higher and lower orders of society, it being notorious with respect to the matter in question, in the second part of the paragraph; that those of an inferior condition are, particularly in winter time, in the constant habit of carrying guns on Sundays, and that the higher orders scarcely ever do so.

“As to the more serious part of your paragraph, that which by insinuation charges this gentleman with the odious offence of cruelty to animals, I can only say that I never heard of such practices, and do not credit them. I am willing to believe that before you permitted yourself to circulate such imputations, you minutely satisfied yourself with the evidence on which, in your view, such serious charges could be substan-



tiated. Having from the first establishment of your paper regularly subscribed to it, and feeling very strongly the unfitness of your publication of yesterday, I have taken the liberty of stating my sentiments to you.

“I am, Sir,

“Your most obedient humble servant,

“BORINGDON.”

His lordship had clearly heard the explanations of the party whose conduct had been assailed, and that in the most favourable manner. A nobleman more adverse, in his own conduct, to such acts as those on which I had commented, did not exist. I determined to justify myself. I never wrote a line in my life in the way of attack on character that gives me pain, or would give any man pain, who reflected (despite the lawyers) that the chartered libertine had its duties. I communicated the name of my informant's eye-witnesses. I referred to the evidence of the family at W——. I stated that I perfectly well knew such conduct was not in general that of men of the station of the party to whom I alluded, and declared that I would not willingly misrepresent any man, but that it became those who wished to be objects of public sympathy to abstain from acts calling for animadversion. That allowances made for young men of fortune and rank, were different things from conduct such as I had commented upon. That if few of the higher orders went out shooting on Sundays, the few did not shoot around a place of worship, while the service was proceeding, even if there were exceptions. That I had no idea of bringing men of

rank into disrepute, but that where they brought themselves into it, I could hardly be censured for the act. I expressed my regret at his lordship's opinion of my conduct, and thanked him for the friendly mode which he had taken to express it, and hoped, while he would not misinterpret my motives, he would think the evidence I then offered fully sufficient to bear me out in what I had said. I received the following letter a few days afterwards.

Saltram, Sept. 7.

" Sir,

" I have to thank you for your very handsome letter in answer to that with which I troubled you. I hope and believe that the accounts which you have heard relative to —— are exaggerated ; though I have no difficulty in saying that should they be founded in fact, and redress denied, they are perfectly fair subjects of animadversion and reprehension.

" I also beg you to accept my thanks for the copy of your letter to Lord Holland, which I received with great pleasure.

" I am, Sir,

" Your most obedient servant,

" BORINGDON."

The individual to which the above correspondence alluded, became an Earl. As with the heyday of youth over, the pictures of the past are seen dimly, and the follies of youth become self-censurable in age, so he now, perhaps, wonders that the warm blood of his early years could have exposed him to such remarks.

As it was, he soon left the vicinity, and returned no more.

Lord Boringdon called at my lodgings afterwards, and told me that he had just come from town, where he had seen Lord Holland, who had spoken to him of my letter on libel in the handsomest way; and during two years and a half, before I left, I was a repeated guest at Saltram. I had thus the pleasing reflection that I had now the good opinion of those noble lords, by no sacrifice of principle, but by a vindication of the cause of freedom in one case, and in the other of humanity.

The possessor of Saltram was than a tall well-proportioned man, with regular and handsome features, pallid complexion, and sedate physiognomy, about forty years of age. In manners, polished, rather a gentleman of the old than the new school. He possessed a fund of matter for general conversation, knew the world well; but his acquired stock of information was not extensive. He spoke the French and Italian languages fluently, and possessed considerable taste in the fine arts. He greatly improved his property, and was very far the superior in social qualifications to all others of the higher class in that part of Devonshire. The nearest resident man of rank to him was the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe; but his lordship was a mere fribble, exhibiting little above the calibre of an opera connoisseur, with something of the mimic. Saltram is the largest house in Devonshire. Lord Boringdon told me that when George III. and Queen Charlotte made his house their residence, during their visit to the west, a hundred beds were made up there

nightly. There is a noble collection of paintings, principally of the Italian school. The park affords some fine views of sea and land, though here it yields to Mount Edgcumbe.

The most genuine hospitality was exercised at Saltram. Officers of the garrison, foreigners, artists, and scientific strangers were its sure partakers, when visiting the neighbourhood. It would ill become me, though long years have passed since, to omit the mention of an individual whose urbanity and kindness I can never forget.

He became, afterwards, Earl of Morley. His Countess, on a second marriage, was one of the most accomplished ladies of the day, and lived to lament the loss of her partner. I met, at Saltram, Miss Keith Elphinstone, afterwards Countess Flahault, now too Baroness Keith. Her mother was the daughter of Mr. Thrale, and was well known to Doctor Johnson. She died recently, aged ninety-six. Miss Keith Elphinstone was a lady of a fine discriminating mind. Most of the gentry in the vicinity, the naval Commander-in-chief, the gallant old Sir Robert Calder and his lady, used to come over there from Plymouth. Sir Robert was a specimen of a bluff seaman in manner, stout, of the middle height, and good-humoured. He was a hardy man in constitution. I remember his telling me he had dived under a fifty-gun ship, when nearly sixty years of age. Plymouth was his first command, after the court-martial which reprimanded him, because, with fifteen sail of the line, he had attacked twenty-seven, and captured two, while one of his own became disabled. He did not follow up the victory, because twelve or thirteen sail of the line

more were momentarily expected to join the enemy out of Corunna. He thought, with Scotch caution, that he had a right to look to an imminent contingency.

Lord Bradford, of the Bridgman family, was then at Plymouth, commanding the Shropshire militia. He was not a well-informed man; and died many years ago. Among others, at Saltram, I met, for the first time, Canning, then in the prime of life, just before his departure for the election at Liverpool. In private society, he fully sustained that superiority which he showed in the House of Commons, but was inclined to be more taciturn than I expected. Neat in dress, and not like Fox, of whom an opposition paper, I remember, once said, "Mr. Fox came into the House last night with a clean waistcoat on." Canning had nothing of the stiffness, arrogance, or ordinary person of Pitt. He exhibited no extremes. His evening dress was in the plainer fashion of the time. There seemed to me about him, too, something of the character of his eloquence, classical, tasteful, candid, and conscious of innate power. A handsome man in feature, compact in person, moulded between activity and strength, although I fancied, even then, he exhibited marks of what care and ambition had done for him. His countenance indicated firmness of character, with a good-natured cast over all. He was bald as "the first Cæsar," his forehead lofty, his eyes not remarkably lively, his features expressing genius with vigour. In the dining-room, or drawing-room, little of that theatrical manner was visible, which was perceptible in the delivery of his parliamentary speeches. His gait, as he paced the room, I even now see, his well-fitted, blue-ribbed silk stockings, and breeches with knee-

buckles, the fashion of the day, closely fitting well-turned limbs. His action easy and unconstrained, and not like that of the late Sir Robert Peel, who seemed sometimes not to know what to do with his arms. He spoke with a full, clear intonation, and absence of affectation. Eight or nine years after, when I returned from the continent, this eminent statesman had changed much in appearance. What marvel under the wear and tear of political hopes and fears, and that atrophy of ambition, which so surely destroys.

Breakfast at Saltram used to be found prepared for the guests in the order they chanced to descend from their bed-rooms. I found, one morning, that Mr. Canning had just preceded me, together with Mr. Henry Canning, a merchant at Plymouth, the minister's cousin, who died a few years ago, British Consul at Hamburg. He was a member of our Beefsteak-club. The conversation turned upon those beings of human fears, the doctors. Some jokes passed about their remedies, which neither killed nor cured. I mentioned the joke in Espriella's letters, about curing a surfeit from eating hare by giving the patient greyhound broth. Mr. Canning seemed not to have read the letters, which was singular, and was much tickled at the joke.

A Canning, of the Irish branch, was on a visit at the same time, a pleasant, gentlemanly man, who afterwards became Lord Garvagh, of Garvagh, in Londonderry. Mr. Whidby, who was the resident contractor of the Breakwater, I also remember meeting there, and Mr. Treeby, of Godamoor, with many of the landowners in the vicinity of all political parties, most of whom I had met elsewhere. About the same period, Catalani

came to Plymouth. She sang in a private room more charmingly than in the theatre. I had known her previously. Of all the females attached to the opera, before or since, that I have seen, she pleased me most. She was a kind, generous creature, without a particle of pretension, an excellent mother and exemplary wife, wedded to a narrow-minded man, who sometimes got her an ill name from his avarice. He managed all her money transactions, and used to call her "ma poule d'or." I hear her now singing "God save the King," with her heavenly voice, and pretty foreign accent, set off by a person, one of the sweetest on the stage I ever saw. For mind she was not remarkable; I never met with a singer, of either sex, that was so. There was an openness and candour about her quite charming.

"Monsieur Redaing, I speak no language propre. I speak one Babylonish tongue. I speak not my own tongue, nor French, nor your tongue propre."

Her husband, before Junot entered Lisbon, used to blaze away in the pit of the opera, in a dashing French uniform, speculating upon his future "poule d'or," which, to him, she afterwards most fully proved. He was not invited with his wife to the houses of people of consideration. A person I knew, half a Roman, said, one day, to Catalani:—

"My dear half-countrywoman, how did you come to marry Valabreque?"

"I will tell you. I was at Lisboa—the Portuguese are fond of music—great men, princes, and counts talk to me of love and a number of fine things, but none of them talk of marrying. M. Valabreque talked of marriage—I marry M. Valabreque."

In relation to the Portuguese, I must break the order of dates a little to mention that, on my first arrival in the West from London, I found many families there waiting for a passage to Rio de Janeiro, to which the court had fled upon the entrance of the French into Lisbon. Young, and susceptible of female attraction, it was not wonderful that I found much pleasure in the family of De Pinto, which consisted of an uncle, a brother, and three sisters. Donna Maria, the youngest, had all the charms of a Southern beauty, in the prime of that womanhood which decays so rapidly in attraction, before thirty years of age.

I became acquainted too with several of the best seamen of Portugal, who commanded Brazilmen of large tonnage. One of them dining with me, insisted on my visiting him in return. I found the standing rigging carefully sewn up in hides for its preservation, a common practice in vessels of South America, where cattle abound. We had a dinner in the Rio fashion, which I thought would never terminate. Dish followed dish without end. The Portuguese eat enormously; they seem only to live for that purpose, as if their brains were in their stomachs, for their heads were ever sparing of them. I remember, too, that the wine circulated so freely on one occasion, that it was proposed we should finish by a bottle in the tops, to which I mounted through lubber's hole, for which I got jeered. The Portuguese had no conversation of an evening. The older men of the party played loto, which with eating and music, comprised the whole round of their mental and bodily amusement. The vivacity and personal attractions of the women drew me to their circle.



The brother of the ladies pinched the guitar like a master, to the voices of two of his sisters, whose *modinhas*, for which the Portuguese are so famed, were the most delightful airs I ever heard, full of feeling, and an expression never found among those who touch the piano in the North, and make music without a soul, covetous only of difficult execution.

The "cold in clime are cold in blood," and never affect the heart in their tones, like the children of the South, with melancholy tenderness in relation to love, or with aspirations after the holier feelings of devotion. The *modinha* is passionate, or touching, as if the notes came warm from the soul. Donna Maria, in broken English and French, in which mode alone we could converse, agreed to teach me Portuguese if I would teach her English. I assented—"I love you," repeat after me. "No, no, Senhor—En nam pos existir sin vos, Senhor!" I know not if I quote correctly in spelling. She told me to recollect that I was too concise in my love-making expressions for a southern. Her pronunciation was charming, it was soft latin upon an angel's tongue. While thus trifling away time, this pleasant family was hurried off to the Brazils, where the brother told me his sisters would most probably enter a nunnery, as almost all their property was in Portugal, and was cut off. I knew a nephew, too, of the Archbishop of Rio, named Antonio da Silva Torres, and some of the Leite family. What has been their fate in the course of the years that have revolved since? The separation of acquaintance that interest us is saddening, more particularly where it has been short-lived, and we have seen only its bright side.

In conducting the paper, I had carefully avoided the expression of any decided political opinions. The bitterness of party, at that time, and there were then only two parties, it is difficult to describe. The subject of Catholic Emancipation was discussing, and bigotry was on the alert. The Cabinet Ministers were divided on the question. The Marquis Wellesley had retired from the Cabinet, Canning and Castlereagh remained, and were both in favour of the measure. The paper had become wholly mine. I very tenderly advocated the liberal side of the question. I do not repent of what I did, but even that was too much for the Perceval party to forgive. Politics have their lower rate actors as well as the drama. Perceval would have made an excellent Inquisitor-General. More than this, I ventured to aid a petition in favour of Emancipation. Lord Boringdon was going to make a motion in the House of Lords upon the subject, and I proposed a petition. It was "feared a greater degree of publicity," to use his Lordship's words in a letter to myself, "might call forth the latent disposition in some quarters to petition parliament against the Catholic claims." I was doomed, in consequence of the part I took, to lose too large a proportion of the little I possessed. The agent-victualler, there is no doubt by instructions, abstracted the advertisements of his office, and none of the public departments sent them again. I thus lost not less than a column, often more of safe-paying advertisements weekly, the receipts being with those from other government quarters, sufficient to turn over a little above the outlay. I had never opposed the government. I had not touched upon any public question in the way of

censure. I had only advocated a measure on which the Cabinet was divided. Lord Boringdon told Mr. Canning how I had been served, he replied, "that upon any other question but that of religion he would willingly interfere, but that Mr. Perceval's irritability was so great upon that particular topic, on which they differed widely, that he did not like to speak to him on the subject, for that branch of the service was directly within the Minister's own department. He was certain, besides, it would do little good, while it would be most distasteful to himself to be refused. Mr. Perceval was scrupulous about what he called religion. A magistrate in the county, in the secrets of the leading men, hinted to me that an *ex-officio* information would be filed, if I gave only a fair opportunity for the purpose. He also told me that the stamp distributor of the town corresponded secretly with the Treasury, reporting people's political opinions to a minister who only knew politics by the catechism. I was, therefore, careful not to get further into the list of the objects of the vengeance of the minister's tools. I had said that the Prince Regent had forgotten, as I feared, his previous expressions in favour of Emancipation, that the charm of power too often cancelled the obligations of principle. This was considered, as to whether it was within reach of the law or not, for I had notice of all that went on at head-quarters.

I determined ever after to call no one knave or fool, but to prove an opponent, to be both one and the other in a quiet way, by inference, through the good sense of the public, despite the lawyers. The preceding circumstances gave me the conviction, that if peace came, I

should do little to my advantage where I was, and it determined me to quit the town the moment I could dispose of the paper. It was a year before I succeeded.

I used to carry a telescope in my pocket, having a book with a list of the ships' numbers, kept, of course, *sub rosa*, and walked often to the citadel flag-staff, or to the Hoe, where a fine sea-view was attainable, to see what was passing up and down Channel, or making the port. I one day saw the main top-mast of a large ship go over as she was passing up Channel to Portsmouth, and in a day or two afterwards found from the papers it belonged to the 'Dragon.' Several men had gone over-board with the mast. In this way, I saw the 'Northumberland,' make her number, and taking a boat, went to meet her. I knew the officers. She was commanded by the most finished gentleman at that time in the navy, Sir Henry Hotham. He was exact in etiquette. If he had company to dinner, he would introduce his officers to his guests one and one, when the strangers came on board, and it was remarkable that he made them all gentlemen like himself in conduct and manners.

I was scarcely on the quarter-deck, when I perceived that the ship had been roughly handled. Shot had gone through the masts, and the starboard bulwark had been shattered. The main deck had been furrowed by the graze of shot. The ship had had a brush with the batteries off the French coast, having driven on shore two frigates and a brig. These vessels had done the 'Northumberland' no great damage, but a one-gun battery on shore, just in the right place, had caused considerable mischief. Six or eight men were killed

and twenty-six wounded. The hat and coat of one of the lieutenants looked as if white of egg had been splashed over them.

"What a mess your hat and coat are in?" I observed.

"You remember," said he, "the red-haired man who used to pull the bow-oar in our excursions from the bay."

"Perfectly."

"These are the poor fellow's brains. He and others were pointing the gun by which you are standing, when the ball struck the bulwark, tore away splinters, and one or the other smashed the head of the poor fellow, wounded another, and covered me as you see, for I was close to him. I have put a brush over my coat, having had no time to change. A second man was killed outright by the same shot, which had nearly gone through the opposite side of the ship, the carpenter was at that moment trying to cut it out."

The black greasy thing was afterwards hung up in a bit of netting in the ward-room, as a shot that had done its duty. There were two officers on board whom I well remember. One is now a retired post-captain, the other, the master. The last I believe is no more: his name was Stewart. He had been master of the 'Anson' frigate, wrecked on the Loe Bar in Mount's Bay, when Captain Lydiard and most of the crew perished. There remained only the chance of going on the rocks or the sand, the ship being embayed. Stewart laid the frigate broadside to the sand, on a steep shore. The waves broke over them, so that it was with difficulty they cut away the masts. These, falling towards the land,

offered a faint chance of escape, but many who attempted to scramble over them were washed off and drowned. Stewart watched the recession of the waves, and then leaped upon the beach, throwing himself on his face, and digging his hands into the sand with all his force, while the sea passed over him. When it retired, he sprang on his legs and ran, repeated the same thing when the next sea came over him, digging in his hands once more, then rising and running again, he was caught hold of by the people on the shore. A methodist minister rode into the sea, and saved two men; but on the third attempt, both horse and rider were swept off and perished. In twenty or thirty minutes afterwards, there was no part of the ship that held together, her planks and wreck strewing the shore for miles. When visiting this spot, some years afterwards, I thought of Stewart's escape. The day was fine, tiny waves struck and broke on that same sand in a gentle murmur. A cloudless sun shone; it was difficult to dream of a storm there, of death and drowning men. All was deceitful—the sea a flood of beauty, cerulean, calm, heavenly.

Stewart's masterly seamanship was evinced in the action to which I have alluded. He carried the 'Northumberland' close to the rocks on the French coast, when a cloud of smoke a-head, in the heat of the engagement, prevented his seeing anything.

I witnessed a naval execution here, four men hung in the 'l'Aigle' frigate for piracy and murder. They were of four nations, a Spaniard, Portuguese, Englishman, and Irishman. It was a more solemn sight than an Old Bailey execution. A brave naval

officer in my company, when the guns were fired and the criminals were run up to the yard-arm, cried like a child. They behaved with great firmness, though suffering for monstrous crimes.

There had been several meetings held in the town, for considering the best mode of extending useful knowledge, at length a body called the "Plymouth Institute," was formed. Laws and regulations were agreed upon. There were two presidents and twenty-eight ordinary members. When the Institute commenced, there were, among the members, Dr. Leach, the naturalist, who left so high a reputation behind him, Mr. John Murray of Edinburgh, and Mr. N. W. Fox of Falmouth. Lectures were given weekly. I gave a lecture or two there on the Origin and Early Development of Poetry, not long before I left the town. I was preceded by Dr. Cookworthy, a name long connected with science at Plymouth. I have heard that the Institute afterwards grew into a useful and opulent society, and that it has now a building of the most tasteful character attached. On leaving the town, I gave one of the presidents the nucleus of a collection of Cornish ores and minerals, which I possessed, with the request that when the society had a fitting place, they might be presented to it. The intelligence that similar institutions, so begun, have flourished, is most grateful. There were many in the town who were readers and thinkers, but they were insulated. The exchange of ideas, the great source of mental profit as well as conversation upon literary topics, was almost unknown there. A few new works were read and laid by: no opinions were given upon them. I did not attempt to characterize

them in the columns of the paper, because I was convinced my efforts would not be valued.

The Corporation, in which the principal mover of the town improvements was Mr. Edmund Lockyer, offered two prizes for the plan of an edifice to combine a ball-room, theatre and hotel. As I knew what was wanted, and had studied a little of architecture for my amusement, I was anxious my notions, on the subject, should appear in more than a verbal recommendation. The building was first designed to be placed in a different spot from that it afterwards occupied. I said nothing of my intention, but set about drawing an elevation and front view of such an edifice as seemed to me most suitable for the purpose. I sealed it up, and sent it anonymously to the Corporation. I gave no details and no sections, because I could not presume to vie with professional men. I was awarded the second prize, seven or eight professional men being candidates. My amateurship had never aspired so high. Mr. Foulston, to whom Plymouth and the West of England were indebted for many edifices in the purest taste, obtained the first prize, and commenced a new era in the adornment of the town. He was no admirer of that monkish style now so cherished in architecture, as well as faith, by those who would fain pander to degrading superstitions, by making man retrograde to the darker ages of the human intellect, in creed as well as art. Time can never impart to spurious and servile imitations that veneration connected with historical vicissitudes in the genuine edifices, which is the secret of the impression they produce.

Finally I quitted that hospitable, and now handsome

The ancient part, it must be observed, lies



in another direction from that where the improvements commenced, and is close, narrow and awkward. Most of the improvements that occurred were first discussed at Mr. Lockyer's table. That gentleman was one day lamenting, that of the two roads to Dock (now Devonport) one was narrowed by a row of houses of ill-repute, the other too circuitous by Mill Bay.

"I have thought of it too," I observed, "what is to prevent a road through the Marsh fields, which lie between the towns?"

"It is a dead level shorter than either of the old roads," he replied. "We cannot make a road through the wet ground,"

I said, "a few faggots and a little rubbish would make all firm." Thus originated that middle road, now a handsome street.

I was sitting alone expecting a summons to dinner one day, when the door of the room opened, and with little ceremony a hard pallid faced gentleman in black entered, and began :

"I have heard of you, sir; wished much to be acquainted; came from Tiverton; called to ask if you had seen one of my pamphlets," handing over one, "singular thing, sir."

"Pray, sir, whom have I the honour of addressing?"

"My name, sir, is the Reverend Caleb Colton, Cambridge Fellow, Curate of Tiverton."

"Pray, sir, take a seat." Here commenced my acquaintance with that singular personage, the author of "Lacon." A first-rate scholar and shrewd thinker; most superstitious about spiritual appearances. His pamphlet related to the Sampford Ghost, and most

extraordinary things he stated as facts, and verbally re-affirmed. He talked of the church, of Horace, of his own poetry, of which he had a lofty idea, and of Dr. Johnson's opinion of spirits. In vain was dinner announced—he took no hint—and being pleased with his conversation, I thought the best way was to ask him to take a share of what awaited myself. He jumped at the offer, and said it would prolong conversation. I remember there were ducks on the table, and that he dined off a very small portion of one of them, of wine, no dean, “orthodox in port,” could seem fonder in moderation. It was midnight before he departed. His conversation was scholastic and clever, mingled with the wonders of the ghost at Sampford. He had sat up two nights, had found the bells of the house rung, had undone the wires, and still the mysterious sounds were heard. He had rushed with a light into the apartment, and counted five or six vibrations of a clapper while he looked on. He had listened to footsteps on the stairs, where nothing could be seen, and had been so convinced of supernatural agency, that he had made himself responsible for two hundred pounds to be paid to the poor of the parish if the thing should be proved an imposture. This was a great proof of his sincerity, as no man loved money more. It may be observed, that he was so credulous about ghosts, he would not walk home of an evening across his own churchyard, unless he was lighted by some one, and a little girl of ten years of age used to accompany him on such occasions, carrying a lantern. He gave me a pressing invitation to Tiverton, and quoted many lines from a poem he was composing, called “Hypocrisy.”

"Now," said he, "do you think any lines of Pope are more euphonical than these?" His conceit at first surprised me, but seeing his weak side I flattered him.

"Really they are good and very like—"

"There, sir, I think these will convince you I can write verses of some merit." His repetition was like a boy declaiming at a grammar school; upon all other topics he was shrewd, informing and agreeable. He laid bare a sophistry admirably, and when he felt he had succeeded, he indicated it by a peculiar twinkle from the corners of his cunning grey eyes, bespeaking his satisfaction. His cheek bones were high, and his features denoted none of that intellectual power which he undoubtedly possessed, rather the offspring of labour than genius. He seemed in conversation as though his whole life had been devoted to controversial debate, and that he had employed all his time in detecting fallacies. His learning was great, his reading extensive, his memory retentive. He quoted from English, Greek, and Latin writers with great facility, when he wanted to illustrate any subject. His knowledge of the Scripture was apt and profound, yet he was careless in morals, selfish, reckless in his conduct, and sceptical in his faith.

The strongest minded individual, without any pretention to more than the usual habits of a mercantile profession, was Mr. John Collier, afterwards member for the borough. He was the resident at Mount Tamar, about four miles distant, and in Old Town Street, Plymouth. He kept an open table on Fridays and Sundays, the former not being a post day to town.

Men of all countries might be met there. I dined at his table with masters of vessels, not more than a week or two out of Dantzick, when Davoust and Rapp were governors, and Bonaparte thought he had excluded English produce from the continent. The *douceur* to the ruler, only doubled the price of the goods to consumers. The officers trusted by the French Emperor, cheated their master, and filled their own pockets. Commerce has its stratagems. False papers were the passports, about which governors of towns were not over nice, when their own profit was implicated. Many a hearty laugh I have had at hearing how the French went to work with forms which they knew were fallacious. The purchaser had to pay extra for all. The original counterfeiting was in London, where, in the customs, I well remember there was a man called "the damned soul," who swore to the papers at two and sixpence an oath, perhaps with the mental reservation, that he did know them to be true or false, taking care not to trouble himself about any inquiry on the subject. Some of the old retired custom-house officers must recollect the adjudicator under Perceval's administration, and the nickname he bore. Mr. Collier was of a quaker family, and would never buy goods taken by a privateer, because he disapproved of merchants plundering, instead of protecting each other. He took no part in the corporation squabbles.

There was a captain in the navy I remember too, whom we called Tom Codd, a singular dare-devil man, in the prime of life. He cared for nothing, and he was continually put to the trial of his enduring qualities. He had been in most appalling situations. He had the

yellow-fever on board a store-ship, he commanded in the West Indies, so badly that the crew dropping off one and one, and being ordered to Halifax, he had not long gone on his voyage, before he had not hands left to navigate the vessel. Day by day, the morning light saw his men, with the hammock loosely lashed round their lifeless bodies, plunged into the deep. As he made a higher latitude, the fever did not seem to spare its victims. His surgeon died among others.

“What did you do then, Codd?”

“Gave the sick calomel, but I did not know the dose. I fear I killed some of them myself.”

“Were you not depressed in mind?”

“No. If I had, I should have caught the fever, all who were, died—besides, 'twas no use to be glum, you know, when I had all my work to do. I was worn out with fatigue.”

•“It was a melancholy affair indeed?”

“It was no use considering that, when there was no back-door to run out at. It was no use to be dumpy.”

“You got safe to Halifax?”

“Yes, but could scarcely get in our sails.”

A more horrible situation can hardly be conceived. He never made a shilling of prize money, and was put on half pay, after years of ill luck and hardship. He would then shrug his shoulders, and say he owed the devil so much the less, for too much money would have led him into mischief. One day a brother officer, commanding a frigate on the station, lost his mother, and having obtained leave of absence for a few weeks, Tom Codd was permitted to be his *locum tenens*. Running

out for a cruise accordingly, he brought in a prize, worth twenty thousand pounds.

"Lucky at last, Codd?"

"Yes, my dear fellow, at last."

"What will *you* do with money?"

"Buy a horse and ride like hell!"

The last words I ever heard from him. There was another eccentric of a different cast, named Sir John Dinely, who inherited the title from Sir John Dinely Goodyere, Bt., murdered at Bristol, by a relative, in the last century. The immediate successor of the murdered man was an odd character, succeeded by the Sir John of whom I am writing. The last had been an officer in the army, and when he had taken a sufficiency of wine, he would refer to his services and wounds, opening his waistcoat to exhibit a cicatrised bullet wound in his breast. He had evidently moved in the better society of the olden time, for his conversation was in the way of the old school, much interlarded with oaths and interjections not very decorous. He kept several sail of trawl boats, which he found profitable, the superior fish always travelling to London. I could never learn his history in a connected way, but his title was admitted in the Assize Court at Exeter. He lived in an obscure part of the town under the citadel.

There is a fine stone military hospital at Plymouth, besides the great naval establishment. While I was there, it was filled with wounded men from Wellington's army, sent viâ Lisbon. Among them was the first man whose thigh bone had been successfully taken out of the socket. The poor fellow going about on crutches, seemed to have been born with only one leg, looking

like a crane at rest on a house roof. There was then attached to the medical department of the army, an inspector of hospitals, with whom I made an acquaintance, his name was Rocket. I had dined in his company but a few days before, he became ill from monomania, under the notion that he should starve. His razors were taken away, and he was narrowly watched. The woman of the house, with whom he seemed pleased to converse, took a place at a table in his sitting-room with her work, while the man, who was generally with him, went out for a short time. Rocket did not seem to notice his absence, nor that he was himself under surveillance. This was the cunning of insanity, for he knew well all about it. Wanting something to complete her work, the woman went for it into the next room. She was not a minute absent. Unfortunately she had left her sharp-pointed scissors on the table. Rocket seized them, and drove them into the jugular vein. When she came in again, he was working them round convulsively to enlarge the orifice, the blood gushing in torrents, and he fell dead at once. He left nearly twenty thousand pounds behind him.

I made a short-lived acquaintance here, too, with Governor M'Carthy, who had landed from Honduras, where he had been commander, and was going to London to receive his appointment as Governor of Sierra Leone. He was one of the few survivors of the army sacrificed in the St. Domingo expedition, which cost England twenty thousand men, few of whom fell by the sword.

Of eight hundred men embarked from Jamaica for Port-au-Prince, the seeds of the fever among them,

four hundred perished in the passage of ten days' duration. M'Carthy told me he had no fear of the African fever; he was case-hardened. Unfortunately in a battle with the Ashantees in 1824, his black troops ran away, he was killed and decapitated. He was a very large, stout, tall man.

Admiral Vincent, a post-captain of 1747, between eighty and ninety years old, introduced himself to me by a book published about two years before his decease, entitled: "A new Argument for the Existence of a God," a series of enquiries in support of what he thought evidence not very different from Berkeley's theory of the non-existence of matter. He believed that the Deity, all energy, all action, operated every thing, even to the fulfilment of the wills of all beings. He did not believe that man possessed for a moment an independent volition. We had a short correspondence on the subject.

We were at this time on the verge of hostilities with America. A vessel had entered Padstow bound to Bordeaux, and was detained. On board was a young American named Graham, who at once set off for Liverpool, thinking to obtain a passage home again. All intercourse was cut off, and he returned to Plymouth in a forlorn situation. A good-hearted young man took pity upon the stranger, who was well read in English literature, and had studied the law for two years before he left home. His father was a merchant in the Broadway in New York. He ventured upon the Plymouth stage as an amateur, but had no histrionic talent. His friend asked if I could give him employment, but besides his utter ignorance of European politics, I could myself have edited two such papers as my own. I



inserted once or twice some lines from his pen—no more. There was a danger of his being recognized as an American. The authorities pitied him, and would not see him. We thought it best he should start for London, where he would be safer. I supplied him with a little money, and he reached the metropolis unknowing and unknown. A stranger without a single acquaintance, he was soon reduced to such distress that he waited upon Mr. Lovel, the editor of the 'Statesman' evening paper, and told him his tale. Mr. Lovel, moved at his position, published an advertisement in his behalf addressed to Americans. Two only called upon him, and neither offered him aid. Owning American citizenship was somewhat hazardous to individual freedom at that moment. In this distressed state, Mr. Burdon of Welbeck Street, London, and Hartford House, Morpeth; author of 'Materials for Thinking,' called upon the editor of the 'Statesman,' and then recommended Graham to Mr. Britton, the antiquary. This gentleman employed him at a small salary, but he had every thing to acquire in that line of study, and could be of little service. He was soon after attacked by typhus, and here I must make a break in his singular history. There was then a respectable family in Plymouth, named Fuge. They were three brothers, one a surgeon, another a distiller, and the third a merchant. A wag in the town characterized them almost unconsciously by their names, one was a febrifuge, another a subterfuge, and the third a refuge, this last being given to tender his advice to complainants when that of other people was exhausted. Spoken off hand, I thought the observation savoured of true wit.

## CHAPTER VII.

TURNER, the landscape painter, had arrived in the West on a professional tour. Among those who entertained him with admiring hospitality, was Mr. John Collier, whom I have mentioned among my own most respected friends, as having preceded Turner to the grave. We were sailing on the St. Germain river, Turner, Collier and myself, when I remarked what a number of artists the West of England had produced from Reynolds to Prout.

"You may add my name to the list," said Turner, "I am a Devonshire man."

I asked from what part of the county, and he replied, "From Barnstaple." I have several times mentioned this statement to persons who insisted Turner was a native of Maiden Lane, London, where, it is true, he appears to have resided in very early life, whither he must have come from the country. His father was a barber. When Turner had a cottage near Twickenham, the father resided with his son, and used to walk into town to open the gallery in Queen Anne Street, where I well remember seeing him, a little plain, but not ill made old man—not reserved and austere as his son, in whom the worth lay beneath a coarse soil.

The unprepossessing exterior, the reserve, the austerity of language, existed in combination with a powerful, intelligent, reflective mind, ever coiled up within itself, and a faculty of vision that seemed to penetrate the sources of natural effect, however various in aspect, and to store them in memory with wonderful felicity. His glance commanded, in an instant, all that was novel in scenery, and a few outlines on paper recorded it unintelligibly to others. He placed these pictorial memoranda upon millboard, not larger than a sheet of letter paper, quite a confused mass. How he worked out the details from such sketches seemed to me wonderful. His views around Plymouth, in the engravings from his pictures, were marvellously varied in effect, as well as faithful representations. His first sketches showed little of the after picture to the unpractised eye—perhaps he bore much away in memory, and these were a kind of short-hand which he decyphered in his studio.

We once ran along the coast to Borough or Bur Island, in Bibury Bay. There was to be the wind-up of a fishing account there. Our excuse was to eat hot lobsters, fresh from the water to the kettle. The sea was boisterous—the morning unpropitious. Our boat was Dutch built, with outriggers and undecked. It belonged to a fine old weather-beaten seaman, a Captain Nicols. Turner, an artist, half Italian named Demaria, an officer of the army, Mr. Collier, a mutual friend, and myself, with a sailor, composed the party. The sea had that dirty puddled appearance which often precedes a hard gale. We kept towards Rame Head to obtain an offing, and when running out

from the land the sea rose higher, until off Stokes Point, it became stormy. We mounted the ridges bravely. The sea, in that part of the Channel, rolls in grand furrows from the Atlantic, and we had run about a dozen miles. The artist enjoyed the scene. He sat in the stern sheets intently watching the sea, and not at all affected by the motion. Two of our number were ill. The soldier, in a delicate coat of scarlet, white, and gold, looked dismal enough, drenched with the spray, and so ill, that, at last, he wanted to jump overboard. We were obliged to lay him on the rusty iron ballast in the bottom of the boat, and keep him down with a spar laid across him. Demaria was silent in his suffering. In this way we made Bur Island. The difficulty was how to get through the surf, which looked unbroken. At last, we got round under the lee of the island, and contrived to get on shore. All this time, Turner was silent, watching the tumultuous scene. The little island, and the solitary hut it held, the bay in the bight of which it lay, and the dark long Bolthead to seaward, against the rocky shore of which the waves broke with fury, made the artist become absorbed in contemplation, not uttering a syllable. While the shell-fish were preparing, Turner, with a pencil, clambered nearly to the summit of the island, and seemed writing rather than drawing. How he succeeded, owing to the violence of the wind, I do not know. He, probably, observed something in the sea aspect which he had not before noted. We took our pic-nic dinner and lobsters, and soon became merry over our wine on that wild islet. Evening approached, the wind had rather increased than diminished in violence. The landmen

did not approve of a passage back, that must run far into the night if not the morning. Some one proposed we should walk to Kingsbridge and sleep. Captain Nicols declared he would return—his boat would defy any sea. We ought not in good fellowship to have separated. When it was low water we could reach the main land over the sands. We left the boat, and the captain with his man set sail back alone, and were obliged to run off the coast nearly to the Eddystone to make the Sound. Some of the men of war there, were firing guns to give notice that they were dragging their anchors. We slept at Kingsbridge. Turner and myself went early the next morning to Dodbrook to see the house in which Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar) was born, of which the artist took a sketch. We walked a good part of the way back. The next day we spent at Saltram. Though full of paintings by the great masters, and many landscapes of Zuccarelli, I could not extract a word about them from Turner. Stubbs' phaeton and runaway horses in the billiard room, he hardly noticed, except with the word "fine." As we were retiring to bed, the room in which I slept was hung with Angelica Kauffman's man-woman paintings. I directed his attention to them as he passed my room to his own, I received a "good-night in your seraglio," (harem). On looking at some of Turner's subsequent works, I recently perceived several bits of the scenery we had visited introduced into fancy pictures. Meeting him in London, one morning, he told me that if I would look in at his gallery I should recognize a scene I well knew, the features of which he had brought from the west.

I did so, and traced, except in a part of the front ground, a spot near New-bridge on the Tamar, we had visited together. It is engraved, called "Crossing the Brook," and is now in Marlborough House.

I was present at Devil's Point when he sketched the Sound, Mount Edgcumbe, Trematon Castle, Calstock, and scenes on the Tamar. We once passed an entire night together in a country inn with a sanded floor, where no beds were to be had, not far from the Duke of Bedford's cottage on the Tamar. Most of our party went three miles to Tavistock. I volunteered to remain. They were to rejoin us after breakfast, the next day. Turner got some bread and cheese, and porter, for supper, which I did not relish, but by an after thought, procured some bacon and eggs, and after sitting conversing till midnight, with a fluency I never heard from Turner before or afterwards, he leaned over the table and fell asleep. I placed three chairs in a line, and stretching myself over them, got three or four hours' rest, quite enough to be fresh to start with my companion at daybreak to explore some sweet spots in the neighbourhood, and return to breakfast before our friends rejoined us.

Turner said he had never seen so many natural beauties in such a limited spot of country as he saw there. He visited Mount Edgcumbe two or three times. I have a pencil sketch of his, which is a view of Cawsand Bay from the heights, with the end of a seat, a bottle of wine, table, and the men-of-war at anchor below. I value it as a relic of a great man, though a mere scrawl.

Some have said Turner was not conscious of his own superiority, I believe he was conscious of it. I believe him, too, the first landscape painter that has existed, considering his universality of talent. That he did not share in every-day susceptibilities, nor build upon things which the mass of artists esteem, is to his honour rather than demerit. His mind, too, was elevated. He did not wish to appear what he was not. He exhibited none of the servile crawling spirit of too many of his brethren. He was charged with being niggardly, but he had no desire to live in any other way than that to which he had been habituated, for he dared to be singular. His wealth he made for devotion to a better purpose than giving dilletanti parties, and assembling in his drawing-room bevvies of visitors to no good purpose. He had no inclination for assortment with idlers uselessly. Concealed beneath his homely exterior, there was a first-rate intellect. He was aspiring in art, and knew the small value of thinking after others in social compliances. A painter, said to me that an artist could often see something amiss in his own picture he could not tell what, but Turner would instantly explain the defect; a single glance at the canvas from his eye was enough. He spoke little, but always to the point. He disregarded many things said about him and his peculiarities as unworthy, compared with the worth he set upon his labours. The most despicable individuals are those who make life a burthen to accommodate themselves to the world's idle notions. That he could, when he pleased, deviate from his usual habits, I can answer.

I was one at a pic-nic party of ladies and gentlemen, which he gave in excellent taste at Mount Edgcumbe. There we spent a good part of a fine summer's day. Cold meats, shell fish, and good wines abounded. The donor of the feast, too, was agreeable, terse, blunt, almost epigrammatic at times, but always pleasant for one not given to waste his words, nor studious of refined bearing. We visited Cothele on the Tamar together, where the furniture is of the time of Henry VII. and VIII.

The woods are fine, and the views of some of the headlands round which the river winds are of exceeding beauty. In one place he was much struck, took a sketch, and when it was done, said :

"We shall see nothing finer than this if we stay till Sunday ; because we can't."

It was the last visit he paid to the scenery of the Tamar, before he quitted the west. It was to the honour of several of the inhabitants of Plymouth, that boats, horses, and tables, were ready for his use during the time he remained. Every body felt that in paying him attention they were honouring a most extraordinary genius, whose artistic merit had not been exaggerated.

I remember one evening on the Tamar, the sun had set, and the shadows become very deep. Demaria looking at a seventy-four lying under Saltash, said :

"You were right, Mr. Turner, the ports cannot be seen. The ship is one dark mass."

"I told you so," said Turner, "now you see it—all is one mass of shade."



"Yes, I see that is the truth, and yet the ports are there."

"We can take only what we see, no matter what is there. There are people in the ship—we don't see them through the planks."

"True," replied Demaria.

There had been a discussion on the subject before between the two professional men, in which Turner had rightly observed, that after sunset, under the hills, the port-holes were undiscernable. We had now ocular proof of it.

Turner has paid the debt of nature, and has proved how well he understood the world, and how little the world understood him and his elevated views. Why should he become one of the many in thinking and acting, he whose associations were so much above its well-dressed or ill-dressed adherents in community of feeling. Truly great men, in every walk of life, judge and act for themselves. I observed a most intense regard for nature in this great artist, and a deep insight into its works; a silent examination and admiration; a retraction within himself, most probably generated by seeing the dissimilarity of the views of others, and their mode of thinking, with his own. Sound sense, curt manners, shrewd remarks, no artistic boo'ing, so common with his brother artists, to wealth or station for ends of profit, no currying high patronage, he won his way bravely and alone. He lived with his art, and cared not for the god of the multitude—for fashion. He hewed his way to fame through all the obstacles which beset the path of genius, and attained by his talents the highest place. This is not extravagant praise. Others

might have equalled or excelled him in one branch of his art, but Turner was great in all the departments of landscape painting. Storm or calm, noon-day light or evening shadow, or early dawn, in depicting nature truthfully, in affluence of invention, in the poetry of his art, he was fine in all. I saw little of him during the last twenty years of his life, but his name always carried with it, in my view, a sentiment of deep respect—respect for that genius with which heaven so rarely endows human nature.

In one of our rambles, from the party in our excursions, we got into a field where four or five fine fellows of seamen, landed from the boat of a man of war, were striking at something with a switch, and drawing back. When we came to the spot, it was a harmless snake. I took it up in my hand, and they looked at me with an expression of astonishment—men who would have boarded an enemy's ship, or marched to the muzzles of the guns of a battery were alarmed at a miserable reptile. Verily, man is after all an incomprehensible animal. This same class of men much amused even Turner with their frolics. They are become a more staid and rational race now. When a ship was paid off, they expended pounds in the hire of hackney coaches passing between the two towns backwards and forwards, always themselves riding on the top, and packing any one who liked inside. All the vehicles were sometimes engaged in this way for a day together. I was told that one sailor with well-lined pockets hired twenty-four, all he could find, and made them drive about after him, he being in the headmost. Captain, afterwards Admiral Penrose, met two or three

of his men, one of whom, drunk, had two twenty pound notes in his hand, waving them about. Penrose seized one of the notes, and the man recognising his officer, at once abandoned it. The Captain put it into his own pocket. In two days, the man came on board penniless, his leave having expired. When sober, on duty again, the Captain called him, and presented him with the note.

"Now, my man, you are twenty pounds richer than you expected, take more care of your money in future."

"Aye, aye, your honour, I thought I had money enough for a couple of days longer, though I could not tell what had become of it."

I knew Plymouth as a boy. The naval commander-in-chief was then the one-legged Admiral Colpoys, of the old school, a tough man, brave as a lion. He had a sister, notorious as Bet Colpoys, a drunken reprobate, who, whenever she saw her brother in the public street used to follow and abuse him in a full stream of Billingsgate language. It was a trial for the poor old admiral's patience. She is said to have become a penitent a year or two before her death, and to have expired a good Christian. But this is a tale of a remote period that comes back like a half-forgotten dream. When we advance in life, we do not forget such dreams notwithstanding our conviction of their insubstantiality. Our youth spent in hope, age sustains itself in memory, man being ever the sacrifice to the future or the past.

Sir Francis Drake I found still held in respect here. On a particular day in the year, the Corporation went to

examine the leat or water-course, made by the great circumnavigator for supplying the town.

This cut conveys the water from a stream called the 'Mew,' near Dartmoor, to the town, by a circuitous channel of twenty-four miles. A most patriotic undertaking, and what is still more, this great work was presented to the town by Drake, and constitutes one of the noblest gifts of public utility ever presented by an individual to his fellow citizens. I was shown the house in which Drake was born, and in front of it an old oak which grew there in his time. This house must not be confounded with Buckland Monachorum, the seat of the Drakes, which afterwards came by marriage to Lord Heathfield, the hero of Gibraltar. This last is on the left of the road from Plymouth to Tavistock, the other is on the right, an ancient-looking place. It is a tradition that when the tidings of the Great Armada reached Plymouth, where Drake's ship lay with the commander-in-chief, Drake himself was on the Hoe playing at bowls, then a favourite game. Having the bowl in his hand, he exclaimed:

"Only this bowl more, and then for a bowl at the Spaniard."

He made his hit and hastened on board. He was a kinsman of Hawkins, and I believe also of Gilbert, both great naval names, and natives of the town, though as to Gilbert's natal place there is some uncertainty.

I was induced to collect materials towards a history of the town, and a prospectus of the undertaking was printed by old Haydon, but it came to nothing. There did not seem to be a sufficient number of persons who would be subscribers to ensure the expense of the

copper-plate engravings necessary to illustrate the work.

During an excursion to Lidford, among others, with certain barristers of the Western Circuit, I visited the Devil's Bridge, of one arch thrown across a chasm in the rocks, so narrow and dark that the water beneath is heard, but cannot be seen. Several of the party, myself of the number, descended by the course of the stream, until we reached the side of the water, from the decline of the ground. By the turn of an angle in the fissure, we could not see far up the stream; and two or three of us stripped, determined to get up the bed of the torrent, as far as the bridge. We waded where it was shallow, and swam several black pools, our hands nearly touching the walls of rock on each side, green with dank vegetation. In this way we got under the bridge. It was a gloomy fissure where the sun's ray never penetrated, the cold was intense, and we were happy to work our way back again. An unhappy suicide, said to be a commercial traveller, flung himself over the parapet. It is an odd fancy to choose such modes of self-murder as are frightful in the contemplation, when so many ways of terminating existence with tranquillity are at hand. Perhaps it is from the desire of notoriety, that people fling themselves from the monument, or prostrate themselves under railway cars. Can it really be from that passion, which—

Aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,  
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead?

I visited the Land's End before I left, and on my way called on some old friends. I found, on enquiring, whole

families had even then disappeared in no long period of time, some portions in the grave, and others scattered, I could not learn where. Life is of little moment after all, if we consider the vastness of the bygone time, the unceasing present mutation, and the infinity to come. I felt oppressed at the change a few years had made in my native county; I fancied I could exchange the extant friendships of my kind, to be spared the remembrance of past losses, and anticipated bereavements. We confess the great love of change, but we cannot become well reconciled to it. The heart is ever seeking to return to what it can never find, until the power of seeking has ceased for ever. I lost several friends, too, in the 'St. George,' and 'Defence,' among the vessels wrecked on the Haak Sand. A subscription was set on foot for the relief of the families of the sufferers, and an amateur play got up for the same benevolent object. I wrote the prologue. Sir Robert Calder, in the stage box, sobbed aloud while it was reciting, and there was hardly a dry eye in the house. A catastrophe of another kind, and not so fatal to life happened while I was there, in the destruction of the 'Captain,' a seventy-four gun ship, by fire. She had borne Nelson's flag in some his of most brilliant exploits. I was awoke at dead midnight by a rapid firing of shotted guns. The launches with heavy artillery were firing into the blazing mass to sink it; for no one could approach near enough to scuttle the hull, but as the flames consumed the hull, it became lighter, and the shot holes rose above the water line. It was feared the ship would get loose, and set others on fire. Luckily the vessel was fast moored with a chain. It was a sight of astonishing grandeur. The groves of

Mount Edgcumbe looked exceedingly beautiful, and the whole horizon, at midnight, over sea and land, bright as day. Only one man perished.

It was scarcely possible, in the first thirty years of a life spent in the midst of naval excitement, that I should not form opinions upon some obvious points connected with the service. The sea, as an element, had ever been my delight. I remember its bracing freshness and the pebbles at the bottom, as led by the nurse I looked into its rippling waves from the quay at Green Bank—how clear and charming it seemed to a vision opening upon life! Handed down from our ancestors, there was much tolerated, barbarous in act, erroneous in policy, and unjust in regard to those who ploughed its waters. The impress service was a disgrace alike to reason and humanity. Originating when the larger part of the people were serfs, the excuse of a sovereign's right to the person and services of those who had no rights, might have been pleaded. Serfship ceasing in the reign of Elizabeth, the pretence, backed by the lawyers, of the right to impress mechanics, and players, for the sovereign's pleasure whenever the amusements of the court called for it, was not then to be disputed, much less the services of seamen. This class was still enslaved under the tyrant plea of necessity; every natural and social right was entombed, and what was called common law was made flexible to justify it. The sailor was a martyr without a martyr's consolations. The able seaman, who before he was fit for his duties, must have acquired an experience of six or seven years, and possess some scientific knowledge, was hunted down like a wild beast, outraged, degraded, his liberty

set at nought, and his services unrewarded. Had the system been persevered in, as I have witnessed it executed, it would have told fearfully in the end against our island defences. Seamen of the right stamp knew their duty, that discipline must be preserved, and that a good Captain makes a good and contented ship. On the other hand, overworked and harassed impressed men naturally became sullen and discontented. They dared not disobey, but they dared to remember. I knew of a young carpenter, who during his dinner hour was lounging on the barbican pier. A man-of-war boat landed an officer going to the victualling office, and was about to return, when the youth attracted their attention, they seized him in the twinkling of an eye, put him in the boat and pulled rapidly away. I was dining with the Mayor when the report was made to him, he had backed no press warrant, and without his signature, the act was unlawful. He sent a town serjeant to the Port Admiral's ship. He was told in positive language no such man was in the vessel. In a day or two, notice privately came from the man's brother, a marine, stating that the man was in iron's in the ship, and would soon be sent off. The Mayor ordered a warrant to go with the proper officers, and took the man away by legal authority.

The Admiralty, itself, was set at defiance in similar matters, so much does the permission of one injustice encourage others. A French officer on parole had his son with him, a well made lad of sixteen. The boy ran away, and by some means got on board the port-ship. The father's parole would not let him leave Ludlow. He applied to the agent for prisoners of war,



who wrote to the admiralty. An order was sent down to return the lad to his father. On the port-admiral sending the order to the flagship, the youth was put into a boat alongside, and an answer returned, "There was no such lad in the ship."

The naval punishments were dreadfully severe. The knout could not be worse than the cat. It was a greater torture in the naval than the military service, and was inflicted at the will of a superior, justly or unjustly, according to the temper of the man. Court-martials, too, inflicted most severe punishments. "Two poor fellows going round the fleet this morning, Sir," the boatman has said to me when I was about to cross the Sound. My reply was "pull me in again!" The number of deaths resulting from this old and brutal custom, is only known to him from whom no secret is concealed.

There were many officers, by whom such scenes were considered unnecessary. They would govern a vessel like a family, and rarely indeed did such, ever themselves punish, or apply to courts-martial to punish those under them. Nelson and Collingwood hated punishments. "There is a man has been in irons for a week, my lord," Captain Hardy would say to Nelson. "It is better for himself that his punishment were over."

Nelson would seem to assent, and in a few minutes the signal would be flying to manœuvre the fleet, so that no punishment could take place. Again the admiral's captain would report and remonstrate.

"Well, Hardy, I suppose it must be. Let me know when it is over, I shall go and write my letters."

He used to say that he hated to see the backs of those fine fellows cut up, who stood to their guns as his

men did. This was stated to me by my old friend Sir George Magrath, who was Nelson's medical officer for some years before Sir W. Beatty. It may sound strange, but I heard certain naval men contend that Nelson was no sailor. His ship they said, was never in crack order. Things were slovenly. He did not sweat his men enough in keeping all taught, not a rope too slack, all trim to a hair. Such ships were beautifully kept to the eye, but then this was the only point of service for which their commanders were adapted. They were like the black stock officers in the army—Crimean staff, with toes at an angle of forty-five degrees, and brains of pipe-clay.

I often used to ask why we did not, as of old, impress for soldiers, which would have been less injustice. The soldier had little more to acquire than the art of loading and firing a musket, and marching in line; the labour of only a month or two for a plough-boy's intellect. The acquirement of complicated duties, as reefing and steering, rigging, musket, pistol, and cutlass practice, working heavy artillery, and the like, besides the master-ship of resources under novel circumstances continually occurring, the seaman was still treated like a Russian slave, and the plough-boy, a mere machine, was respected like a free citizen. Such were my thoughts in those days. I have lived to see a happy change, both for the seamen and the country, which forty years of peace and mental progress have operated. A feeling of what is due to individual justice, a sense of good policy, and a union of British hearts in one sentiment of generous patriotism, has rendered our sea-girt land so much stronger, as it has yielded more to principles of equity and

humanity. History will mark the present era in the management of the navy, with a due exaltation of the good sense which worked it out. The inestimable benefits will be felt when every timber that now exhibits the majestic improvements in naval construction, will be dust. The Russian war will be the date of a higher career in our naval government, as well as in mechanical construction.

At Plymouth, after reading of our old navigators and the ravages of disease in their ships, I was told by Drs. Magrath and Beatty, that they had been one morning to the naval hospital to see a man suffering under an attack of real sea scurvy, of which for many years they had not encountered a single case. The stop was not put to this scourge without great labour and perseverance, backed by the strong influence of Lord Howe, nearly at the close of the last century. The man to whom England is so deeply indebted was Dr. Trotter. I heard it from excellent naval authorities. Thousands of lives, and hundreds of thousands of pounds he saved, by regulations as to the seamen's diet and the increased use of vegetables. Ruptured in clambering up the sides of vessels to visit the sick, his own health ruined, he was allowed to retire after his inestimable services on one hundred and eighty pounds per annum ! When several eminent individuals interfered in his behalf, they got only the usual reply of that day, "we admit Dr. Trotter's merits, but we cannot resist interest." The name of this deserving man was never mentioned without high encomiums by the naval officers and medical men of that time.

I was pressed to enter the army. A commission

was twice offered me by a party not without interest. I declined because I could not bring myself to all the submission required. I speak not of military obedience. In what related to the service, obedience was a necessity to be cheerfully met as a condition of putting on the uniform. There was in the army, and there is still, it is possible, a tendency to interfere with matters not military. Wellington continually reprehended the interference of superior officers in this way.

There was then much more latitude in the navy than in the army, the mental calibre of the officers in the last named service was more contracted. Opinions were measured only by the fashion; too little was demanded of the military at setting out. A young midshipman of a twelvemonth's standing, required in the exercise of his duty at the end of that twelvemonths of his career, more intellectual exertion than a full colonel in the army, who was not of the artillery or engineers. Hence the more expanded views of the seaman, enlarged resources, and greater self reliance. At a dinner party where there were guests of both services, I was attacked as if I had done something heinous for defending a statement of Cobbett's. It was not whether the opinion was right or wrong. I replied, that I did not hold Cobbett's opinions, that he was virulent and coarse, but that he now and then let fall a wholesome truth.

They were astonished I could read, much less quote anything such "a fellow" wrote with approbation. I replied that must depend upon the merit, or demerit of the argument. He was not to be censured when he stated the truth, that I did not concern myself about the man, but only about what he had written upon a

particular point. They repeated their wonder; "it was applauding a great rascal." The late Captain Nicolas Lockyer was sitting near me, as gallant a little man as the navy contained, he came to the rescue.

"You are right Redding, I have taken Cobbett several years. He does let fall many strong truths, and if it be not in a Jemmy Jessamy sort of a way, it will still be a truth. As for his hard names, they are his own affair, he is abusive and violent; but when he writes a truth, it is another matter."

My opponents were silent after that rejoinder. Poor Lockyer! he was a kind-hearted, strict but just officer, and died in command of the 'Albion' at Malta. He had many good stories of his own adventures, how his life was saved by becoming a prisoner to the South American Spaniards on the main, where he and his comrades were considered to be spies, and expected to be hung the next day. The officer of the guard over him was a mason, so was he, and winked at his escape in the night. How he became flag-lieutenant to Sir John Duckworth in the West Indies, that medley of a sailor and money-lover, and how after being up two nights in the burning latitude of Jamaica, he fell asleep while steering in the admiral's boat, and how old Sir John Tommy, as they called him, hit him with his fist under the ear, "God d—— ye, sir, are you going to drown His Majesty's commander-in-chief in the West Indies?" How in command of a schooner that sank off Port Royal, he and some others saved themselves on hencoops and similar articles, until picked up by the boat of a merchant vessel, from which he was swimming in another direction, much afraid of sharks,

and not observing the boat which pulled after him, "why did he go off, and not wait till they took him up?"

"Why," said Nick in his usual lively way, "because I thought you would not pick me up at all, and so I was bearing up for Jamaica." He had been several hours in the water, but his oily round little body could hardly have sunk, had he been drowned. New Orleans was a subject of great indignation with him on account of the ignorance of our general commanding, who was killed.

"I could have flanked the whole Yankee position with a gun or two in the launches, and prevented our abominable disgrace."

I was struck with the inefficiency there must be in officers' reports, who act as judge-advocates at courts-martial. These courts are such tremendous odds against a prisoner, that the proceedings ought to be carried verbatim before the judge-advocate-general. Often persons act as judge-advocates in cases where the want of legal knowledge is most disadvantageous. In our ports an attorney generally holds the office. Verbatim reports would be much better than abstracts never certain to be correct. The judge-advocate-general could form a better opinion than any attorney's abstract would enable him to do. I have known the court act erroneously too, where it would have been glad to be set right, and it was not done; I have seen it most overbearing. The judge-advocate-general himself cannot be ubiquitous; but a sworn report, verbatim et literatim, would secure justice. Of what then are those abstracts worth when Ensign Ramrod or Captain Sabretash takes the office

upon him? I often saw odd things occur at courts-martial during the war.

The 'Raven' schooner I had seen sunk in a gale of wind, and I was also destined to see the 'Amethyst' frigate wrecked, of which I have before spoken; it was in the night with no great sea running. When I reached the spot at daylight, the masts were cut away, but the hull was entire, and they were dragging the bodies of the drowned out of the waves, to the number of thirty or forty. I was introduced to Captain Sir William Bolton, R.N., Nelson's nephew, who died in 1830. His father was heir presumptive to the title. There was a young officer, too, named Lindsell, to whom I was introduced at the same time, in the eleventh dragoons, on his way to Spain, where he fell. Pleasant dinners with stranger guests, from all parts of the world, were common. The regiments of cavalry embarked in Catwater, in miserably close transports, were often detained by contrary winds, and our club made it pleasant to many of the officers. The men slept over the horses on a species of deck, not more than three feet in height inhaling the breath of the animals beneath, in a state of the atmosphere insufferably hot. The horses were slung. I could not tell how the men contrived to exist. I recollect soon afterwards, in consequence of statements from Lisbon, the sides of the cavalry barracks were ordered to be taken down. The hot stables at home unfitting the horses for service when picketted out upon chopped straw. The complaint was general, that we sacrificed our fine animals to show and glossy coats, in place of considering what would render them efficient for active service.

I must mention here an acquaintance with General Thomas, inspecting field officer, a native of Devonshire. His son was his aide-de-camp, and going out not many years ago to Australia, he was speared by the natives, among whom he had too carelessly ventured. Twenty years after I had quitted the county of Devon, I entered the Somerset Coffee-house, there were only two persons in the room, I seated myself where I could not see their faces, but I thought I recognized the voices. I found one was Dr. Maclean, the anti-contagionist, and the other was the general who died lately at the age of eighty-eight. It was a singular meeting, after such a lapse of time, and the recognition, too, by the voices. I am not aware of the date or place of Maclean's decease. They were both kind-hearted excellent men.

Before I left Devon, I had two hair-breadth escapes for my life. I was on horseback on the bridle road, along what are called the Batten Cliffs in Whitsun Bay. At rather a dangerous part of the road, people in general dismounted, and led their horses. There was a railing between the road and the sea on the verge of the precipice, but in one place the rail was wanting, and precisely there did the horse start, so that one of its legs was actually over the edge of the precipice, at the bottom of which the sea was thundering upon the rocks. How the animal recovered itself I cannot tell. I felt little until I had got some distance from the place. Two men coming up, exclaimed, "a narrow escape, indeed." Proceeding a little farther, I felt tremorish and faint; and dismounting, was obliged to lean against the hedge to support myself. The hazard I had run came upon me in full force.



The second hazard I encountered, was at a fire in the night. I entered the next house to that on fire, ignorant that the partition between the two was constructed of wood. The lower part of both houses was burning, and there was no downward retreat. I got upon a window sill where I knew the wall was substantial. One side of the room was occupied by a dresser well covered with earthenware. There was a great crackling for a minute or two, and then I saw the whole sink into the space below with a horrible crash. More I could not see, for the smoke and flame followed so quickly, that I had barely time to spring from the window unsinged, upon a heap of garden mould beneath. The height was much greater than any one would propose to leap by choice. I sustained no injury.

St. Sebastian, I remember, had been stormed about this time. I knew an officer who had run out in a king's ship, and arrived just after the place was carried. He told me that he saw women with infants at their breasts lying bayonnetted in the street. The conduct of our soldiers was most disgraceful here. It made a painful impression on every mind. It was too horrible to be detailed.

I had squandered money, nearly all I possessed, and much precious time to little purpose, and my resolve, I have already stated.

I sold the paper, at last, through a London agent, and strange enough, a financial friend of Perceval, a little time before, was the purchaser. Perceval's assassination had not altered the state of literary taxation. His friend had been condemned to die, and pardoned through a legal opinion, that he had been only guilty of

a breach of trust, in place of the felony for which he was tried, not that there was any difference in the two crimes in the sight of a rational person, but it was not so in law. It required some degree of assurance to assume the character of publisher of any newspaper, since a public character in some degree, the editor of a paper must necessarily be. This individual should rather have hid his head in the obscurity of a remote place, where his conduct and person were alike strange. He was only known to me personally, when he reached the property of which he had become the purchaser.

Walsh had been Member of Parliament for Wooton Bassett. Whether he was considered clever among the stock-brokers of the city in the mystery of money-making, I do not know; but he was a very feeble-minded man, destitute of political, as he was of literary information. His manners were mild, and on the whole, I should describe him as a weak, unreflecting man, beyond a business which flourishes or fails, like the tables of hazard. He said he had ninety thousand pounds one morning, and the next day was thousands worse than nothing. He had in his despair, as it was "charitably" said, but in too much of a methodized despair, taken off twenty thousand pounds, with which he had been entrusted by Sir Thomas Plumer to purchase exchequer bills. He had been dabbling in lottery tickets and lost all he possessed, he then purchased American stock with his plunder, bought American coin, and set off to Falmouth to sail to America. From Falmouth, he franked a letter to his family, with a stolidity unparalleled, justice being in pursuit of him. He was brought back, tried and condemned, and was

expelled from the House of Commons. To him I made over the paper as the purchase warranted. I never heard the particulars of his after career, except that he set up as a merchant as well as a newspaper proprietor, and failed.

I left behind me a locality to which I was much attached, and many kind friends of whom I heard little afterwards. I was gratified in reflecting that in many trying circumstances, I had, though young and inexperienced, never dishonoured myself by any compromise of principle, or any of that servility too common by which the road to wealth, if not to honour, is generally made certain. I took my farewell regretfully. Among others, on whom I called to take leave was Lord Boringdon. His lordship was not at home, but a letter followed me, as follows :

“Dear Sir,

“I really am on every account extremely sorry to hear of your determination to quit this part of the country, and can only trouble you with the expression of my earnest hopes that the measure which you have adopted may in the event answer you most sanguine expectations.

“I shall at all times be most happy to hear of your welfare, and feeling very sensibly the kind sentiments expressed in your farewell note,

“I remain,

“Dear Sir,

“Your very faithful and obedient,

“BORINGDON.”

I knew not what course to adopt on my arrival in town. The conduct of a paper in London suited me best, but I had not pecuniary means of my own left to establish one, and I had severed my connections in the metropolis by my long absence. Editors were then something with the public, and would not be respected if they bartered their political integrity as the wind blew. The government of the day sought support from the press, and there was a necessity that all parties should be consistent. A proprietary, many of which scarcely know their alphabet, demanding that an editor should prostitute himself to the changes in their ignorant views and pecuniary speculations, whenever a market seemed open for the purchase of principle as of an article of merchandize, was then not common and was always reprehended. The press led the public mind, and did not follow and pamper the hallucinations of the meanest tendencies in those who are the more ignorant, and therefore the least worthy part of the community as guides. The editors then were, for the most part, men of education, gentlemen in manners, and habits of thinking. Nor did high moral or political objects become directly dependent upon the omnipotence of money, ignorance, and low huckstering, without the fault lying at the door of literary men, who have been and are forced into false positions by the sovereignty of avarice over honour, and sensitive feelings adherent to their nature, outraged preventive of that earnestness and spirit which belong to those who write from the soul. There is scarcely a publication extant of a character which reflects without alloy the honest mind of the writer that conducts it, unless it be his own property.

I felt on leaving the country as if I were beginning life anew. I came to town by what was then called the New Road over Salisbury Plain. Gloomy thoughts passed over my spirit; thoughts too literally realized in after life. I remember I composed, on my way, these lines—they depicted my feelings too truly.

This dream of life, this tiring dream  
Of baffled hope, and vain endeavour,  
This hour of foolery reason's gleam  
Faintly illumines, and quits for ever;  
How strange its scenes of daily cheating,  
So seldom sicken by repeating!—

The same worn round of action guides  
The circle of our fleeting hours,  
And man's succession onward glides,  
Like spring-leaves or the summer-flowers,  
Replacing those stern winter's race  
Had driven from their dwelling place.

O weary, weary dream of life,  
Yet never weary of repeating!—  
Strange its delusion, toil, and strife,  
We love the more for their deep cheating—  
Nursing vain hopes, yet loth to tell  
The dupery we feel too well.

After all, life is aimless with only a few. All have some end ever in view, if it be fallacious. That end fixes the difference in character. The end of most is mere existence. A comparative few alone meet the envy of those who toil; but the idle have no end in life, and are unhappy. Some find evil to compensate the good, as illness, discontent, family feuds which stand in the way of their enjoyment until the curtain drops.

I visited Stonehenge on my way, and walked from thence to Amesbury. It was a fine autumnal evening. The sun was setting in magnificent array, gorgeous with dazzling glories, well worthy of a delegated sovereignty over the inferior spheres. As I drew near that pile of an unknown age, the light of the orb of day, it being so near the horizon, threw long shadows from those gigantic uprights, like the projecting fingers of some one of titanic race—of the giants that dwelt upon the young earth. The light between the imposts was glowing and resplendent as burnished brass.

But all around was objectless, no tree, no enclosure, not even the humblest shrub broke the uniformity of the scene, though it contributed to heighten the effect upon the vision, by fixing the attention on the imposts, novel and striking as they appeared. They were symbols of a mystery never now to be revealed. The waste around them, silent, void, melancholy, had still its peculiar language. It addressed the heart silently. Its desolation, though dumb, indicated perished times and forgotten men. The stillness, the declining light, the lengthened shadows awed the spirit, conscious of unknown purposes and events, of which those stupendous stones were the sole memorial. I gazed upon them for the first and last time with indescribable feelings. I walked in and out among the prostrate as well as the upright colossi. I seated myself upon one of the ponderous and fallen masses, and contemplated the monuments around me in their senility as allied with things less durable, the term only a little longer. My reflections were not so much directed to the form of

those huge masses as to our limited knowledge in regard to the object which had caused them to be of such magnitude, and how man's insignificance of duration, as well as the brevity of his records, was exhibited in the work of his own hands. We are full of boastings from youth to age, while continually reminded by inanimate things of the necessity of humility.

As I quitted that wonderful remnant of ruder times, I turned again and again to look at its grey columns in the twilight. I lingered and looked, and lingered again. Sombre thoughts arose, folding themselves like mist around a deeper obscurity than mortality could penetrate. We are but a minute particle of passing things, as a moment is a particle of eternity, and how humble ought we to feel when such truths press upon us. I reached Amesbury at dusk, I could sleep little that night, for tumultuous thoughts in which the past, present, and future intermingled.

The following bitter winter I spent in town, walked on the ice from Blackfriars to London Bridge, dirty and impure, and lumpy as it was—a dreary looking scene. A rising mist obscured the day almost constantly, so that the season was well characterised as a calamity. My spirits were not buoyant, nothing in that season was calculated to lift me above the state when we exclaim—

“There's nothing in the world can make us joy.”

The Serpentine skaters, the promenading, the streets piled up with snow and ice, the well and ill clad spectators, as they were then combined, were novelties.

But the cold of that long remembered icy season made me sigh for "a beaker of the warm south," from the extreme west of England.

I had published, while in the country, twenty-five copies of a poem called "Retirement," which I presented to my friends, and of which no copy that I know of is at present extant. Preceded by a production of my boyhood, entitled "Mount Edgumbe," I wrote a prologue for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, but I escaped being among the "Rejected Addresses," as I told Horace Smith, "because it was never sent." I could not please myself about the last dozen lines, and suffered the time fixed for its being given in to the committee to elapse.

I found Samuel composing a work on courts-martial, having ceased to write for the 'Pilot' several years before. He soon after sailed for Demerara. In that horrible winter, I remember a country friend of mine had his pocket picked of a handkerchief, and was grievously annoyed. He regarded it as a species of reflection upon his own vigilance. Determined to be revenged upon some of the pick-pocket tribe, he procured fish-hooks, and had them fastened into the pockets of an old coat with the barbs downwards. He, thus accoutred, sallied forth into the Strand in the dusk of the evening. Amid a crowd at Charing Cross, he felt a hand in his pocket, and giving himself a jerk as he said to get the hooks well into the rogue's flesh, he moved on with his prey closely following. He then quickened his pace, giving every now and then another jerk. In this mode, affecting not to feel the fish he had hooked, he led the knave clear of the crowd to a



bye street. "Now my fine fellow I have you, don't fish in my pockets again."

He unbuttoned his coat to slacken the pocket, but in vain did the thief endeavour to extricate himself, the hooks were too deep in the hand, so my acquaintance took out his knife, and whipped off the skirt of the old coat he had used for the trap, and bade the pickpocket walk off to a surgeon, as he thought he had been tolerably well punished, directing him to be careful respecting his person again, if he spared no others of the King's subjects. The pickpockets are generally among the least powerful of those who thus live upon their wits, and my friend was a strong man, so that the robber would have had little chance in a struggle with him, especially having only one hand to spare.

I had found out the young American Graham on my arrival, alluded to as having the patronage of Mr. Burdon. Being attacked with typhus fever, I went to see him. Mr. Burdon had sent him a medical man, under whose care he slowly recovered, but never looked so well in person after he came to town. His kind patron urged him to abandon literature as a profession, and from having studied the law in America for some time, recommended that he should continue to do so here. He was entered of the middle Temple, at which Mr. Burdon and myself became his securities. Nor was this all, his munificent patron afterwards sent him to Cambridge, where, though he did not neglect his studies, he became intimate with young men of fortune, of little principle, and dissipated. He left Cambridge with the same sort of moral character as too many display on taking leave of the university, who go

through the routine there without the necessity for exertion. He had acquired a habit of play, and became a debater. He sometimes wrangled with his benefactor, not always with due regard to truth, if he thought the reverse would obtain him a triumph. He would never admit he was in the wrong. I had not seen him for two years. He wrote me, in France, an account of the illness of Mr. Burdon.

In this letter, he said, "I wish I could tell you of anything gratifying, I am still harassed by claims that I cannot discharge, and by the sting of wants I cannot satisfy. The increasing illness of Mr. Burdon, my excellent friend, which has assumed an aspect more alarming than ever, agitates me more than all my pecuniary distresses. His complaint perplexes the science, and baffles the prescriptions of his medical attendants, and after fluctuating between hopes and fears, doubts and certainties for twelve weeks, we have now nothing left us but the most alarming apprehensions. If he should not recover, I cannot count the distresses of his family which is wrapped up in his existence. I hardly have the courage to calculate the quality of my own fortitude. Nothing can replace with me his liberal kindnesses, his paternal affection. But it is a subject too gloomy and too heart-oppressing for affection to anticipate."

He then referred to Caleb Colton's injury to his arm, by the bursting of his gun—his life being despaired of, and continued, "I have written some articles for the reviews, but the stipend was too trifling to make it profitable. I hope soon to do something in the literary way that will tell better. I intend to

give up my chambers in the Temple, and go into lodgings. These last will be more convenient, and I hope less expensive. But it is not decided yet—you do not mention Biagioli?" He had visited the continent before, by permission of Mr. Burdon, who supplied him with funds. Mr. Burdon died, leaving an estate burthened with an annuity to his *protégé*, which the latter disposed of, and returned again to the continent. I lost sight of him once more for some time, during which he had traversed part of Germany and Italy. I was passing along the Quay de l'Ecole going to the Place de Grève to see two men guillotined by the restored Bourbons, when I met Graham. He informed me he was going to England, almost penniless. He further told me of his propensity for play, how it had grown upon him, and how weak were his resolves. That he had broke up one of the banks at Aix-la-Chapelle, having left his stake to double which it had actually done fourteen times. A winner of some thousands, he had lost it all again, and having no money left had been studying hard. He was indebted at his quarters at Mr. Biagioli, a worthy professor of languages in the College of Louis le Grand, and he wanted to get back to London. He got there, and before his departure declared to me that the practice was not of long standing, but that the excitement was delightful, winning or losing it had a complete mastery over him. He said he had met with Mr. Wordsworth in Switzerland, and had travelled some days in his society. He was never called to the bar, and withdrew the money lodged in the Temple, usually deposited on such occasions.

In 1821, being at the time coadjutor of the poet Campbell, in conducting the *New Monthly Magazine*, I got some money for him for contributions written at my suggestion. He had been a member of the academics in Chancery Lane, and was the forensic rival of Talfourd, whom he far surpassed in natural talent, would he had equalled him in perseverance, and the practise of similar virtues, Graham and Talfourd were at this time in close intimacy. Talfourd wrote the dramatic article for my part of the *New Monthly*, and delivered it punctually on the day which required it for the printer. Graham anticipated the sum for his labours before they were half completed. I had recommended him to Ugo Foscolo, for an amanuensis, and he laboured diligently while he had no money. The fiery Italian, and hot Yankee were not likely to agree long. Foscolo had two female servants, and he accused Graham of being too intimate with one of them. Foscolo used an epithet towards him in the matter which he determined to resent. I was in consequence surprized one day by a note from him to the following effect—

“I am going out with Foscolo. He used an expression about me which I could not tolerate. I walked to his house, and as he would not apologize or explain, I insulted him, and applied to him the epithet he deserved. After a little shuffling, he has had the courage to call me out, and I go on the instant. If anything should happen to me pray do go down to my place, and take away my things. There will be but a few shillings to pay at my lodgings, but there will be some money in my pockets—keep everything, and leave the rest to the parish! I don’t apprehend any danger, but I am

determined that Foscolo shall not easily escape the ground. My mind is made up as to that, and in spite of my utter contempt for the practice of duelling—I am in for it—why let the worst come !”

They met at Primrose Hill. On the receipt of the above letter, I went up towards Foscolo’s house, and met Mr. William Wallace of the Temple, who had been Foscolo’s second. He told me the affair had terminated. Graham’s second, a member of the Irish bar now alive, said that Graham had won the toss for the first fire. Having given the insult designedly, he could not honourably avail himself of his advantage, and therefore fired wide, that Foscolo might take his satisfaction. Foscolo refused to fire at all, or to say that he was satisfied, wanting to enter into an argument on the point in dispute, which the seconds refused to hear. As Foscolo would neither answer nor take his shot the adverse parties moved off the ground. Foscolo’s excuse was that he had too great a contempt for his adversary to fire at him—then why challenge him ?

Graham next became a translator for the newspapers, and realized a good income, but he plunged into fresh extravagances or rather vices. He formed an acquaintance with a loose woman, and although he was editor of the “Literary Museum,” and connected with a most respectable publisher, the demands upon him became in a short time very large. When he obtained this editorship, he wrote to me asking contributions :

“I put a song of yours,\* ‘The Destroying Angel’

\* In the “New Monthly Magazine,” Vol. III, p. 11. Names were then seldom attached to contributions.

into the 'Press' (the newspaper once 'The Globe and Press') of this morning; at least, I thought it was yours, one you read the other day. It is good, and has been much liked. Have you heard of Colton? the brandy spec. of which I spoke has turned out a bad affair. He is missing—*excedit, abiit, evasit, eripuit, non est inventus*. Empty is thy pulpit, O Kew, and the voice of the preacher shall no more be heard in thy high places! Desolate are the garrets of Princes Street, where never again shall the stranger look upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup! How are the mighty fallen!

"I have a notion of publishing a new edition of Colton's 'Hypocrisy,' and dedicating it to himself. The beauty of Issachar is gone, and the virtue of Sophy departed for ever! 'Blackwood' is heavy and dull, not much better than the London this month. From what I have read of yours, I think it is livelier than either. This sentence is a lawful hexameter,\* as also the two preceding—so good bye, Mr. Cyrus, whether in London or Epirus."

Had he reflected on his own career, when he thus overcharged the acts of another!

This was the last communication I had from him before he left England. He continued his headlong career until his means were inadequate to meet his expenses. Debt followed. He borrowed of all his friends, even of Talfourd and myself, and the former could then as little afford it as I could, all which Graham well knew. He neglected his literary labours.

\* Southey's lumbering hexameters had before been the subject of general conversation.

His health began to decline, and rapidly. His reflections rendered him reckless. Driven for money, he committed a forgery, and went off to Liverpool to embark for America. He was followed by the officers of justice. A species of good fortune still hovered over his destiny. Though he walked about publicly in Liverpool, and it was reported, went to the theatre, he was not recognised. He embarked, and got to New York in safety, purely through his utter recklessness of what might be his fate, and thus, while wishing himself out of the world, he escaped by daring the worst. Another instance of that good fortune which so often attaches to those unworthy of it, and very rarely, indeed, to undeviating virtue—strange disposition of sublunary dispensations !

I never expected to hear more of one who had thus devoted himself to crime, but within two years after his escape, I received the following letter from New York which I give verbatim :—

“ It is one of my greatest miseries that I cannot, in any way, control the waywardness of fortune, which is every day forcing me to violate the most fixed resolutions, and to perpetuate outrages upon the feelings of those who have been my best friends. A young gentleman of New York, being on the eve of making a tour in Europe, has requested letters to London from me, a request I have hitherto avoided, but in this case, refusal or evasion was impossible. I have ventured to write to you. Mr. Hosack belongs to the best family in this city. His father is a celebrated physician and scholar, president of the Rulger’s College, and a man of great wealth and leading. To have refused, would

have subjected me to the most fatal suspicions, or have occasioned a breach of intercourse with the family. This young gentleman is amiable, and well-educated. His letters will shew him to be of the greatest respectability. Don't judge of him (for God's sake!) by me. Treat him courteously for his sake and your own, and that is the sole respect I ask for my introduction. He is anxious to know the literary men of all parties, Campbell, Rogers, Lockhart, Scott, Moore, Hunt, &c., &c. Of myself I need not say anything, and I ask a similar charity of the rest of the world. God bless you, which is more than he has or ever can do for me. Amongst the settled gloom of my life, there are but one or two bright spots. The most agreeable of these, is that which relates to the earlier part of my intercourse with you.

“Farewell,

“W. G. GRAHAM.”

What an application arising out of the dilemma in which a little forecast would have enabled him to see he had involved himself, had Mr. Hosack delivered the letter to me! He did not; it came to me through the Liverpool Post Office. Another year and the history of this young and gifted man terminated. It appears that he engaged himself upon a periodical work in New York, called ‘The Enquirer,’ when he amply satisfied the proprietors on the score of ability. His father, a merchant of the same city, had died while his son was in England. The latter was born at Catskill, and had studied the law some time, under Barent Gardiner, when he took it into his head to start off for France.



It appears that his career closed suddenly while mingling in good society in New York. He had a dispute with a Mr. Barton whom he struck, in return for some severe personal observation. A duel ensued, and Graham fell, in the thirty-second year of his age. The night before the duel, he wrote this characteristic letter to the Editor of the "New York Evening Post."

"Dear Sir,

"What may be the result of the unhappy rencontre which is to take place in the morning between Mr. Barton and myself, cannot of course be predicted by me. In the supposition that it will be fatal, I bid you farewell, in the only language that is now left to me, I am perfectly indifferent as to myself, but I trust most earnestly that Mr. Barton (toward whom I have not the faintest enmity of any kind) may escape. I admit that I am in the wrong—that by giving him a blow, I have forced him into the position of a challenger; and that by not doing what he has, he would have blasted his character as a gentleman for ever. In common justice I am bound thus to absolve him from all suspicion of unbecoming conduct respecting the challenge. The provocation, though slight, was still a provocation, which I could not overlook. It is out of the question for me to explain, retract, or apologize. I will not hear of any settlement short of some abject and craven submission from him. Mr. Barton is a talking man, who dwells very complacently on his own skill as a marksman; on his experience as a duellist, and on his accuracy as a person of *ton*. I pretend to none of those things, and therefore must oppose the most inflexible obstinacy.

After he is perfectly satisfied, I may, perhaps, apologize—that is, in case I am fatally wounded. It is needless for me to say, I heartily detest and despise this absurd mode of settling disputes, and salving wounds of honour. But what can a poor devil do, except bow to the supremacy of custom?

“God bless you.

“W. G. GRAHAM.”

This story has not before been correctly told except in the Monthly Magazine in a short account I gave to the editor.

## CHAPTER VIII.

I PASSED from my lodgings daily through Lincoln's Inn. And when I did so, sometimes stopped at the Chancery Court, where Lord Eldon sat, working a loose tooth in the front of his jaw with his finger and thumb, as if to beguile the time the counsel expended in making law-victims of the future from the examples of the past. Loyola and Lord Eldon were ever connected in my mind. His words were no index of his real feelings. He had a sterile soul for all things earthly but money, doubts, and the art of drawing briefs. I wondered how Romilly could argue so long about nothing, as he often did in that court. I remember, too, that Eldon used to steal into the George Coffee-house at the top of the Haymarket, to get a pint of wine, Lady Eldon not permitting him to enjoy it in peace at home. I once saw a letter from Herbert Croft, who wrote the Life of Young, for Johnson's Lives of the Poets, in which Croft, who expected much from Lord Thurloe only to be disappointed, called him (Croft) "a d—— fool for quitting the bar for the church," on which Scott (afterwards Lord Eldon) said to Croft, "by Jove! I shall soon follow your example, if not to take orders, at least to be a country counsel in some corner of my native county."

Happy would this have been for many persons, had it taken place.

"You will do wrong," said Croft "your perseverance will secure your success."

This was said in 1781, and twenty years after Scott's plodding and tenacity of purpose, not unassisted by his pliancy before those who had the power to give the good things he desired, he had become Lord Chancellor. His mind was narrow, a dozen miles seemed to his scope the dimensions of a world. I used to fancy that in no possible position of humanity could life be so effectively wasted as in the verbiage and idle forms of Chancery proceedings in those times. Such a court disgraced civilization. The solicitor said to an incipient clerk, "you young scoundrel—you who would fain be a pupil in Chancery practise, and to write four words in a line!—let me never see that again, sir, two words and a comma, sir, no more. I shall be ruined. You do not understand *equity*."

So ran the jest, no jest to hundreds of aching hearts for centuries past.

I was not so much struck with Sir Samuel Romilly's suicide as with Whitbread's. In Romilly's manner there was, at times, an indescribable something that, to my view, seemed to indicate a melancholy temperament. Whitbread exhibited, on the other hand, a boldness and strength of nerve which did not belong to the former. I once had a letter from the latter which showed great strength of intellect and high personal courage, which I have mislaid. I knew it was the last I could imagine an individual of a depressed habit of mind could have written. After all, these unhappy lapses of reason

baffle conjecture in considering the constitution of our fellow men.

I began to study German at this time, assisted essentially by a native of Suabia who had married a cousin of my own. I do not like the German, far preferring languages which are based on the old Latin. I have well nigh forgotten it after forty years' neglect. I put the "Lyre and Sword," of Körner, into English verse, and Müllner's "Guilt." I did not publish the "Sword Song" until nine years afterwards. Some shorter pieces of Körner, I printed in Perry's "Morning Chronicle;" others subsequently in the "Literary Gazette," and the "London Weekly Review." Teutonic metaphysics were never to my taste. The love of singularity, and the bewilderment of the mind to no satisfactory end, belong too much to the German school. Regardless of honest demonstration, ingenious, but indefinite, every writer has his bubble, reflecting rainbow hues, insubstantial as thin air. Upon this he disserts as if it were a granite structure, composite in order, with a dome that aspires to the clouds.

Schiller's "Robbers," I had read in my youth. I loved the character of the poet, and perhaps that had something to do with my partiality for him as a writer. Göthe was never a favourite—but how should a foreigner judge of either correctly when so much of the impression produced by poetry must depend upon terms to which every nation annexes peculiar ideas, and on associations which belong alone to the native in every land. That Göthe is the first of the German writers of imagination we must believe, because his countrymen, the only true judges, proclaim him to be so.

In the midst of these studies I found an aunt, who had been some time resident in Stockholm, where she became acquainted with Madame de Stael, had arrived in England. She came with the lioness of the day for a fellow passenger. Madame de Stael lived in Argyle Street, nearly opposite the residence of Lord Aberdeen, and had been several months in London.

Lord Boringdon told me at Saltram that he had met the celebrated lady in town, and inviting her to his Devonshire residence, she begged to look at her tablets, and then expressed her regret that she was engaged until the end of April, nearly four months to come, and could not before that accept his lordship's invitation. I went to Argyle Street in company with my aunt, and, on entering the drawing-room, saw there a single lady, young in years ; I felt disappointed, supposing Madame de Stael was not in town. My aunt introduced me to Mademoiselle de Stael, a gentle, pleasing young creature, perhaps twenty years old, dressed in white, a good figure with a pallid complexion, slightly marked with the small pox. She became afterwards Duchess de Broglie, and died the mother, I believe, of several children. After a little conversation, and my aunt stating my desire to become acquainted with her mother, Mademoiselle de Stael replied, she was exceedingly sorry, but that Madame was not yet out of her room. She told me that it was her mother's practice to write in the mornings in bed, where she was left undisturbed, but that she made her toilet, and was always down a little after two o'clock. It was not then one, and we had gone at that hour in the hope of finding the lady alone. I promised to call again, and to rely on the kindness of

Mademoiselle de Stael for my introduction. We then took our leave. When I called, and was introduced, I was disappointed in the appearance of this celebrated woman, so dissonant was it with the impersonation in my mind. There are few, in such cases, who will not anticipate in some shape the object of their curiosity. Madame de Stael's known remark, that she would willingly exchange her literary reputation for personal beauty, was truly feminine—the sacrifice of her fine intellect and deserved reputation only to be what thousands of her sex are in every nation for a score of years out of threescore and ten. Those who appreciated her showy conversation, which was voluble and antithetic, soon disregarded her want of beauty. Yet, she was not ugly, but simply uninteresting and ordinary in feature, somewhat heavy and rather full, than spare in person. A woman of the world, she could adapt herself to the company in which accident placed her. Her mind, one of great strength, made her fond of the society of the male sex, their conversation being less frivolous than that of her own. She spoke lucidly as one accustomed to colloquise, and was best seen in a small circle, where her good sayings secured attention, and she saw them comprehended. She was herself fond of a large company, perhaps on the ground that an actor loves to see a full house. Beckford speaking of her to me, insinuated that her breath was not the breeze of Hybla. I never perceived it. Though she continually attempted to display herself, she concealed the effort by the ease and apparent artlessness with which she regulated her conduct, but she affected pithy sayings. I remember asking her what she thought of

the Germans. She replied in some respects they were mystics, fond of the extravagant, because their rulers left them little else with which they could freely deal. They were not exact reasoners, but that was an inconvenience under their circumstances, which political amelioration would remove. They were baptized in theories, but might yet shame the logical English, who spoke continually of Locke and reason, and followed custom. "You do not take the trouble to test the soundness of your customs. The Germans are only at liberty to dream, but not act on their dreams, as you act on your customs."

De Stael's drawing-room was a daily levee. All the world went to see her, and she to see all the world. If she had some little vanity, she had a just claim to be excused that fault. It would be difficult to find any female writer since, to approach her in ability. She thus gained a precedence she never used ungracefully. Her critical remarks on Teutonic literature, her extensive acquirements and reading, and the aim she had in her writings of fiction, always elevated, and never downward or mean in tendency, showing the worthiest aspirations, made me, as I still am, one of the admirers of that renowned lady.

Hewson Clarke, of Emanuel, Cambridge, I also met at a friend's house, just after I had been introduced to De Stael. He had begun his literary career with "The Saunterer," and another little work called "The Art of Pleasing." He afterwards edited the "Satirist," a publication attacking private character, report connecting him with Manners, whom I have before mentioned as editing a paper full of slanders.



Clarke had attacked Byron, I found, subsequently, for the latter alludes to him as one who—

Devotes to scandal his congenial mind,  
Himself—a living libel on mankind.

I believe it was Upcot, of the London Institution, first introduced him to me. He was an acute clever youth, who had some years before been patronized by the benevolent Mr. Burdon of Welbeck Street, and sent to Cambridge. Mr. Burdon afterwards befriended several young men who exhibited talent, as I have recorded of Graham. Clarke's career he knew to his disappointment, but he died before Graham fell lower than Clarke. The latter was ruined at college, as Graham had been, getting into dissipated habits there, until he ceased to follow his studies, and his patron withdrew his countenance from him. When I met him first at dinner, I thought him a pleasant fellow. He asked me to dine with him soon afterwards in Essex Street. I then knew nothing of his previous life. He was composing a "History of the War." We sat down eight or ten, two or three incipient Cambridge clergy being of the number. We had a friendly welcome, and pleasant conversation. The dessert, however, had not been many minutes on the table, before we heard female voices at the door of the dining-room, disputing about a right of entrance. Our host evidently disturbed, begged to be excused for a moment, went out, and all was hushed. Then returning he resumed his seat. The conversation turned upon literature, Cambridge, and the Roman classics. Horace and his amatory odes came upon

the carpet. Some of the party maintained that his love strains were too artificial, and not the language of the heart, but that of a man of the world. One quoting from the nineteenth ode, the words—

*Mater sæva Cupidinum  
Thebanque jubet me Semeles puer,*

upon his lips, when the door of the room flew open, and there entered two females evidently not of the outrageously virtuous, one nearly six feet high, dressed in habiliments not much superior to those of domestic servants. The second was not more than half the stature of her who preceded. The company was dumb. Here were Glyceras indeed! The gentlemen of the shovel hats, in their attempts at maintaining due gravity of countenance, overdid it, and between the dignity of the cloth, and the risible predicament of Clarke, were in a state of amusing suspension, now eyeing the intruders slyly, and then our confused host. This unexpected exhibition of his select acquaintance could not fail to wound his good taste, saying nothing of his morals. How he managed to obtain a withdrawal of the intruders I scarcely know. He was not at his ease afterwards. I saw him but once after this affair. His career was not much prolonged, death closed the scene in which the actor possessing abilities of no mean order, attracted that attention to them which their owner did not merit as a man.

I was induced to enter upon the editorship of the 'Dramatic Review' for a short period, but resigned it to undertake a statistical work on Ireland. The last was unexpectedly given up, because no one could be

obtained who would be answerable for the illustrated portions, and was, at the same time, to be relied upon as to punctuality. Wakefield's quartos on Ireland had displeased many of the landowners there. His, in fact, was a work on political economy, rather than topography; too faithful to truth for the great men of the sister island.\* It was with extreme reluctance I resigned the undertaking, after much time had been wasted upon it. No one would believe, in the present day, the difficulty of securing assistants on whom reliance could be placed, being yourself at a far distance, and punctuality imperiously necessary. I had one coadjutor in the literary part, who was invaluable, the son of a Scotch professor. It was, after all, fortunate the undertaking did not commence, for this gentleman fell into a decline and died within a year afterwards, so that I should have had the whole weight of responsibility upon myself, unable from absence in Ireland, to obtain another assistant. Temper, patience, and the capacity of supporting bodily fatigue were absolutely needful in a coadjutor.

There used to be many agreeable literary meetings in London at the houses of professional persons. Sir John Leicester gave pleasant conversational parties. Mr. Soane used to receive parties at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Mr. Britton, who was then labouring at his cathedral antiquities, gave breakfast parties. The booksellers, too, kept up their old customs,

\* The title of this work on Ireland, was "Illustrations of Ireland, or a Topographical, Antiquarian, and Philosophical Survey of that island, comprising views of all its superficial features, and its geology, mineralogy, botany, manufactories, ecclesiastical establishments, history, mines, &c., &c."

I mean the respectable houses. All this is long changed. I remember Godwin at some of these parties, Archdeacon Nares, Bone, the enamel painter, some distinguished artists. There was then much sociality and little jealousy among literary men. At this period, I wrote for some works long since descended to the tomb of the Capulets or to be found only on the shelves of old libraries. In fifty cases in which I wrote, I should not now identify twenty of my own. The Rejected Theatre, published by Colburn, I remember appearing if I recollect rightly, in 1814. It consisted of the theatrical pieces which had been rejected by the managers of the theatres. This publication placed the managers in a better light than was expected. There was one piece called "The Prophetess," which had some droll passages. Upon the Trojan shore, Eneas was heard to exclaim :

Purge pure the commonwealth  
The selfish foul which deadens every heart  
The mercenary crave.

One critic asserted that 'foul' should be read 'fowl.' Another that it should be 'fishy fowl,' or else 'fishes foul.' The people used to the 'ungentle trade' of criticism, full of the milk of human kindness, as they always are, and not an able critic to ten good authors, declared it was beyond their comprehension, and was probably 'a mistake of the press.' Leigh Hunt's "Feast of the Poets" appeared about the same time. Southey, too, hatched a batch of super-royal odes that would have done his own, hexameters, and those of Longfellow, in later times, to "eternal smash," as the country-

men of the last would phrase it. The Lethean influence of the Laureatship, upon the political genius, was again and again displayed by Southey. Shadwell, Tate, Eusden, Cibber, and Pye, were outshone by the Pantistocratist of the Lakes. I once parodied Pye's Court odes, but Southey's were beyond jocular or serious imitation. A master of the ceremonies in poetry, is like a dancing master cutting capers in irons. I published the "Two Muses" of Klopstock in the 'Morning Chronicle.' Madame de Stael having brought that poem into notice, and there was at that time a great fancy for German imaginative writing, which, heaven be praised, did not last. In works of sound learning, where perseverance and patience are required, we should do well to imitate the scholars of that country, who in this respect are unsurpassed. The misfortune is that sound works of science and learning will not, as formerly, return a bookseller in the present day a circulation sufficiently large to meet the outlay in paper. So much for the advance of the masses in what is sterling.

I set off from town to sell a small freehold of my own in one of the Midland counties, cutting off the entail. Reaching Oxford on the Saturday night, I was told I could not proceed, that the vice-chancellor had resolved to prevent any coach starting on a Sunday, but that I had a chance if the mail was not full. There was no room. I breakfasted early, determined the chancellor should not detain me for the good of the Angel Inn. I directed my portmanteau to follow me by the next night's mail, and walked over to Blenheim. I spent best part of the day alone in those palatial

grounds. Say what modern critics may of Vanburgh, he was able to produce an effect our modern builders cannot surpass, with all their frippery and skill at imitation.

Say what they will too of Vanburgh, his designs were his own. I will defy any one to deny that Blenheim is not a striking and noble structure, if to a certain extent it produces an impression of too great massiveness. It stamps the mind with the semblance, if not the reality of grandeur. Here I scrawled outlines of some of the park scenery, for which nature has done so little, and art so much. I dreamed of Fair Rosamond, and the tale cherished from the hearts "love of eld," I afterwards betook myself to the road for Chipping Norton, which I reached hungry and tired, but so much pleased that I determined to walk the rest of the way. I proceeded to Broadway the next day, through Moreton in the Marsh, about twenty-one miles. Then burst from that eminence upon my delighted vision, the rich vale of Evesham, which I had never beheld before, with much of Worcestershire, like a map beneath me. I was enchanted, I forgot, though hungry, to order anything to eat, until the demand was made if I did not require it. I determined to remain all night with that verdant scene before me. By and by it was lit up with a brilliant moon. I thought I should never tire of it—O for those feelings once more! The next morning I walked to Evesham, explored what I supposed the battle-field; I conjured up, in fancy, the spectre of Simon de Montfort; thought of his troublous times contrasted with my own; thanked Heaven that I had

been educated and thus was enabled to add the interest of historic deeds to the topography where I stood invoking the spirits of the past. Then it was the land began to show a symptom of the liberty not fully understood for ages afterwards—

Upon the surface of Time's fleeting river  
Its wrinkled image lies as then it lay.  
Immoveably unquiet, and for ever  
It trembles, but it cannot pass away.

applied to European freedom, as here its memory was applied to a battle-field of English freedom. Here where reposed peace and beauty, then ruled the barbarism and tyranny of the mediæval ages—the worst tyranny, that of dominant ecclesiastical superstition, which, unlike the battle-field calls no heroic principle into play, and is animated only by the baser passions, the slave of cowardice and cruelty, a living lie to its professions, a monster in disguise. Grateful I felt that I lived in the nineteenth century—that learning, arts and commerce lived too, and that the corpses of our “old nobility” were more usefully employed aiding the corn to ripen on the battle-fields of our civil history, in the shape of bone manure, stopping a bunghole as loam, or helping the chymist to some of the gasses required for his experiments, in fertilizing their lands.

From Evesham on to Pershore, and from thence to Upton on Severn, I completed twenty-three miles more. I explored some of the old churches on my route. When I see a church tower, I quickly ascertain its date by the appearance. If erected and bedizened under the superintendence of some Jimcrack architect, and “Simon

Smears and Daniel Daub, churchwardens," as I tell by a glance, I pass it by. The architecture neither of the old nor new style—by "new" I mean the new-old deforming so many of our streets in London, and by old, I intend the old-new which cannot be designated in language. The genuine old church in the country is always worthy of a visit. It is in itself a memorial, not of one generation but of many. It is a record of times forgotten, but for its venerable walls, and of humanities, of which fancy depicting the forms and features living flesh and blood cannot correct them. I visited Gloucester, Worcester, and Malvern, and was struck at the latter place with what little moment appeared to myself, the previous existence of my family for ages in that district—no more than mine to them.

The marriage of the Avon and Severn at Tewkesbury—the Shakspeare Avon, I saw for the first time with due reverence. There are sensations at such moments which can only be felt. I explored the battle-field where Queen Margaret and her son were so unfortunate. The spot is still called the "Bloody mead," for there the combat raged fiercely. I spent a day or two pleasantly, with an old friend, who afterwards became the medical attendant of Christophe, the Emperor of Haiti. I made an acquaintance with an officer of the New South Wales Corps, who was in the country, and present when Admiral Bligh, (Bounty Bligh), was selected to play the same game there as governor, which he had played on shipboard. He who could not govern his crew correctly and honourably under the articles of war, was ill-chosen to deal with a colony. He had slunk away under a featherbed, from which he was taken,



poltroon as he showed himself, as soon as he became bereft of power. Dr. Lang, a Scotchman, who was in the colony, became his apologist many years afterwards, and proved nothing in his case. There was only the alternative of a mutiny or the governor's removal.

The peace, and the departure of the Emperor Napoleon for Elba, caused great rejoicings, which I returned from the country time enough to see, together with the royal visitors. I fancied there was something Calmuckish in the countenance of Alexander of Russia, a well grown man, whose sire is pretended to have been a Romanoff in place of a Soltikoff, Catherine not having murdered her husband until after Paul, Alexander's father, was born. He was affable, easy, and good humoured—made a demi-god of by the papers and public here, his previous conduct and cunning being forgotten. The law, therefore, proclaimed him as in England, the son of the assassinated husband, for the law delights in fictions. The King of Prussia was as milk and water as his courtiers and his enemies could have desired. The present King of Belgium, an aide-de-camp of one of the princes, lodged in Mary-la-bonne Street, *au deuxième*. It was amusing to witness the activity of these princes and the Duke of Wellington in their movements, and the incapacity of George IV. to keep up with them, already grown unwieldy and bloated, for he was generally left behind in the royal excursions, being too bulky and Falstaff-like to move about as they did. The adulation shown to the strangers was mean indeed. When a humour takes in London, it is always ridden to death.

The sovereigns reviewed the Scotch Greys in Hyde Park. In the following year twice I saw the regi-

ment in France, after the battle of Waterloo, the mere wreck of what it had been previously. At the rejoicings for the peace, I stood without the iron palls of Buckingham Old House. It was a childish affair there. But the illumination of the streets was really fine. Every window was lit up, and the blaze of light, from so great a mass of buildings, was thrown grandly upon the heavens. The park of St. James was prettily arranged with lamps in the trees, like another Vauxhall. A wooden bridge with a sort of tower over the canal in St. James's Park, was illuminated too brightly. The edifice took fire, and the tower was consumed. One or two persons were killed. A mock naval engagement on the Serpentine river in Hyde Park, was also presented on the occasion. Boats rigged as vessels of war were engaged in petty combat, and one or two filled with combustibles were set on fire in order to act as fireships. First a couple of frigates engaged. Then the battle of the Nile was imitated. Later at night the fireworks commenced. I was as close to them as any one could well be placed. There was a painted castle externally made of cloth. This mock fort gave out a pretended cannonade amid the smoke of which, the scene shifting changed the whole into a brilliant temple with transparent paintings to represent a temple of Peace, quite in a theatrical way. This elicited shouts of admiration from the people.

The newspapers made merry with these proceedings, of which the Prince Regent was said to have been the designer. They were worthy of the Prince's taste, extravagant and puerile, as it was. One of the papers said that two watermen, each with a line-of-battle ship

on his head proceeding up Constitution Hill, to the Serpentine, had been met by their reporter that morning. Another stated that a corps of Laplanders, not to exceed three feet six in height, had been reviewed for the purpose of sending them to man the Prince Regent's fleet in Hyde Park, but that they were declared to be eleven inches five lines too tall.

I took lodgings at Woolwich, after these doings, to enjoy the society of some military friends. I watched the processes and experiments going on in that fine establishment, and studied superficially some little of the arts of fortification and gunnery. Peace had not yet made much difference in the business carried on there by the artillery, the practice of which I watched with great interest, as I had before done at Plymouth, during the war. The intermittent fever raged much there at the time. It is a curious fact, that having made an addition to the Warren as they called it, by taking in some land from the marshes, the convict labourers were attacked with fever, two or three in the day, and sent on board the hospital ship. It happened they had been all working in or near the newly enclosed spot. The proof firing of the great guns was ordered by accident to take place there. From that time there were no more fever attacks. Twenty or thirty discharges in the day, appeared sufficient to disperse the miasma. I thought this a singular circumstance from its apparent explanation, that a stagnant state of the air as generally found near the surface of the earth in such cases, might be rendered salubrious on forcing it into motion by concussion or some similar means. At that time, the complaints of

the fever were continual on both sides of the Thames, and most in the garrison of Tilbury, the prevention was a glass of gin taken fasting every morning.

Going up to town to see an officer who had got into pecuniary difficulties, I found him in a lock-up house, where he was under the guardianship of a son of the renowned Mendoza, and there I saw the elder Mendoza, the king of fisticuffs in the East, while the other kings were showing off at the West End. He seemed a quiet unassuming man, and spoke of his battle with Humphries in a modest way. His arm was powerful, but his personal appearance was by no means that of a man of extraordinary strength, such, for example, as the display made by the frame of a Cornish or Devonshire wrestler, I am inclined to think his fine eye and superior science, did more than his muscular strength. His son was powerful with the right arm, and could put out a candle by striking the air with his fist, without bringing the joints nearer than an inch or two of the flame. The father was a remarkably self-possessed mild man, and had made a great name all over the country, among the patrons of the ring, and similar low pursuits, among a people that boasted of superior morality and refinement.

I had called upon Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar), soon after my first arrival in town, but had comparatively seen little of him. I now spent half a day in the week with him. Blind Lord Coventry was among his visitors—two blind men together, and one or two other persons whom I cannot recollect. I have a perfect remembrance of some I met there at this time. Five years later. I found him little altered. His stories were

told as racily as ever, though he must then have been seventy-seven years old. Upon mentioning my grandfather, whom he had professionally attended, thirty-four years antecedently, he recalled him at once, by describing the place where he lived, and the mention of a brook which ran near the house. When he wished to recal any thing to mind, as the name of a person or a place, Wolcot would begin to repeat the alphabet till he came to the first letter of the word he sought. Thus forming a species of artificial clue. He told me the date, it was many years before I was born. I mentioned that my mother had informed me that when he came to her father's house to see his patient he would go into the kitchen, and cook his own beefsteak, if too late for dinner, "because country servants never knew how to do a steak as it should be done." He said this was true, that he never eat a beefsteak properly done in the West of England in his life. Events long past would then seem to come rapidly into his mind. He would ask for people who were dust before I saw the light, though I had had hearsay knowledge of them. He was a man of great acuteness, in fact, the most shrewd I ever knew. He soon penetrated into character. Thus, in regard to his judgment on the fine arts, and his opinion of artists and their labours in his day, time has confirmed all he said of their works. He used to deal mercilessly with the coxcomby of the Royal Academy of Painting. That so keen a satirist as himself should have many enemies was natural, especially as his exposure of the foibles of George III., had made him be set down for a Jacobin, which he was not. Chatham and George II. were his themes.

When an old lady asked him if he did not think he was a very bad subject of our most pious king George, he replied,

"I do not know anything about that, Madam, but I *do* know that the king has been a devilish good subject for me."

Wolcot lodged in a house now built in among streets near Euston Square, but in his time standing alone in a gardener's ground, called "Montgomery's Nursery." Beyond its enclosure were the open fields. The poet loved the smell of flowers, and the fresh air of the place. No one can imagine either flowers or fresh air on that spot now. I never pass the house, but I stop and look at it. The front is unchanged, though completely built in. I cannot but think of the many pleasant hours I passed there. George Hanger used to drop in there occasionally when I first came to town. He died in 1824, an eccentric, genuine in his oddities, but he had no taste for the fine arts like Wolcot. Both were humorists, but of a different character. He would not be called Lord Coleraine when the title ultimately came to him, "plain George Hanger, Sir, if you please." He used to go and smoke a pipe occasionally at the Sols' Arms, in Tottenham Court Road, and might be seen in Pall Mall riding his grey pony without a servant; then dismounting at a bookseller's shop, he would get a boy to hold his horse, and sit upon the counter for an hour, talking to Burdett, Bosville, or Major James, who used to haunt that shop, Budd and Calkin's then or afterwards. He was a very rough subject, but honest to the backbone, and plain speaking. He carried a short, thick shillelagh, and now and then took his quid. A

favourite of the Prince of Wales, he administered a well-merited reproof to the Prince, and the Duke of York, one day at Carlton House, for their grossness of language. His name became no longer on the list of guests there. Upon this, as often related by others, he advertised himself as a coal merchant. Meeting the Prince one day on horseback afterwards, the former addressed him :

“ Well, George, how go coals now ? ”

“ Black as ever, please your Royal Highness. ”

There were several young artists whom I used to meet at Wolcot's. There was also a man somewhat notorious at that time, Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, and Lincoln's Inn Fields. Wolcot did not like him, but having spent several days at his place in Yorkshire, he felt bound to be civil towards him. He was a sporting man of large fortune, and employed a parson to write a sporting book from a few notes of his own, and more of the writers, all passing for the genuine sporting tour of Colonel Thornton. Mean in character, and transcending Mendez Pinto in his mistakes about truth, he was, besides, a man of more conversation about nothing, with less mental integrity, than I ever met with. He was diverting from his outrageous untruths, though they were not deceptions, for nobody believed them. He used to send an insignificant present of game to the Doctor, when he happened to be in town, and say he would come and take a chop with him. When the game was delivered, the porter, Thornton's own servant, would ask for the portorage, which he took home to his master. Thornton paid himself that way, for the carriage of all his game to town,

by presenting a little of the worst here and there. He had estates in Devonshire, as well as Yorkshire. One day, I found the Doctor in a great passion.

"What do you think, Redding? Thornton has sent some game, and he will dine with me to-day. His servant has asked for the portage again. Pray ring the bell."

I did as I was requested, and the Doctor's servant, Mary, came up. Wolcot kept two servants, Mary, and "Nance," as he styled the second.

"He is the greatest miser and liar alive," said Wolcot. "He has asked some friends to dinner to-day in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He repents it, has put them off, and comes to me, that he may say he was not able to be at home."

Mary, the Doctor's servant, came into the room.

"Mary, did you or Nance pay Colonel Thornton's servant anything for the carriage of the game to-day?"

"Yes, Sir, two-and-sixpence."

"Why, Mary, that is nearly as much as it's worth!"

"Not much short of it, Sir, I believe," said Mary, who disliked both master and servant.

"What was it?"

"Two partridges and a rabbit."

"A shilling a-piece for the carriage of the partridges, and sixpence for the rabbit—the last may cost the powder and shot, say one charge. Thornton has calculated that to a nicety."

Mary had orders in future not to take in the Colonel's presents of game; but that was no offence to him, who was not apt to be discomposed when he played off his shallow tricks, and missed his mark.



The man who fought the men in buckram, would have been tame in Thornton's hands, who had none of the humour of the Windsor knight to disguise or atone for the magnitude of the sin—if it be a sin to tell falsehoods so monstrous, no one can by any possibility be deceived by them; a Jesuit would pronounce them harmless on that account. Thornton told me he had bought Chambord, the celebrated French estate.

"Vast property, you know?"

"I know of it by hearsay, and its noble domain. I never saw it."

"Well, Sir, I am a French peer; holding that estate gives me the peerage."

"Are you naturalised?"

"O, that is of no consequence, the possession of the estate does all that."

"You must buy it through trustees then, Colonel."

"Not at all—it gives the dukedom—it rides over all such trivial matters as you speak of."

"That is new to me—it gives you a title, of course, in that case?"

"Yes, I am a prince in the right of the holding—I am, by ——."

He told me he had a collection of game pieces by Rubens in his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and requested me to call and see them—he had the best the artist ever painted.

"You haven't one, and you know it, Thornton—you think they are so," said Wolcot.

I had half a mind to call and see them, but Wolcot advised me not to do so, and assured me it would be throwing away time, besides, he was no desirable ac-

quaintance for any man who respected himself. He is as great a coward as he is a falsifier.

I did not call; for an incident of a distressing nature intervened, and through my agency relieved the Doctor of his society. One Sunday evening, passing by the Doctor's accidentally, I went in to ask how he did. I found the Doctor, Thornton, and a lady about twenty-four or five in the room. They had dined with Wolcot, and the lady was introduced as a Miss Dormer, a near relation of Thornton. The wine was upon the table. Soon after I had taken my seat, the lady left the room. There was something about her which bore a resemblance to a young lady whom I had seen before. I could not conjecture her presence there by any possibility, and thought no more of it. She did not return, and in an hour Mary came in to tell the Colonel Miss Dormer had her things on, and was waiting for him. All were surprised, as Thornton was fond of conversation, and it was plain went away against his wish. Miss Dormer did not return to say good-night to the host.

When they were gone, I asked the Doctor if he knew who Miss Dormer was, and whether that was her real name. He replied, that being blind, he was wholly in the hands of other people, but that "Thornton had stated that she was a relation of his, who desired much to see me." I assured him he had been imposed upon; that her name was Harriet D——; seven or eight years before, she had sat by me at my father's table; that she knew me well enough, but that, as I could not dream of her being the same to whom I thought she bore a resemblance, I had

doubted if my conjecture was correct. I now believed it was so.

"The scoundrel has been playing me more of his tricks—he said she was one of his nieces," observed Wolcot.

The servant reported that Miss Dormer gave, as a reason for going away, that she was not well. The mystery was cleared up. I make no allusion to her family. There were several brothers and sisters. I believe they fell into distressed circumstances. The Colonel had an estate in Devonshire, and in that county he most probably met with her. The circumstance gave me great pain. When she came to us it was with other girls, whose friends were known to my family, she was at a boarding-school, fifty miles from the residence of her parents in Devonshire. Thornton must have been approaching seventy years of age, an ill-looking man in person.

I have heard he declared that, once, when hunting, he fell with his head on the edge of a scythe, which cut it in two, and the halves fell over his shoulders like a couple of epaulets. And what next, Colonel?

"Why, the huntsman came up, and, in a quarter of a second clapped the halves together before the blood was chilled; it all depended upon the nick of time; anybody might then do it with the same success."

He made his wife ride a race at York, and got horsewhipped by her antagonist, which he deserved. He then, being a magistrate, applied for a criminal information. It was refused him, and he was told by the judges to go to the Common Law Courts for redress. He died in France, where, I have heard, he lied ex-

travagantly *in articulo mortis*—but enough of such a subject.

When Mrs. Boscawen of Richmond died, the widow of the celebrated Admiral, whom she survived forty-five years, her body was brought from thence to Tregothnan for interment, and a vault was opened which had been shut for many years, another having been made in a different place for the existing family. I descended to look at Admiral Boscawen's coffin, and those of his ancestry, one of whom, I believe the second Lord Falmouth, must have approached Daniel Lambert in size. On this lay a coffin of a strange form, from a small hole or crack in which a most offensive effluvia had issued. It was the coffin of a son of Admiral Boscawen, who was drowned while swimming. Mentioning this to Wolcot, he said: "Yes, I knew that young man; he was drowned at Port Royal, Jamaica. We brought his body to England with us, after the death of Governor Trelawney, more than forty years ago." This was a singular concatenation of circumstances.

Wolcot told me he was promised the Secretaryship to the island of Jamaica, if he would go out with the Governor, and it should fall vacant. It did fall vacant, but in lieu of it, the Governor put him off with a living, called Vera, I believe, worth £800 a-year. He was dissatisfied. It would subject him to the charge of hypocrisy. Such was not a failing in his natural character, but without it he would have been destitute. He came home, was ordained both deacon and priest by the Bishop of London, returned to Jamaica, and officiated for a short time. He was an excellent

reader, and an emphatic speaker. The appointment, he declared, sat so ill upon him he could bear it no longer, and he resigned the living. There was a house recently standing on the island in which he is said to have resided, and in which, singular enough, Smollett is said for a short time to have taken up his abode. Wolcot came home with the lady of the Governor. A serious attachment took place, and, at last, their marriage was fixed upon, when Lady Trelawney died.

There were stories of his own and others about his residence in Jamaica, most of which I forget. He said he was once officiating in the church in a surplice too straight and long for him. An earthquake shook the edifice; the congregation ran out as fast as possible. He could not get quit of the surplice to run after them. The more he tried, the worse it was. He contrived, in the midst of all, to grapple his terrified clerk, and to hold him fast, telling him, as he shook with fear, that he should die with him if he did not help it off. The man lent his assistance, and they got clear. The church did not fall, "but by that time," said Wolcot, "we had the race all to ourselves."

Miss Anne Trelawney, the Governor's sister, was very credulous. She died in the island. Wolcot, on her asking the news one morning, told her that a cherub had been caught up in the Blue Mountains, and brought into the town.

"What did they do with it, my dear doctor?"

"Put it in a cage with a parrot."

"And what then, doctor?"

"In the morning the parrot had pecked out both its eyes."

"You don't say so!"

This lady had many natural good qualities. On her death, the doctor wrote an elegy upon her called "The Nymph of Tauris." It appeared in the Annual Register, for 1773. It was evidently suggested by Collins' Oriental Eclogues.

Wolcot lived at a house on the green at Truro after his return, and practised professionally. He was an able and benevolent physician; but he got into disgrace with the faculty around, because, in fevers, he permitted his patients to drink as much cold water as they pleased. The faculty complained of his being likely to kill his patients by this irregular treatment. He got into disrepute, too, with the apothecaries; for, to their great dismay he analyzed the medicines they put into his prescriptions, whenever he suspected they were not as genuine as they should be. Hence neither physician nor apothecary had much affection for him. One of the latter, of close pecuniary habits, was so abusive that Wolcot wrote verses in the way of an epistle, in which he recommended the apothecary-surgeon, to buy up the cast-off gloves at the Assembly Rooms on which to spread his blisters, and not to be too economical with his patients in bleeding, as he kept pigs, and blood was good diet. Mrs. Polwhele, the mother of the author of that name, being ill, complained to Wolcot of the crumbs getting under her as she lay in bed, saying it put her in mind of the Pilgrims and the Peas, when going to the Holy Land. She related the tale, and Wolcot made out of the story that of the "Pilgrims and the Peas," which has long been so popular.

"Physic," he said to me one day, "is half of it

humbug—at best a very uncertain affair. People's pockets are often picked by it. I could not, in many idle cases, go away after a visit without leaving a prescription. I took care to leave what would do no harm. A physician can do little more than watch nature, and, if he sees her inclined to go right, give her a shove on the back." This was rough, shrewd, sound sense.

Wolcot's luxuries were verse, painting, and music. He was a good performer on the violin and piano. All his drawings that I ever saw were freely executed. He was plain and frugal in his living. "Take care of your stomach," he observed to me; "one dish will do for any man; take plain food; keep yourself from damp. I keep a fire every day throughout the year. I must have dry air. I wear a flannel shirt—it is needful, and I take a little brandy or rum. Fire, flannel and brandy are required in our climate."

I used to visit, when a youth, at a gentleman's seat called Croftwest, where the Doctor had left many reminiscences, having quitted the neighbourhood the best part of twenty years before. It was the residence of a Mr. Mitchel, a good-natured, hospitable little man, fond of hunting, who died at an advanced age. He was indisposed, and the usual surgeon-apothecary was called in. The physician was seldom the first medical adviser in the West in those days—the surgeon-apothecary preceded him. There was but one in the town for a long time, when the people said the profession was neutralized by a second practitioner, that the first had gone out of practice, and the second had not yet come in. The surgeon-apothecary, therefore, had the killing

and curing all his own way. Wolcot, who had removed to a neighbouring town, was sent for in a hurry.

"I went," said he, "and found Mitchel very low and ill. As you know, he was naturally of a tough constitution. For some time, I was puzzled to know what was the matter with him. It struck me, at last, that he might have taken something which had driven in a species of eruption which he always had on one arm. 'Tom,' said I, 'let me see your arm;' and, showing it to me, I perceived at once that the eruption, constitutional with him, had been driven in by the blockhead, whom he had employed, and who, besides, had kept him miserably low in diet. I rang the bell for Mrs. Mitchel. 'What had you for dinner to-day—any thing well seasoned?'

"'Why, yes, Doctor, there was a highly seasoned beefsteak pie sent away untouched. Mr. Mitchel was to eat nothing seasoned.'

"'You will kill Tom. Let the cloth be laid again; bring up the pie. We'll cut it open, put a bottle of good Madeira by it, and let him eat and drink as much as he likes.' The patient was ready enough to sit down to it, and by this plan, in a day or two, I got the eruption out again, and Tom got as well as he ever was in his life without physic."

There was much hospitality exercised at Croftwest, as I experienced in my boyhood. In Wolcot's time, among the company, was a lady named Spencer, of a brilliant complexion, but her eyes were very indifferent. She had made a practice of teasing Wolcot wherever she saw him, to write verses upon her, a request he disliked. She renewed the request over the dessert.



Wolcot took out a pencil, scrawled these lines, and handed them to her.

O sweet Nancy Spencer those beautiful eyes  
 Were made for the downfall of man,  
 At the sight of their fire, thy true lover fries  
 And whizzes like fish in a pan :  
 O gemini father! how nature would quake  
 Were you gifted with every perfection,  
 I tremble to think what a havock you'd make,  
 Were you blest with my air and complexion.

The lady never pardoned the lines, nor spoke afterwards to their author. 'His filthy complexion, too; only think what an insult,' so she told her friends. Wolcot's was a good lasting mahogany colour. He observed, that she had been so importunate for lines upon herself that nothing but such as would affront her, would have answered the purpose of saving himself from her importunate vanity, light praise never would have answered the end.

There was a vulgar man, too, who from being the manager of a borough in the west, got at last into parliament, and was suddenly elevated to the companionship of peers and esquires, who a little time before paid him no regard. He fitted up a house handsomely, and the great people of his vicinity were ready enough, as usual, to visit, and sneer at him afterwards. Grand preparations were made on one occasion for a dinner, to which the upstart had invited several noblemen and others of his vicinity, and was vain enough to boast about it. The M.P. had a near relative in a condition scarcely above that of a laundress. Wolcot imitating the brother's hand, wrote her an

invitation to dine with his company the same day, and to come in her best dress. The vulgar woman decked herself out accordingly in finery, some of which was two score years behind the fashion. Just as the guests were rising in the drawing-room to go to the dinner-table the lady made her appearance in her grotesque finery, part of which was borrowed for the occasion. The confusion, on the part of her brother, may be conceived, and the amusement of the guests. The stolidity of the lady who had received the invitation, was ludicrous. She took her place at the table, and assumed what she deemed a fashionable air for the occasion.

While thus resident at Truro, it was that Wolcot met with Opie in a hamlet, a few miles in the country. The Doctor assured me it was wholly untrue that he was struck with anything the youth had attempted in the way of art, such as a farm-yard and a lady's cat. There were such attempts, but they were without the mark of anything like genius, or even the objects they purported to represent. He said what struck him first in Opie was the invincible desire to master the art, shewn with an earnestness he could never have expected from one so situated. The boy's parents, too, discouraged the lad. Wolcot loved everything like genius, and took Opie to Truro, gave him careful instructions, and his merit soon became apparent. Nothing could be more kind and considerate than Wolcot's treatment of the artist. When he became able to paint a portrait, Wolcot gave him letters to some gentlemen of the county, to aid him in a tour for portrait painting, stipulating that he had a right to be a parlour guest.

"I want to polish him, he is an unlicked cub yet, I want to make him learn to respect himself. Therefore, wherever he has visited, he has been treated as a gentleman," thus Wolcot wrote to a friend. He was uniformly so treated except in one instance, that of a clergyman who could not tolerate an affront to his own apostolic dignity by suffering a son of genius to sit at the same board with him, though nobles did. Although unpolished, Opie exhibited no coarse vulgarity. He first painted heads at five shillings, and then raised his price to ten and sixpence. After his first expedition, he brought back twenty guineas, clear of all expenses, so wonderful a sum in his unaccustomed eyes, that he first flung the money on the doctor's table in a sort of rapture, and then sweeping the coin all off upon the carpet, rolled himself over it exclaiming, "Here I be rolling in gold." His early works exhibited little judgment, but were remarkable for great boldness and truth of colour. His drawing was poor, and deficient in that delicacy which is so desirable in art. "He plaistered on his colours," said Wolcot, "but few could plaister like him." Except Reynolds, he had no living superior in colouring, among the artists of his time, it was magical. Of his subsequent style and tact little was traceable during his early career in Wolcot's house in the west. The doctor's lessons were generally given in crayons. "No better representation of earth can be given than with the earth itself," was one of his remarks. Scenes about Fowey and Plymouth executed by himself hung in his sitting-room.

Wolcot lashed some of the corporation of the town for their bad management of civic affairs. They

revenged themselves by putting a parish apprentice upon his establishment. He appealed in vain to the sessions against the order. This was only appealing to Paul against Peter. He then removed his furniture to Helston, for he would not be beaten, and sent them a billet—

“Gentlemen,

“Your blunderbuss has missed fire.

“Yours,

“JOHN WOLCOT.”

I expressed my surprise his satire did not get him into serious scrapes. He replied that he got into one, and only one of any moment, and that was with General Macarmick, an old friend. “Something I said more severe than just, led to a retort, I was yet more caustic. A challenge came to me to meet on the Green at six in the morning. There were to be no seconds, it was to be a desperate affair. My window, as you may remember, knowing the house, looked over the Green. I got up at day dawn, and was dressing; the morning was chill, and I saw Macarmick walking up and down near the water. The time fixed had not yet arrived. He had a brace of pistols in his hand, altogether a sight not calculated to add to a man’s personal courage in a cold morning. My anger had been but momentary, and I began to think it would be great folly for two old friends to pop away each other’s lives. I rang for my servant, ordered a fire to be instantly made, and breakfast and toast to be got ready. It yet wanted something of the time, and when the hour was up, I opened the door that looked upon the green, crossed it

with the aspect of a lion, and went up to Macarmick. He did not utter a syllable.

“Good morning, general.”

The general bowed stiffly.

“This is too chilly a morning for fighting.”

“That is the alternative, sir, in case I have no other satisfaction.”

“What you soldiers call an apology, I suppose? My dear general I would rather make twenty, when I was so much in the wrong as I was last night. I will apologise, but on one condition alone.”

“I cannot talk of conditions,” said the general gravely, but evidently with less stiffness than before.

“Why then I will consider the conditions accepted. They are that you will come in and take a hearty breakfast with me—it is ready. I own myself exceedingly sorry if I hurt your feelings yesterday. I did not intend it, and no one was privy to our difference.”

He gave me his hand, and we settled the rest of our difference over tea and toast. The pistols that cold morning looked uncomfortable enough. We were going to fight about nothing of moment. How many duels might have ended with as little mischief, if one side or the other had the courage to do as I did on that occasion.

I visited Catalani in town, and found her always the same elegant and amiable creature, with the same sweet simple smile, and modest manners. She stood, and I believe still stands, unrivalled in her profession. As an actress, she was in no way remarkable; yet she looked so attractive on the boards, that the audience forgave any little fault of action, and then her transcendent voice!

Besides, a Siddons on the opera boards would be out of all keeping. A female hero breathing the notes of a Cæsarian speech out of her chest, with compressing hands, whatever may be the skill of the artiste's execution, is no appeal to the reason for its resemblance to the original. There is, after all, something exceedingly effeminate about the opera, and all opera dilitanti.

At this time, John and Leigh Hunt were imprisoned for a libel on George IV. Lord Ellenborough, on the trial, after showing a spirit of political animosity, which ill became a judge, sentenced one brother to be imprisoned in Surrey, and the other in Middlesex. This was considered an oversight, or a kindness in a judge remarkable for the absence of both. York, or Dorchester was expected. In order to suit political enmities, particularly those towards the press, the judges declared that all jails were the king's—pitiful quibblers!—therefore, it was perfectly consistent with justice, that a man might be sent to Berwick for imprisonment, who had committed an offence in Cornwall, though he could not be tried out of his own county! Any inconsistency to suit a purpose. Why but to screen the subject's natural rights, were not London prisoners sent to Berwick or Cornwall for trial. I remember paying Leigh Hunt a visit in Horsemonger Lane Jail, a miserable low site. I missed Byron and Moore, by only about half-an-hour, on the same errand. Horace Smith, and Shelley used to be visitors there, and many others of Hunt's friends. He was composing "Rimini," a copy of which he gave me, and which I still possess.

His apartment, on the ground floor, was cheerful for

such a place, but that only means a sort of lacquered gloom after all. I thought of his health, which seemed by no means strong. I am certain, if the place was not unwholesome, it lay close upon the verge of insalubrity. Hunt bore his confinement cheerfully, but he must have had unpleasant moments. He was naturally lively, and in those days, I never knew a more entertaining companion. For such an one to be alone for weary, dreary hours, it must have been punishment enough, even to satisfy an Ellenborough or a Jeffries.

When he resided in the New Road, I spent many an evening with him, pleasant, informing, and varied by conversation on subjects that chance brought up, or association introduced stealthily. I visited him in the Vale of Health at Hampstead, where there was always a heartiness that tempted confidence, and with much imaginativeness, much skimming of literature, and a light culling of its wild flowers, criticism without envy, and opinions free of insincerity. Leigh Hunt yet survives, or I might be tempted to proceed to many details, which would infringe the rule I have made for myself in the mention of but few who are still spared from a day of our literature, the similar of which is hardly likely soon, if ever, to recur again.

Death has closed the career of his brother John, than whom I never knew one of a more noble cast of mind. Philosophic, patient, just, a deep thinker, unobtrusive, sincere, John Hunt, in my view, stood the foremost of any character I have encountered. I used often to visit him at Maida Hill, and at Brompton, moved by his solid, yet attractive conversation, his just views of things, stripping them of everything extraneous, and

coming at once to the main fact. He suffered no consideration but the plain truth to enter into a discussion, throwing policy to the winds, and, while allowing for collateral circumstances, and their interventions, keeping the argument to its just limit. He was ever far in advance of time.

He was imprisoned in Cold Bath Fields, where I sometimes beguiled an hour with him at chess. He had a lofty and comfortable, though small apartment, at the top of the prison, where the air was excellent. Townsend, one of the Bow Street officers, was the governor of the prison, and an excellent governor he made, not the worse for considering the character of his prisoners in relation to their offences. The surgeon, too, was a well-informed man. John Hunt had the privilege of walking for a couple of hours daily in the governor's garden, a kindness for which he was alone indebted to the governor himself. I forgot the name of the surgeon, but well remember that he stated some curious facts in relation to prison statistics, which were quite new to me. The prisoners for felony were seldom seen.

When I entered, a turnkey accompanied me to the bottom of the first stone staircase, unlocked the door, let me in, locked it and retired. I then mounted a flight or two of granite steps, passing the closed doors of a number of cells, and found my friend "at home." Mrs. Hunt was with her husband much in the day time. I never, I must repeat it, met a more even temper than his, more equitable views, or a more manly spirit.

I had been indebted to John Hunt for an introduction to Mr. West, president of the academy of painting,



then living in Newman Street. They were relations. Mr. West was a man of few words, grave, and I imagine, not possessed of much acquired information beyond his art. I remember there were numerous sketches in his gallery, but that of "Death on the Pale Horse," struck me most as a composition. It was indeed of a high character.

John Hunt would have been ruled by abstract truths, if the world would have allowed him, and have regulated his actions by them. These, after all, are the truths of the nobler spirits among mankind, not to be realized, but to remain the points of an aspiration, not experienced by common souls. Man's approximation to them is small in the course of ages, but he does approximate. Some tremulous about the present, fear, that like Basle clocks, we shall be set too fast, if we move but the fraction of a small measure forward.

I remember an instance of John Hunt's high spirit relating to the *Examiner* paper, forming a curious contrast to later times in similar dealings. John Kemble had given the *Examiner* a free admission for two persons to the boxes. Leigh Hunt was the best dramatic critic of the day. He found it right to censure Kemble for his performance of some part, I forget in what piece, and Kemble remarked, that after sending such admissions, he should not have expected to be handled so severely. John Hunt at once enclosed to Kemble the admissions to which he had alluded, and stated, that in future the admission of the theatrical critic should be paid for, and charged to the weekly expenses of the paper; it ought to have been so before,

in future, the paper should be placed upon the footing of perfect independence. The 'Times' alone came with clean hands out of a recent display of the late venal system of newspaper free admissions.

Such was the spirit of honest journalism in those manly times with the press. John Hunt read much in prison, but told me time passed as quickly in reflection, and in examining questions, which, seeming at first to be obscure or perplexed, he endeavoured to render clear by meditation upon them. He died, I believe, in Somersetshire, where he retired to enjoy that peace, upon which the urban part of the ant-hill world set so little value. When I crossed the channel a little time after the battle of Waterloo, I promised John Hunt to send him some communications for his paper, under the condition of secrecy, and I kept my promise.

## CHAPTER IX.

It was now nearly ten years since I had been afloat in life. I had in that time no reason to congratulate myself on what the world calls good fortune. I had not made money. I had lost it by a chain of circumstances over which I had no control. I did not go to the West of my own accord, because I knew London would be more eligible to my views, and thus I lost early years out of it irretrievably. I doubted if my nature admitted of that attention to trifles, that utter devotion of body and soul, those thoughts by night, and disguises of thoughts by day, those concealments and over-reachings, which constitute the general road to pecuniary accumulation. I had not to blame myself for extravagance. I had no expensive follies, but I had that vice in the sight of the multitude, that I never employed my mind upon schemes of profit. I was content to labour for a stipulated reward, and think no more about gain, until the time for labour returned again. The idea of books and of the acquirement of knowledge, still more a love for them, has long been pronounced the bane of success in life. Fortune, therefore, was not to be my lot. People, we

are told read little but newspapers now. They may soon read nothing else, and the nation will thus become richer than ever, no matter whether it become wiser or better. But there will always be a few who will not suffer the better order of literature to perish.

I had paid no attention to these differences, and had regarded almost wholly the expression of just principles, and kept to them, or what I thought to be such. Time has confirmed my judgments, but unhappily, I thought reasonable pecuniary profit would follow honest exertion, and that "the public" as it is styled, was a discriminating tribunal, neither to be bribed nor hoaxed, where the end was discovered to be honourable, and all was plain and above board. This is the great error of young and ardent minds. The public is ruled by accidental circumstances, in its rewards and neglects, by some collateral event, by fashion, by the cry of multifarious ignorance, and by the arts of the trader. I thought its dicta not to be impugned in place of its being the result of a false, as often as of a true direction. The road of the many is not the narrow way in any pursuit. I looked for success in the avoidance of error, and suffered my labours to speak, when I ought to have intrigued to get myself trumpeted. This I found to my cost. I gained little wisdom from experience, none of my organization ever will, who do not bend with the willow. It is the Broadway traveller who sees but one point in the horizon, who fills his purse by trucking the humanities if needful. Such are the worldly wise, consigning knowledge and science to the winds, or only purchasing of them as much as may be useful to assist their own selfishness. I committed the unfortunate mis-

take of not proceeding with the many in the broad straight line like that by which mathematicians tell us they are to reach heaven. I deviated out of the road, trod the wild, rambled into fragrant gardens, along flowery lanes, and through groves of verdure, independent in spirit, and, therefore, I was not to be of the favoured, among the jog-trotters on life's highway.

Napoleon having set sail for St. Helena, I went to France, I had an object in view which it is not of moment to state. A short delay in setting out, enabled me to visit the West of England. How sad and contracted all there appeared, though not less beloved than before, perhaps more beloved from its less pretension. The rivulet had diminished to a thread; the streets once so broad in appearance and so long, now appeared short and narrow with houses over which I could vault. The ocean alone maintained its mighty aspect, as it had done "from creation's dawn." The new marvels that had succeeded the old, did not occupy the same space in the heart, they had only raised the worth of the more insignificant. They had ministered to surprise, but generated no affection. I visited the house where many of my early years had been passed, it was tenanted by strangers. I did not venture to ask leave to go over it. Five miles away I entered the dwelling of my mother's family—not one survived. The rooms fit for Brobdignag in my youth, seemed now only adapted for the citizens of Lilliput. I explored the ground and found enclosures demolished, trees cut down that I well remembered before. I reluctantly admitted that change was the law of nature. It was the time of day when the bat begins to flap his leathern wings, that I roamed

through the garden for the last time, memory steeping my thoughts in sadness. Melancholy are the recollections of youth in later life. They come back in shadowy garb as if to mock us with repeated convictions that they have passed away for ever, in place of leaving more than the solitary conviction of the fact of their doomed termination before long, with all our cherished memories of them.

How I trudged along over scenes of perished joys and sorrows, thinking on departed relationships, merry-meetings, happy hours, when care was a stranger. The past which the wise man said God had required, came up vividly and painfully in a succession of places hallowed by recollection, often generating holy emotions. Evil surely cannot attach to such moments. Sometimes and it was thus here—so near in my mind did bygone things seem to approach me, that I was almost incredulous as to the separation of the past from the present—could it be eternal. My heart seemed ready to break, until reason intruded and whispered the duty of resignation to the universal law. What consolation was that? There was no refuge save in the question. "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" Even to my vivacious and restless spirit, there was peace in this conclusion from one's own thoughts.

As I rambled over heaths, and near the verge of deserted ancient mines, there came to memory of the accidents that I had heard of in my youth. The stories of miners, who declared they had heard the cocks crowing in China, and voices that, at two hundred and forty fathoms deep, had warned them of the Lisbon earthquake, to which paying no attention by

going up "to grass,"\* thunder was heard beneath their feet, and the sides of the drivings (galleries) shook, to their great terror. Then we had visitation of spirits, which were universally credited, as well as omens and dreams. A man who had set out to return home, was one night missing. A second night came, and there was no appearance of him. Twenty descents were made into as many deserted mines, in vain. At last, one of his comrades dreamed that he had fallen into a particular shaft, which he named, and there his body was found, dreadfully mangled. A jury might, on circumstantial evidence, as justly have found the dreamer guilty of the murder, as it might find a man guilty of murder upon the evidence alone of medical men, on the symptoms exhibited in the act of dying, as described by second parties. People are prone to credit a probable falsehood sooner than an improbable truth.

A Mr. Chapman was proceeding homewards on horseback, attended by his servant. He had taken too much of "inspiring bold John Barleycorn," and perhaps the servant had followed the example of the master. They were sufficiently sensible to know that their horse-path lay among deserted mines, where a couple of yards off the road would plunge them down fathoms into the bowels of the earth. On each side was an open heath. It was dark. The master bade his servant dismount, and he followed the example, the servant going ahead as pioneer. Mr. Chapman must soon have got off the path. The servant went on, until, not hearing his master behind him, and shouting

\* The terms for going up to the surface of the ground above.

without a response, he thought he might have taken another way home. When he himself arrived there, he was surprised to learn that there were no tidings of his master. The horse his master led was found, in the morning, grazing near the spot where the servant imagined he had left him. A body of miners was at once assembled to descend the old mines in the vicinity, and they were thus employed in vain until four o'clock the next day, when one of the miners thought he heard a moaning sound ascend from a particular shaft, down which he was looking at the moment. He shouted, and a low desponding murmur was heard in reply. A man descended with a lanthorn, and there found the missing gentleman, secured him with ropes, and he was drawn up by the men above, without a broken bone or any serious injury, after seventeen hours of the most painful suspension between life and death. He had fallen fifteen fathoms, when his fall was suddenly arrested by a cross drift. Below this there was a farther descent to the level of water, many fathoms in depth. Thus he had remained on the cross piece of timber suspended over fathoms of water, amid horrible silence, without a hope of relief from his fellow men, fearful of slipping off his support and being drowned. He lived in good health many years afterward to tell this tale.

I have often wondered how I escaped some of those yawning gulfs when a boy, and visiting in the country, heedless where I ran. My mother, when young, was remarkably active and lively, and was nearly a victim to one of these accidents. One gate of her father's house opened upon the down I was now traversing.



Starting from her companions to evade observation, she ran as fast as she was able among the hillocks and heaps of heath-covered rubbish thrown out of the workings of a mine, the shafts of which had been deserted for half a century before. Not thinking of a forsaken shaft in her youthful heedlessness, she rushed on to the brink with too much rapidity to recoil, and had no choice left but to spring over it with her utmost strength. She succeeded and cleared the horrible gulf by a few inches only, the shaft being oblong, and she having the narrowest sides only to cross. About four feet by eight. She only said how thankful she ought to feel that her clothes were wide enough to permit her to leap so far! A man had been taken out of the same mine but a few days before, whose skin hung from his limbs torn by the rocky sides of the orifice, and sodden in the water at the bottom. The earth afterwards fell in funnel fashion around the mouth, in which state, as a boy, I used to tremble to look down into it. I found it now filled up, the surface levelled, and a smooth sod covering all, having been enclosed and the surface round it forming a green meadow. All the foregoing tale about it lives in my recollection, that only existing, it is probable, which retains this portion of its history—how many such histories exist among individuals, and how many have passed away. I should be charged with romancing in stating the foregoing facts to the present residents on the spot.

I prolonged my tour to what the great chymist, Humphrey Davy, called,

“The dark Bolerium seat of storms;”

vulgarly the Land's End, a grand spot, thrusting its granite front into the Atlantic. I visited the Lizard after ascending to the chair of St. Michael in Mount's Bay, in which I dared not sit, but ventured to stand a few moments. Many delicate females have sat in the seat of the archangel, which after all is no seat, but the remains of a gothic lanthorn which occupied the place of one of the pinnacles of the church tower. It is of granite three feet high, and no doubt once held a light which the charitable monks placed there as a guide to shipping. Let the half of a common lanthorn be supposed broken away longitudinally. Here it would be the external half. The place for the light or the bottom of the lanthorn is the pretended seat, the legs hanging down from the angle of the tower, which stands on the edge of a perpendicular rock at a great height above the sea breaking below. As the back part of the lanthorn remains, it being the part next the platform, those who sit in it must needs get round that part, kneel and turning from their kneeling position seat themselves as I have described. To get out of the seat again, they must repeat the process of getting upon their knees on the seat, and then on their feet with nothing of which to take hold, and the height over the thundering sea below quite sufficient to shake the strongest nerves. The sitter must then step in over the battlements, and so upon the tower platform. Yet the story that all who sit in that chair, if husbands, shall rule their wives, and *vice versa*, has made females risk themselves in an idle operation, which it makes me tremble to think upon. Beneath that fabled abode of the archangel, lived a family once dear to me, of which

I know not of one survivor. Their dwelling I have seen since, but it is tenanted by strangers, no one could imagine that a numerous family, more than commonly amiable and happy, had been born and passed out of the world there within a few years, and with them delightful remembrances—a painful event too commonly witnessed in life.

The Lizard, a noble promontory of beautiful serpentine rock, has double lighthouses, the first and last of England's main seen by the parting and returning vessel. Over the serpentine, and nowhere else in England, grows the beautiful variety of heath called *erica vagans*. There is some fine rocky scenery here where I luxuriated. Returning to the mining districts, I descended into an adventure of lead and silver, in which the vein of galena shone prettily by the candle light, the vein, about a foot square, being cut transversely. None of the mines here at all resemble coal mines. Coals lie in floors and may be worked out. The metallic veins run downward in branches, like the veins or arteries in the human body. Their depth is unknown, as they are only followed as far as it will pay the cost of draining off the water, and bringing the product to the surface. In seven years in the parish of Gwennap alone, copper had been raised to the value of £1,920,000. In 1827 no less than £357,000 value in copper and tin was raised in that parish alone. A depth of four times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral is nearly as far as the mines penetrate, or from a fourth to a third of one mile, and four thousand miles are required to reach the earth's centre. It is not the penetration of the eggshell in thickness compared to the

semi-diameter of the egg. The tin and copper mines do not exhibit anything worth the labour of the descent. With a felt hat on, flannel jacket, and two or three candles, one lighted, the ladder perpendicular to the walls, the mine is descended to a platform, where another ladder commences. Galleries branch off to the different veins wide enough for two men to pass each other. The mines are so deep in some places and the galleries so prolonged, that a miner will require the best part of an hour to descend and to come up. I was tired of the burrowing, and found the ascent of the ladders fatiguing enough. The workings and galleries in the Consolidated and United copper and tin mines extend sixty-three miles under ground, and employ three thousand two hundred persons. The timber used in the Cornish mines is Norwegian pine, of which trees of one hundred and twenty years' growth are required, and the annual consumption demands the growth of a hundred and forty square miles of Norway forest. I made numerous notes, since superseded by printed works upon the subject. I can only say that after my descent into the earth's entrails, it was most grateful to me to leave the heat below, and see the heaven again. So much for the metallic wealth near my birth-place.

I spent two or three days on my return with a family inhabiting a fine old place near Lestwithiel, called Pelyn. The lady of the house was in her eighty-sixth year, lively, good looking, full of information about old times, and in full possession of her intellects. She was the daughter of Humphrey Cotes, the friend of Wilkes, Beckford, Churchill, and Hogarth. She was pleased at finding I could converse a little about those whom she

had known personally so long before, though only through books. She had been in the ball-room in Bath with Pope, the lion of her girlish day, when she was then only sixteen or seventeen years of age. She recollected that he was a little ill-made man, upon whom the eyes of the company were turned. She had visited at Prior Park, but did not recollect Pope being there at the time. She asked me what I thought of the Chevalier d'Eon, who had died in Millman Street, four or five years ago, I think in 1810, and who had made so much noise in her time forty years before. She seemed surprized at the little interest I felt about the non-descript. She spoke much of Charles Churchill, who used to be frequently with her father. "Charles Churchill," she observed, "nobody could ever dream he was able to write such fine poetry, who knew him as well as I did. He was such a heavy, dull man. He had little to say in company. He often dined with my father, and had a great name with the players." Wilkes, she told me, generally came to her father's with Churchill, and he had all the conversation, having something to say to everybody and about everything, but he was so ugly. Charles Churchill, for so she always spoke of the poet, seemed to have had little power of impressing his friends with the idea of the talents he possessed from his personal bearing, nor was he much of a talker, although after dinner the visitors used to converse much over her father's wine. I found that Mrs. Kendal, for that was Miss Cotes' name by marriage, did not think much of her father's friend as a gentleman, though as a poet, the world, she said, was full of his praises. I told her I had read of her father in Wilkes'

correspondence. She mentioned that her father lived in St. Martin's Lane, when Wilkes made a noise all over the country; and observed that she had forgotten many things about her earlier days, because after her marriage and retirement into Cornwall, she met with few who knew or could talk about the characters that in London were once of so much interest. All she had known there, too, were now long dead, and she should be a stranger where she first drew breath. I encountered, a little man on this tour, whom I remembered in my boyhood. He was of a passionate disposition, persevering, and obstinate. He had a share in a mine which involved him in debt, but he would not part with it, because he had great faith in the adventure. He was sent to prison, but he would not resign the property. At length the concern which had wrecked him, turned round and became profitable. He got out of prison, having paid all his creditors, and realized besides one of those small competencies of which there are said to be more in Cornwall than in any other county of its size in the kingdom, from three to five thousand pounds each. He kept a farm for his amusement, much of which he had enclosed from the waste around, and although of little value, he extolled it highly, and boasted of his land in terms a little too exaggerated, while his disposition to inferiors was somewhat despotic. There was an old hare-finder, known to me in boyhood, a tall, gaunt man, one Abel George, attached to a neighbouring hunt called the Four Barrow. I met him on this tour, the last time I ever saw him, "Well, Abel, do you remember me?"

"O yes, very well."

"How does the Four Barrow Hunt go on now?"

"Bad enough; all the gentlemen you remember are moved away, or dead and gone. Mr. Vivian, Mr. Harry Vivian, Mr. Hussey Vivian, (afterwards Lord Vivian.)

"What news have you here—how goes on the mining!"

"Don't know much of that but I am all out with Mr. H. I was looking for a hare on his farm this morning, never thinking he was out of the town so early. So he says to me, 'what business have you here on my estate you scoundrel. Get off directly—come be off.' So I said, I be going as fast I can over your stony land—cost me a new pair of shoes before I get clear of it yet. I did not like to be called names."

This was true enough as to the character of the land, which its owner deemed of the first quality. Old Abel knew the little gentleman's weak side—abuse my land, abuse me.

"Get off you d—— rascal," said the little man, foaming with anger. "I'll send you to jail for trespass, I will."

"Then I hopes you'll give me a letter to commend me to your ould apartment there, for I have not got a single friend in the place," said old Abel walking off leisurely.

"You scoundrel, I'll send you to hell," rejoined the little man half-choked with rage.

"Then I'll tell your father for you," said Abel as he took a long stride to get clear out of the forbidden territory. He was a singular character, a great favourite with the hunt, and something of a knave. The magistrates and others that belonged to the Four Barrow

Hunt, were good honest country gentlemen, of urbane manners and much given to kindness. I see the hare-finder, Abel, among them now, as of old, round shouldered, with his pole in his hand.

I visited Plymouth, as I have mentioned before, remaining two or three days with Mr. John Collier, to whom I owed so many acts of kindness during my former residence there, he afterwards represented the town in parliament. I deeply respect his memory. He died possessed of great opulence at the age of eighty. I stayed a day or two at Taunton, with the proprietor of the paper, a hospitable and well-informed man. I remember we made an excursion to Ilminster. Dining at the inn there, and recollecting that the Duke of Monmouth a little more than a century before had made it his head-quarters, where, too, he had many followers, the conversation turned upon the difference between the inhabitants of most continental towns and those of England. Abroad, if an individual lived in a place famous for any historical event of moment, it was known to the inhabitants rich or poor, though ignorant of general history, and in other respects no better informed than the people of this country. My friend was of an opposite opinion. The Duke of Monmouth had made the town his head-quarters, after landing—that could not well be forgotten. Here is the waiter, I will ask about it.

“Pray did the Duke of Monmouth take up his quarters here, after he landed at Lyme, before the battle of Sedgemoor?”

“I don't know, Sir, I will ask my master.” The master and mistress did not know anything about the



Duke of Monmouth. I had not disputed about the superior intelligence of any class in or out of England, but simply of what was local in its nature. Thus at Rouen, every inhabitant knows it was the birth-place of Corneille, and that poor Joan of Arc was burned there. Jean Hachette is well known at Beauvais to have been its heroine. In England, there is no feeling for such reminiscences, except among well-educated persons. Abroad it is believed among the masses, that important events and being the birth-place of a great man confer honour on a locality. It is not so in England.

I visited Burton Pynsent and the column erected by Lord Chatham to the memory of Sir William Pynsent, who left the great minister the estate. The *late* Lord Chatham as he was nick-named, because when Master of the Ordnance he came to his daily duties when most people began to think about leaving theirs—the hero, too, of the Walcheren expedition, gambled away this estate, left a precious legacy to his father. The column would have gone too, and been pulled down for the materials had not a private subscription been made to purchase that, and the ground on which it stands, under the auspices of some of the neighbouring gentlemen. This is all remaining on that spot of the name or family of the greatest of England's statesmen.

The Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte had arrived in the 'Bellerophon,' while I was at the Lands' End. Not thinking he would remain more than twenty-four hours I did not deem it worth while to go to Plymouth at a hazard. That he was transferred to the 'Northumberland,' I did not know. The 'Northumberland' contained officers of my acquaintance, that would have given me

facilities for seeing this great man. Some of the commanders of other vessels in attendance were well known to me—among them was Lillicrap of the 'Eurotas.'

Lillicrap, who, like too many of that time, imagined because hatred to Bonaparte was carefully inculcated by church and state, that he was the beast with seven heads, and ten horns mentioned in scripture, and that all to be superlatively loyal could never abuse him enough in society. Lillicrap declared he detested the fellow, he held him in contempt, and what not.

"Why Lillicrap, you do not mean all this, it is impossible."

"It is true I vow to heaven."

"Nonsense, Lillicrap, if Napoleon came into this room now, you would bow to him—if your hat were on your head, you would take it off."

"Not I, to such a fellow, you mistake me—you do not know your man."

It was singular that the first boats ordered to attend the removal of Napoleon from the 'Bellerophon' to the 'Northumberland,' were those of the 'Eurotas.' Lillicrap mounted to the quarter-deck of the 'Bellerophon,' with two or three of his brother officers, he being foremost. No sooner was he on the deck, where Napoleon stood, than his hat was in his hand before the Emperor's, the first of the party. When the ceremony was over, and they had returned on shore, some of them dining with Mr. Collier that day, and the commander of the 'Eurotas' among them, the question was put,

"Why, Lillicrap, you were the first to salute Bonaparte, to-day—how was that, after what you said."

“I don’t know how it was—but when I saw him before me, to save my soul I could not help it—my hat got into my hands—I do not know how it got there.”

Such was the moral influence of the great man’s presence. A still more remarkable trait of the power of Napoleon over minds, in no way likely to be influenced by any other consideration than the momentary impression, who had never heard of Marengo, Austerlitz, or Eylau, was exhibited by a young female on seeing him. I cannot well place it on record. Such instances are but a part of that natural superiority which strong-minded men and their actions produce upon the small actors on the stage of life. All, more or less, feel the influence of greatness of character.

I was taking leave of the West, and was walking with a lady in a garden on one side of her house, laughing at something she said, when she changed the topic, and struck down my momentary hilarity by pointing out a green and flourishing sprig of a tree, which she remarked to me my mother had planted there a year or two before, adding the remark she had made, that when they saw that sprig, it might recal her to their recollection. It was a yard high, green and flourishing. Where was the planter, while the frail twig was full of life and vigour !

How hast thou fallen while thy green oaks stand ?

said a poet to his depressed country. It was the same kind of sentiment I felt at that moment. My mind was no longer levigated. I hurried my departure, longing to be away from a spot I have never seen again

—to be where all should be new to me. I loved my mother intensely. “I have discovered a thing very little known,” says the poet Gray, “which is that in one’s whole life, one can never have any more than a single mother.” Obvious it may be, trite—but how true! The scenes of youth revisited, many altered and strange faces there did not affect me so much as the recollection of both does now, because I see them, as they were, in the mirror of memory, every old portrait in its place, every character in wonted action, which the real scene cannot exhibit. Oh! that inexorable time!

I prepared to leave London, after a short visit to Brighton. The blood that saturated the clay-field of Waterloo was scarcely cold. The continent had exchanged one tyranny for another, far more contemptible—tyranny without talent. The time had arrived to cross the channel. I had completed a tale called “The Exile.” I left it with a friend to get published; he died, and with him perished the only copy of my work, lost with some other papers by his executors. Returning three years afterwards, I could get no tidings of it. I was disheartened, I never attempted to re-write it. The labour bestowed upon it went to the waste of life.

It cost an entire day to reach Dover from London over the dearest road in England, because most travellers and strangers arrived that way from the continent. It was cold weather. I mounted the coach, and had for a companion in front, a fine fellow of a seaman, who had been pressed into the navy, and so ill-used that he was going away with a resolution never to return home again, but to serve any foreign state. I was sorry to

learn that he had served in the 'Eurotas.' I never heard any complaints of Lillicrap, but it might have been before his appointment to that vessel. I did not ask, because I did not wish to know. I see from some notes written at the time, that I met a number of convalescents wounded, just coming from Waterloo. Some belonged to the Blues. At Canterbury, we took up a serjeant. He told me his squadron charged four times. Our light dragoons were good for nothing. The French cuirassiers, he thought, were much too heavy for their horses, taking their complete equipment. The horses wanted power. The men were fine. He saw none that were not better men than himself, and far beyond what he expected to see. He was himself a fine likely fellow.

We reached Dover about nine o'clock just eleven hours travel from London. My luggage was sent to the custom-house to be searched, the real object being to extort a fee. A mob of hungry porters surrounded us like flesh-flies, patronized by the corporation. I paid half-a-crown, a town fee, for a board to cross from the shore to the packet—it was the custom. There were all sorts of claims, now mercifully swept away, thanks to an improved condition of things. The wind being contrary all the next day, I scrambled to the Castle, looked at Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol as every body else did, and for Calais towers, and met parties of the 9th, 27th, and 40th regiments. Afterwards, I visited the Shakespear cliff, and trod the disagreeable pebbly beach, dirty with chalk. Then to the inn and played backgammon to beguile the time. The wind blew a gale when I went on board. We took over despatches for the

Duke of Wellington. What days of misery were spent in those sailing packets. A single cabin, beds in tiers, male and female in confusion together. I remember an elephantine dame on a sofa, much resembling Etna when the mountain has the heart-burn and can no longer be restrained by the sons of Vulcan. At the maternal side sat a slim young lady, not at all affected by the sea, her eyes fixed upon a youth in a gay uniform, sprawling in not a most fitting condition on the cabin floor. A youth tailored into a soldier, fresh from the maternal arms, and now the war was over, going to join his corps.

These and similar scenes in a cabin over-crammed, so that there was no moving without trampling upon the prostrate, even the floor occupied, induced me to look out for some more comfortable berth. What a blessed invention was steam, if it were only for crossing the channel. The deck was too cold to remain there. We had been out five hours, and were not making towards the French coast that I could discover. I found a place at last, near the cabin door, where lay a large coil of rope, over which I spread a boat cloak, wrapped myself up as well as I could, and ordered some hot brandy-and-water and biscuit. I did not stir until we found ourselves, after thirteen hours had elapsed, about a mile from Boulogne, near a circular wooden fort built upon piles in the sea, beyond low water mark. The artillery of this fort had kept our cruisers at a respectful distance during the latter preparations of the flotilla for the invasion of England. It cost two millions of francs, but was subsequently demolished by order of the French government. I was glad to enter the Hotel

de Londres, kept by a certain lively Frenchman, named Boutour.

How different from the present time was then a visit to France. All was novel and exciting. After twenty years of war, France had become a new country to Englishmen. It had cost me, including the time I was detained at Dover, three entire days to reach Boulogne. A day was lost there, the morning being devoted to passing a trunk or two through the custom-house. It was noon, there was no help for it, when, with a friend, I engaged a vehicle for Rouen, to which place we were to travel *en voiture* the next day, that mode affording leisure and ease. It cost us about ten-pence per mile. I strolled to the heights, examined the unfinished column of the unfinished invasion, and glanced at some mischiefs inflicted by our shells. In one case, I came across the ruins of a bakehouse, into the oven of which a thirteen inch shell from one of our vessels had fallen and exploded, scattering the dinners of the poor people far and wide, and killing fourteen persons, soldiers and others, who had assembled there in expectation of carrying home the materials of the meal, in which they were never destined to share.

The next day, proceeding viâ Montreuil and Neufchâtel, I encountered a part of the army of occupation, about twenty-seven miles from Boulogne. The troops were English dragoons, with some of the German Legion. The whole force here in the north mustered a hundred and fifty thousand men.

We halted at the Tête de Bœuf at Montreuil. A heaped up fire of fir cones gave out a fragrant warmth. The master of the inn, eighty-six years old, was an

intelligent man of his class. He had weathered the storm of the Revolution on the same spot. He remembered entertaining Sterne there for several days, and was proud of relating the circumstance, and showing the room and place where Sterne had sat writing. The active manager of the inn at that time, was a female, a Madame Leroy, a relative of the landlord. She had a son, an intelligent youth, almost twelve years of age. The little cunning fellow told me he loved the English, because they had brought back their lawful king !

"Then you must love Russians and Prussians, too."

"O, no, they robbed us of everything—your soldiers paid for all they had."

I found that the Russians were much more liked than the Prussians. They complained that the allied armies made the fuel dear. The English kept large fires, and though they paid, wood was rendered scarce. The conduct of Wellington, in suffering no wrong when active hostilities ceased, won much good-will from the people. Upon some of the houses where the Russians had been quartered, the uncouth characters of their names remained chalked upon the doors on the outside from the year before. The names of British officers and soldiers were chalked up in the same manner. As I passed through Abbeville, the girls were playing at battledore and shuttlecock in the street. Calling for a bottle of champagne, they said it was doubtful if one was to be had, the English officers drank it before, with, and after dinner. They brought one at last, which they said they believed was the only one to be had in the city.



I found the scarcity of men and horses, particularly of the latter, much spoken about. The loss in Russia had been enormous, not including those in subsequent battles. The horses were taken from the innkeepers to mount the cavalry; hundreds of such were in the fight of Waterloo, wholly untrained to the service. Speaking of Rouen, I saw afterwards numbers of those who had been mutilated by the Russian frost. No battle-wounds could make men half as ghastly. Denuded of noses and lips. Some without eyelids, others like grinning skulls, exhibiting the teeth without integument to cover them. Fingers, feet, and toes were frequently missing, fingers, particularly of the right hand. Never did nature appear more hideous than with these poor sufferers. Of three men who drove me from Boulogne to Rouen, two had been engaged at Waterloo. One of the postillions, a merry fellow, with features as long and sharp as decorated the visage of the lover of the *Dulcinea del Toboso*, said he thought himself lucky in getting away with a whole skin.

"Many, many, fell of my countrymen as well as yours," and he shrugged his shoulders. "I was in the rear when the battle began, but I soon got into the front from filling up the gaps in the line, made by the dead and wounded. Many of my comrades had never before been in battle, and became unsteady, some, at the commencement, shewing marks of fear, and giving their officers trouble enough to keep them in the line. When there happened to be an old regiment near to serve as an example, they did better, but our raw soldiers did not do as they ought."

He soon broke off his tale of the war to relate a

love story. He had been cruelly treated by the lady, and declared himself inconsolable. Evidently without thought of the morrow, he shifted the subject from one topic to another, like a schoolboy of fourteen on a holiday. Happy temperament! What is gravity, deep-thinking, and care, but

“Heavier toil, superior pain!”

I was struck with the name when we passed the forest of Crecy. Here two days before an English commissary attached to the army had been murdered and robbed. Patrols of mounted gendarmerie were every moment encountered. The care of the peace of the district was entirely in the hands of the French military police, and not of the allied armies.

While journeying towards the old capital of Normandy, I heard that Louis XVIII., or Louis le Cochon, as the Bonapartists called him in derision of his eating propensities, had just prohibited the introduction into France of our newspapers. This was in unison with his subsequent conduct. It was reported, that when placed upon the throne he ought never to have occupied, he did not even condescend to repay England the large sum advanced to him, to enable him to enter France. Charles X. in like manner is said not to have paid the debts he incurred when a refugee in Edinburgh. Such were the men whom the Duke of Brunswick set out for Paris to replace on the throne, and was ignominiously driven back, and whom England entered upon a twenty years' war to serve.

After passing through Blangy and its forest to

Neufchâtel, the clear trout streams around the last mentioned place attracted my attention, a most inviting spot for the devotees of old Isaac Walton. Renowned for small cheeses, less than a tea-cup in size, as its namesake in Switzerland is renowned for large, one of the old French ministers being in the Norman town, was so delighted with the flavour of these productions, that he wrote from Paris ordering a stock of several hundred to be sent to him, as they grew better for keeping, but misdirected his letter. Great was his surprise one day at seeing a number of large wag-gons draw up at his door, and to be told that his cheeses were come from Neufchâtel. Unluckily they were the Swiss kind, which had travelled all the way from Swiss-Prussian canton to add to the variety of his table. From their great size his hotel could hardly contain them. How the affair was finally arranged was not said, but no doubt the Swiss had the best of it. None but a Yankee or the devil, outwits a Swiss in a bargain, fully justifying the old French proverb. "If a Swiss jump out of a three pair of stairs window, don't hesitate, something is to be got by it; follow him!"

I found at one place that the porter at the hotel had been beaten by an English dragoon, to whom he refused entrance at a late hour. I asked why he did not complain to the man's commanding officer, and he would have got redress. The poor fellow replied that the troops marched early the next day, and it was of no use. It was the only instance I ever heard of any complaint against the English. The porter was acting in pursuance of his duty. Here as well as elsewhere they gave the English due praise. At Blangy an old woman, keeper

of an auberge told me she had forty English dragoons on her premises for two months, and she lost nothing. The Russians took what they wanted, but the Prussians destroyed, and wasted what they could not use, the poor suffering fearfully. Every where the last bore an ill-name, and I believe deservedly. A conscript told me that he escaped wounded from Waterloo, into a wood some distance away, and could go no farther. A British dragoon saw his miserable state, made him mount behind him, and conveyed him to a place of safety.

"Had a Prussian found me," he said, "he would have sabred me, wounded and helpless as I was," he could never forget the kindness he received. He told me that the new conscripts had not time to learn how to put on their accoutrements before they marched to the field, thus confirming what I had been told before. Many did not like the noise of the artillery. Their drink was generally wine or water on a campaign, but brandy was now served out to them instead, and many took so much they dashed on heedless of danger.

Neufchâtel, though a poor town in those days, had a mean looking inn externally, but within there were good wines, excellent cookery, and clean and comfortable beds. Just opposite my window, a ruined convent was the only dilapidated place of the kind I had yet seen. I had passed through the forest of Blangy before entering the town. The forest was three or four miles across, and when about half way through, it formed a kind of amphitheatre of trees, with eight directing posts leading away by as many divergent avenues. Woodmen were at work, the smoke of their fires

curling up among the trees, and the sound of the axe alone breaking the sweet tranquillity that reigned around. It was a beautiful sylvan scene, quite new to me.

I met a cotton manufacturer at the inn, who came from Rouen. I found the cotton manufacture was doing well, and that there were many English workmen. I told him that we did but little with the hand compared to what we did with steam power, working a large extent of machinery, by which we were enabled to manufacture cheaper, an advantage arising from our coal and steam-engines. I heard here, for the first time, that they had coal in Normandy, but that the habits of the people were opposed to risking their capital in working it. He said he did not at all dislike the English people, and hoped there would be no more war, for which he said, he could see no reason, and then he added with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I do not see how we can go to war, you have got all our cannon."

I found rich corn land most of the way. Orchards too abounded. The country increased in interest after leaving Neufchâtel. Normandy far exceeded my expectations, the land was well farmed, in some places lime was seen, in others stable dressing. The ploughs, though uncouth enough in appearance, appeared to do their work well. I speak of forty years ago. The harness, the harrows, and carts to be sure, were divertingly heavy and awkward. For iron work they seemed a century behind us. On descending a steep hill, I saw a waggoner unloose all his horses but one out of six. He then hooked five behind, and they exerted themselves to retard the waggon in place of a

drag going down hill, the animals clearly understanding what they were about. I must confess, I liked to see those vast sweeps of corn land, and roadside apple trees, studded with islands of arborage having a farm-house in the centre. Before entering the Norman city, for several miles, the châteaux stood at the road sides, the summer retreats of the merchants and manufacturers. They were mostly shut up as if their owners had retired to the town to pass the winter.

The view of the most faithful of his cities, as Richard Cœur de Lion called it, I thought imposing from the Amiens road, the more so as I had never anticipated it. The Seine is indeed a lovely river, running along the chord of the fine crescent beneath, and studded with green islands, bright as so many emeralds. Crossing the Boulevards, I alighted at the Hotel de France, Rue de Carmes, kept by a M. Marc, a host having a very good opinion of himself—*c'est moi*. The next day I got a lodging in the Boulevard Cauchoise, an agreeable site, very different from the dingy narrow streets of the older parts of the city.

There was little prejudice visible against the English. If the feeling existed in some, which can hardly be doubted, it was repressed by the civil manner of the larger number. I encountered in "M. Pomme de Terre," or "M. Godam," all the insult I ever received, and that did not occur half a dozen times. The country people displayed much kindness, and were often not sparing of their hospitality. This might have been owing to the conduct of the British troops as contrasted with that of their allies, but it is only fair to remark that it was displayed in places where the foot of the

British soldier had never trod. The people declared they were tired of war. Both nations seemed as if they felt a desire to know something more of each other. Some English crossed the water, and got no farther than Calais, others reached Abbeville, and returned home full of complaints of the state of things in France, which had the sin of differing from that to which alone they had been accustomed. The Duke of Wellington's arrival in Paris, with every means at his command for speed, occupied nearly forty hours. Thus the rate of travelling now and at that time may be tested. I met no travelling Englishmen on the road. They generally took the broadest, shortest and most frequented way, in order to 'see the country,' being always in a hurry. A brother of the poet Campbell superintended a manufactory at Rouen, but I did not know this until I had quitted the city.

Rambling along the fine quay on the bank of the Seine, I observed a news-room or estaminet open. One person there was an Englishman. He proved to be Mr. Roper Curzon afterwards Lord Teynham. He had taken a house there for his family, and had lived unmolested with all his children except his eldest son, during Napoleon's Hundred Days after the return from Elba. I found few or no English had arrived in the city recently, except Sir Henry Blackwood, so well known in our naval annals. He did not like a large manufacturing place, and quitted for Paris. I heard many stories of the insolence of the Prussians while in Rouen. They kept guns on the quay loaded, and matches lighted. If an unlucky Frenchman came too near an artilleryman, the latter would give him a kick

and bid him get out of the way, in his German jargon. The barriers were occupied by Prussian troops. One of the officers quartered himself in a fine house in the Boulevards, belonging to a single lady. He took possession of the best rooms, in which he received his dirty men on all occasions. He made the servants wait upon him, and if they did not bring what he wanted, though he could only converse by signs, he smashed an expensive mirror with his cane, or knocked a glass chandelier to pieces. The poor lady was kept in continual fear. The faithless Prussians well merited all they got from the French in return for the duplicity of their perfidious court, both towards England and France, prior to the battle of Jena.

M. Marc, the hotel keeper, died soon after I was domiciled. He once charged six francs for mutton chops at breakfast. On remonstrating, he said he should not charge his own countrymen so much, but the English generally paid what he asked. I begged in future he would consider me a Frenchman. His table-d'hôte was excellent. He used to divide a turkey athwart with one movement of the knife, and send one of the halves to the other end of the table. I could never discover how he managed the matter so dexterously. I believe his talents were concentrated in that solitary operation.

Two royalist officers whom I met at dinner, had both been emigrants. One of them was busy in raising a regiment for the service of Louis XVIII. He belonged to the cavalry, and had brought over eighty fine English horses, having grooms of the same country. Both were gentlemanly men, but could not tolerate



Napoleon. I used to annoy them by speaking of his great talents. They admitted he was a man of some ability, but he could not be a legitimate monarch—he was a usurper like our Cromwell.

“You must admit that Cromwell was a most useful man to his country,” I observed.

“They would admit no such thing. No one had a right to oppose those set over them by God.”

“Why then, gentlemen, the larger part of your countrymen must be reprobate; they were attached to Bonaparte.”

“We do not say that; it was a misfortune.”

“But, if divine authority appointed monarchs, it must have appointed the first king of France, and of all countries. I believe that

*‘Le premier des rois fut un soldat heureux.’*

We must go to the origin of things.”

“And what happens without divine permission? The first of kings must have been appointed of God, or he could not have reigned.”

“True,” I replied, “and the second too. Napoleon, emperor of France, must have been equally appointed of God, or he could not have reigned.”

They were a little staggered by this, and in reply, said he could not have been legitimate if he did reign. I replied, in that case, “illegitimacy was sanctioned as well as legitimacy.”

“O!” they replied, “we see you are one of the philosophers, and acknowledge no legitimate authority.”

“Not so, gentlemen, I bow to reason, not tradition.”

“Then you are not a Catholic—one of our church.”

"I am not ; but I respect all creeds."

"No, no, that cannot be, if you are of none yourself."

"The very reason why I am the more impartial judge. No creed tolerates another while it is avoidable ; look at the history of France !"

When we met afterwards, these officers were always polite in conversation ; but I could see I was down in the scale of their good opinion. Never, surely, were there such unmitigable bigots as the Bourbons and their supporters.

I visited, several times, the theatre of the native city of the great Corneille. I traced historically and locally the footsteps of our forefathers in the older edifices, and was presented with a sketch of the old fort erected by Henry V., destroyed a few years before to make room for barracks. I explored the antiquities since rendered so familiar by tourists, such as St. Maclou, the Abbey of St. Ouen, and the cathedral. I grieved, in the stillness of the night, over the fate of la Pucelle, at the foot of her statue. Examined the fountain of the Stone Cross, the Abbey of Jumièges, and the amphitheatre of Lillebonne, taking notes of things since become more familiar. I made nearly all my excursions on foot, sometimes walking for seven or eight successive hours.

There, too, I heard a tribute of praise paid to my countrymen. When forty thousand of the allied troops, with corresponding artillery, entered the city, the mayor who was a staunch Bonapartist, declared he should never forget the honourable conduct of the English to the citizens. If a pound of meat more than

the supply ordered to be furnished by the city was weighed out, it was always sent back. Nothing violent marked the steps of our soldiers on the march. Though all hostilities had ceased, the Prussians stole poultry, eggs, and similar things, from the poorest cottagers—all, in fact, they could lay their hands upon, and that too when fully supplied by the proper authorities. The populace showed their feeling towards the Prussians most unequivocally; and blood would have been shed but for the activity and incessant watchfulness of the police in keeping order. One specimen of John Bullism I cannot forget. An English dragoon, on guard at his officer's quarters near the Place de la Pucelle, was insulted by a carter smacking his whip at him, under the idea that the soldier could not move from his post. Depositing his sword and gloves in the sentry-box, the dragoon went up to the fellow, and gave him a severe drubbing with his fists, and then resumed his duty. The people wondered he did not punish the affront with the flat of his sabre. The story flew all over the city. The boys came up squaring their fists in a ludicrous way, "Vous boxie, Monsieur Anglais."

The Duke de Castries was at this time governor, a returned emigrant, and a polished man of the true Bourbon school—one who as Dumouriez said, would have thought all France ruined if an individual came to court with ribbon in place of buckles in his shoes. He was not popular, but then Rouen was not much attached to the dynasty just restored. The citizens said they had had enough of blood and enough of the Bourbons. They wanted to follow their occupations in

peace, being as tired of Napoleon's wars as of the pretensions of those of whose rule they had still too many ineradicable and painful recollections. This feeling was deep-rooted. There was no equality of class with the Bourbons as under Bonaparte. This alone was sufficient in memory to make the Bourbon race hateful. The citizens boasted of their Corneilles, Fontenelles, Bocharts, and other great men ; but the breed seemed extinct among the Rouenese when I sojourned there. Cotton manufactures are not an atmosphere congenial to art or genius. The air is too heavy to permit the heaven-gifted spirit to pierce through the denseness into the region of light and glory that can alone sustain them.

I saw the tomb of Agnes Sorel, of which some sacrilegious hand had shaped out a balcony, having stolen it from the Abbey of Jumièges. It bore the date 1449. How little in the character of good taste to carry from its resting-place the memento of the Gentile Agnès."

At Molineux, above the village of Bailly, stood the Château of Robert le Diable. There were still subterraneous passages extant communicating with the cliffs at the side of the Seine. There was then, too, the agreeable park of Belbœuf situated on a hill, with extensive gardens and fine forest scenery, about a league on the east of the city. Excursions in the vicinity will ever be the most pleasing amusements of those who sojourn in Rouen. There was a General Knowles, an Englishman, who lived in a château near Duclair, a village on the Seine, the scenery round which was delightful.

My notes on Normandy would be antique to Englishmen of the present day. The same remark will

apply to the institutions, but I cannot omit the pleasure I derived, almost daily, from access to the fine library in the Abbey of St. Ouen, or from exploring the churches, from thirty-seven, once filled with lazy ecclesiastics, now reduced to twelve Catholic and one Protestant. Besides the thirty-seven churches, there were seventeen chapels, seven hospitals, five lazarettoes, and forty-eight monasteries or convents, to eighty thousand souls, a goodly proportion of Levites. One church was used as a smithery, another as a foundry, and a third, became a diligence receptacle. The painted glass windows, some richly painted too, remained most of them in their places, and the hammer resounded or carriage rolled over inscribed gravestones. It was painful but right, for an overgorging religion must be medicined, or it will eat up its supporters. St. Ouen's Abbey, afterwards applied to municipal purposes, contained, before the revolution, the following precious relics, of which the list was given me with the assurance of its accuracy. The 'Times' paper, in a leading article, called the Mohammedans of the East 'Pagans.' Now if there be any creed free from the taint of idolatry, and image, or symbol worship, it is that of Mahomet. The Mosaic was not more inimical to idolatry. Christianity, as it was promulgated by its founder, was not more so. Mahomet was an impostor, but the faith he founded is not Paganism. Half of those who call themselves Christians, bow down to images and pictures, and are much more of Pagans. These trumpery objects of sacred regard, to which I allude, a Mahommedan would have scorned as superstitious fooleries. A bit of the Holy Cross set in gold—a piece of the basin in which Christ washed the feet of his

disciples—a piece of the column to which Our Saviour was bound—a part of the sponge used by Our Saviour—a stone, part of Calvary, where Christ was crucified—the bones of St. Anne and St. George—the top of the rod of Moses—the head of St. Benite, one of the eleven thousand virgins—the hand of St. Sebastian—some relics of the four Evangelists, and other trumpery. The Huguenots scattered them, but they were replaced and not utterly destroyed till 1793.

There was an excellent collection of paintings here, but some of the best had been carried to Paris, to fill up the vacancies left on the walls of the Louvre by the Restoration of those taken off by the allies.

An English commissary on half-pay, who had not been in France before, made Rouen in his tour, coming from Dieppe. Like most of his countrymen, the first wine he called for was champagne. The weather was hot, the wine agreeable, and one bottle did not suffice. Intoxication from the gas in this wine, though its effects are more transient, is much more violent than that from alcohol alone. He went intoxicated to the theatre, and seeing a box nearly empty, though told it belonged to the governor, forced his way into it. An aide-de-camp, who occupied it, remonstrated and opposed his entrance. He was knocked down for his pains. Two or three gendarmes came to the rescue, and the offender not without difficulty, was lodged in prison. By the interference of his countrymen, the authorities permitted him to be released on giving security to the extent of seventeen hundred francs to stand his trial. The money was duly lodged, but the culprit preferred forfeiting his cash to taking his trial, and bolted off to

England, not to visit France again in a hurry. I went to the prison, and a miserable place it was. There were then but too many such disgraceful examples shown by Englishmen.

After six months' residence, it was requisite for my objects that I should be nearer the French capital. I visited Elbœuf and its manufactories, pleasantly situated at an elbow of the river Seine, flowing down from Pont l'Arche, renowned in the time of Henry IV. I visited the Convent of Les Deux Amants, and the Château of Pont St. Pierre, the last famous for its connection with Gabrielle d'Estrées. I passed a couple of days in the two Andelys, situated close to a beautiful sweep of the Seine at the foot of some chalk hills, no great way from Vernon sur Seine, where the first vines appear, and a meagre produce is obtained. Unless in a fine season, it is no better than an ordinary *ordinaire*.

While here I had news of Sheridan's death. It struck me like the removal of an old landmark. His name I had heard spoken of as well as his eloquent speeches before I could know their merits—even before I could read them. When I heard him speak subsequently, I was delighted, so ready and eloquent, so much to the point. He used to visit the Northumberland coffee-house, which stood near where Wyld, the mapseller lives now, and I often went there to take a glass of wine. Not formally introduced, it was enough to make his acquaintance, to join in conversation with a friend of his, whom I knew, and thus slide into it. The papers had been rendering certain stories of his pecuniary difficulties. On one occasion, I wrote the following, which was put into his hands, not knowing the author—

Sheridan our pity's given that thou  
Art not more wealthy if less witty,  
Though then alas ! but few had gain'd  
And thousands must have had our pity.

Mike Kelly, whose manners were so much after the taste of that time as those who knew him many years after Sheridan's death can vouch, was an enthusiastic trumpeter of Sheridan's virtues and defects, and had a complete collection of anecdotes about him. The portraits in the magazines of Sheridan in his earlier or middle life, bear no resemblance to him at the period I first saw him. Rowlandson and Dighton hit him off well in their caricatures, with his rubicund visage, flushed nose, and a cast of feature which spoke of his resolute convivialities, and obliterated the expression which won the heart of Miss Linley. He was wonderfully quick at repartee, despite Moore's statement that he prepared so much of it beforehand. Neither Pitt nor Fox could move the passions of their auditors like Sheridan. His voice, in his addresses to the electors in Covent Garden, I think I should recognize even now, if I were blindfolded.

I was on the point of removing to Gisors, when I received a letter from my old friend Demaria at Naples, whom I have mentioned as making one of the party on many of our excursions with Turner. He always thought he should prefer the sunny clime of Italy to that of England, and at last took up his abode there. He detailed his adventures in the following letter, in which his allusions to Englishmen picture the time.



Naples, 1816.

" My dear Redding,

" You can little imagine the pleasure your letter gives me, dated Rouen, February 17. The best way to answer your letter is to give you my history.

\* \* \* \* \*

" Now you shall hear of myself, and wherefore and why at Naples.

" A singing chevalier in London, of whom I think you have heard, the Chevalier de Canea, a man protected by the Prince Regent, wished to be made consul at Nice. He spoke to Lord Castlereagh and Lady Castlereagh, for whom he used to sing. He prayed to be sent to Nice, knowing there was nothing to do. It was settled he should go. The said Chevalier promised I should act as vice-consul, as I knew the two or three languages requisite, and had some idea of business. He told me it was a *great* port, with a considerable trade. Intoxicated with the idea, I foolishly accepted his offer, and away we drove to Turin and Nice, a small pretty town, thirteen miles from Antibes, and three only from the Var, dividing Piedmont from France, the port about the size of an English horse-pond, almost all the vessels feluccas of fifteen or twenty tons burthen. A vessel of a good size seldom enters, a very large merchantmen cannot, a poor prospect of making a fortune. However, being in another's house and table, my expences were not considerable. I was determined to try what my income might be. Nice is recommended by the faculty in pulmonary cases, and the English are very partial to the climate. It is a

perpetual spring, summer, or autumn. We arrived on the first of October, and in the course of a little time, to pass the winter, came Lord and Lady Sandwich, Lord and Lady Glenbervie, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lady Charlotte Campbell, and names enough to fill up the side of my paper, but of no use to me.

"The winter was delightful—dinners, balls among the English every night, and the Piedmontese nobility, by the by, a set of poor contemptible, intriguing tricksters, were often invited to the balls, and musical parties. Your humble servant did not pass unnoticed, in consequence of his ability in the French and Italian languages, and when it was known that I could draw a little, I was looked upon as a white wonder. I drew for one, sketched for another, walked and talked 'sighed and looked, and sighed again.'

"I think I see you laugh, as of old, at supposing me in love, but if you knew me better, you would know that has been my case for the last twenty-five years, particularly with every 'pretty' woman, and I hope to continue the same for three hundred years to come, but to return. One Sunday evening, I think the 5th of March, (about this time twelvemonth) several vessels were seen passing the town of Nice, and the next morning the country people bringing their oil and wine to the market, raised a hue and cry 'Bonaparte is landed with twelve hundred men!' It caused as much surprize at Nice as it did in London, or anywhere else, but the consternation and confusion amongst the English was wholly indescribable. Every day and hour they greedily swallowed the news of his progress. His having had a battle, wherein he was routed the next day

was certain—the next day he was slain, they only waited to hail, as the saviour of the world, the courier that would confirm the news. Intelligence really did come that Bonaparte had fled in disguise, and that two thousand out of the twelve hundred he had brought with him, were either taken, slain or fled, the remainder seeking a passage through the mountains! If they could not succeed, as the Niceards were sure they could not get through the mountains, then they must march back again to the Island of Elba—they were all anxiously expecting to see them, either walk across the sea, or brought to Nice dead or alive. They found at last that Bonaparte had entered Paris, and their surprise was over—then they discovered that the climate of Nice, all at once got too hot for them, and I was busily employed in getting feluccas, or anything else that would secure their departure for Genoa. They all left, and I an Englishman, could not stay at Nice, having nothing to do. The consul was the first to hurry his own departure, the most ignorant, contemptible, singing prig I ever met with or anybody else; a fellow full of pride and conceit, a consul who did not know what a bale of goods was from a cobbler's green bag—the case with many of our consuls, I fear. Some of the English gentlemen told him it was his duty to see the English all safe before he went, that if he dared to go away, they would instantly inform the ambassador at Turin. This stopped him. A gentleman of Yorkshire, named D—, with a large family, who came to Nice for his son's health, entreated I would go with them to Genoa. I joined their party. We rode across the mountains, and arrived safe. It is

a most beautiful city, with a great deal of traffic. The Pope was there, the King of Sardinia, the Queen of Etruria, Lord William Bentinck, &c. After the fêtes and ceremonies were over, the English went, some to England, others to Switzerland, and here and there. The D—s went to Switzerland. I began to reflect I was a tolerable Italian—I must see this famous Italy.

“I went to Rome, but it is modern not ancient Rome. You see thousands of fat, contented, ignorant priests and monks, a few palaces, which occupy much ground, a number of ‘things’ called ‘princes,’ few gentlemen, and hundreds of poor wretches called ‘Romans!’ After enjoying myself there as much as I could, I thought I might as well go on and see Naples, a hundred and fifty miles further. Something might be done there in a sea-port town. I should have told you that this is no longer the country of the arts and sciences, though pride makes a love of them be affected. From my experience, I could get more by selling fat brawn, than by all the finest pictures that could be painted for a century, or by writing the most meritorious work, unless I were taken very strongly by the hand. ‘Ask Turner or Redding if I am not right?’ I think I am. Now I am still at Naples, without friends or fortune. I had a few letters of introduction to some noblemen at Naples, from princes and dukes at Rome.”

These letters enabled my old friend to become a monied agent, by a special permission of Ferdinand II., and there he has continued to reside, if alive. The appointment of the squeaking consul by Lord Castlereagh, out of gratitude for the assistance he afforded

to that nobleman in his glee singing, was not without precedents and sequents. That appointment might tally with some others which could be mentioned. It is true, one of these gentry was manufactured out of a horse by a Roman emperor. If we have selected more ignoble animals for such offices, we have not yet seen our parliament convened to decide on the disposal of a first-rate turbot, as was done in the good old times.

I have spoken of the town of Pont l'Arche and Les Deux Amants, the former a rustic-looking country place, reached by a fine bridge over the Seine, near Louviers. It was a noted place in the time of Sully and his master. Entering a rustic inn, and obtaining some refreshments, I was surprised to find the humble innkeeper well acquainted with the history of France. He related traditions extant there of Henry IV. and his times. In England an innkeeper of his class, would have talked of post-horses, steeple-chasing, fox-hunting, and the stables, if he conversed at all. The French Boniface was a lean man, malt drink had not enlarged his girdle, nor shortened his breathing. He was not the only petty innkeeper whom I encountered, thus historically well-informed, within the former domains of old Rollo.

Setting out to visit the noted convent of 'Les Deux Amants,' I re-crossed the Seine, and proceeded up a broad valley, keeping the Seine upon the right hand. In front, about three miles off, there rose a bluff chalky hill of considerable height, upon the summit of which a large building was visible. The Seine washed the base of the hill, making an elbow there to the southward. On the north side of the same hill flowed down the

pretty little river of Andelle, uniting itself with the larger stream. A zigzag road led to the top, exceedingly steep. The scenery was charming. The green islands studding the Seine beneath, and reflected in its glassy waters, the birds singing among the trees, which shaded those pretty islets, as cheerfully as if they had never been molested by an intruder, rendered the walk delightful. On ascending, the path grew steeper and steeper. Halting for breath and looking beneath, and around, the sight wandered over a great extent of country, beautiful and varied. Wood, water, and meadow, combined to increase the attraction of the scenery under a bird's eye glance. The priory or monastery owed its foundation to an incident often related of a different locality. The valleys beneath with their rivers, the distant forests, the village of Fleurey sur Andelle, and the forest of Longboil, where the Château of Pont St. Pierre reared its head, coeval with the days of the northern Rollo, gave historical or rather legendary interest to the scenery; all this was new, and I threw myself into the past at once. The priory was entire and spacious. The views from the windows truly noble. The tale ran that the daughter of the owner of the Château of Pont St. Pierre, won the heart of a gallant but penniless chevalier, to whom no objection but his poverty could be made. The father, after much opposition, at last consented to the marriage of the young couple, if the lover could carry his mistress, without halting, to the summit of the hill on which the priory stands, a thing which any one but such a lover would deem impossible. He made the attempt and succeeded, but fell dead from the exertion. The mistress in those

days of "fierce war and faithful love," pined away into a premature grave, a custom since gone out of fashion with the fair. The repentant father erected the priory on the spot, and entering it, spent there the remainder of his days as in honesty bound to do.

I had a letter of introduction to the owner of the property, who purchased it at the revolution for the small sum of sixteen thousand francs. He had been a schoolmaster. He received me hospitably in the fine old edifice, sufficiently spacious for the accommodation of three or four families without interfering with each other in the slightest way. A large jack from the Seine was added to the usual dinner-fare, and it was insisted upon that I should remain and sleep. My host apologised for his wife's absence, by stating her severe illness. I retired to rest at the extremity of a long vaulted passage leading into a chamber, for height and size truly noble. I approached the window, and never did the full orb'd moon enlighten a lovelier landscape. I observed some excellent folio editions of the Fathers on a table in a recess, which had, no doubt, belonged to the religious of the priory before the revolution.

I was awoke in the night by footsteps, echoing along the arched passage which led to my room. It seemed as if something unusual was going forward. I fancied on getting out of bed and opening the door, that I heard moaning sounds, then voices, then all became still. Rising early, for I slept little after this incident, intending to walk before breakfast, I found it ready laid out for myself only. A domestic appeared and told me that his master trusted I would excuse him,

and hoped I would act as if the place were my own. His wife had died in the night, and the sounds I had heard were those of expiring nature. I left as soon as I had breakfasted, writing my thanks for the hospitality I had received, and at once descended into the valley of Andelle. There I found some copper works, carried on by an English manager. I went to them, and met a countryman, a native of Shropshire, who had been there before the revolution. I went over the works, which were conducted with much order and regularity. The superintendant told me that the Priory of Les deux Amants which I had just left, he remembered full of corpulent brethren, who did nothing but eat and play bowls. The priory had been rich, and was made the place of banishment or seclusion from the Bourbon court, for those whose pecadilloes would have consigned others to the prison, or to undergo a severe sentence. I asked what had become of them. He said that some publicly obnoxious had lost their heads, and the others were turned out upon the world to live as they could. Several of them were so fat that they could not have gone out of the door of the room in which we were sitting. He was a strong Catholic, and his daughters, three or four in number, handsome girls, were still more bigotted. He told me that the purchase of the priory took place when the revolution had caused an enormous depreciation of property, and that it was one of the best bargains ever made by a private individual—it was worth ten times what was given for it.

I visited Pont l'Arche several times afterwards and met there a sort of country esquire, fond of every thing



English. He inhabited an old house with a *porte cochère*, probably as old as the days of Henry IV. The door of the court-yard and remise, had not owned paint for half a century. Agricultural implements of rude shape, and fractured waggons and wheels filled the yard. Skins of wild animals, among them, those of the wolf and fox, trophies of his sporting propensities hung in different places. M. Louis was one of the old Bourbon school, who passed quietly through the revolution by using his tongue with discretion, and being too poor to make his property attractive. He was every way an original. His sporting in the English mode, once or twice with the Count d'Artois in that prince's early days, he was never tired of repeating. He had bought a cast off horse of the Scotch Greys, for a hunter, of which he seemed proud. He wanted to know whether he could not visit Newmarket, and return home for twenty napoleons. He was anxious to see an English horse-race. He had seen our hunting, as followed up by some of our officers who hunted foxes, wolves, cats and wild boars. Of the wolves they could make no hand. That animal knocked up the hounds and took his rest. The horse of the Greys, this rustic squire had used on one or two of these occasions, when he rode in a grey frock coat and a sort of cap that was more like the barber's bason of Cervantes than anything else, a genuine Mambrino helmet. He had resumed the *de*, as a prefix of which no one was regardful at the revolution. This recalls what was once told me of Martinville the author, who being cited before the revolutionary tribunal in Robespierre's day, and being asked his name by the sanguinary Fouquier Tinville replied, "Ci-

tizen Martinville." "De Martinville?" observed the miscreant lawyer with a sneer.

"I came here to be lopped shorter, not lengthened," replied Martinville coolly.

This answer in that moment of life or death so tickled the jury, that they laughed outright and declared the accused a good citizen, at the moment he expected to have heard the words "*à la mort!*"

I got a friend to give the Pont l'Arche esquire a letter to an acquaintance of his at Newmarket, stating that he was a simple minded original character, and requesting an eye upon him, that he should not be plundered. I told him that he must be a great economist to make twenty napoleons pay his expenses, though he only wanted to see the races.

"Ah, your races are wonderful—superb."

The notes of my tours were out of date on my return home. Those on Normandy I destroyed. When I went over, France was as little known to Englishmen as Palestine itself. Some of the fruits of my observations will be found in my "History of Wines." It was my custom not to drag in the heavy diligences from town to town, but to make the centre of a department my head-quarters for a time, and then walk eight or ten miles towards each point of the compass, from the auberge or lodging I made my home, returning to a late dinner and simple fare cheered with the light wine of the country. By this means, shifting my quarters as occasion required, I really saw the country, and not the prospect alone from each side of the high road. Many little adventures I encountered of no interest now, though I cannot refrain from relating one remarkable

incident. I was in the South, not far from the Rhone, at a village called Estephe. In all parts of France, there were then vacant châteaux, relics of the revolution. Some wholly dilapidated, others having the roof entire but untenanted, the garden still attached, but the lands passed into different hands. I was offered a place, quite a palace in extent, for a thousand francs a year, taxes included. Besides their châteaux, I found many conventual buildings, some wrecks, others near large towns, converted into workshops or manufactories. If not applicable to rural or manufacturing purposes, they were left for the hand of time to waste. One of these, not far from the miserable village I have named, attracted my attention at a distance from its deserted and picturesque appearance. I had a long walk of four leagues at least, to the quarters from whence I had set out in the morning, and there was no shelter on the road in the event of a storm which the sky portended. The wind blew in that sad and gusty way among the trees which augurs rain. Presently it fell in torrents, and I was glad of my humble shelter. The storm cleared up at so late an hour, that I did not like to return in the dark a great part of the way, the road by no means easy to follow. I asked for a bed, and there was none to be had; but I could have clean straw, and excellent linen laid upon it. I determined to remain. The grilled leg of a turkey, and some Vienne wine satisfied the call of appetite. The evening was fresh but warm. The clouds unfolding disclosed, here and there, the pale light of an atmosphere which closes with a bright promise for the morrow. I sallied forth disregarding the effect of the rain under foot, determined to examine

the picturesque building of which I have spoken. The distance was not a third of a league. There was a clump of wood in my way, the trunks and boughs of which darkened my path and rustled in the breeze as if greeting "some passing night-mare that alone comprehended their language." I reached a shattered wall apparently that of a garden, and then passed an opening, where from the remnants of rusty hinges, a gate must once have hung. An aged bay here and there overshadowed the rank weeds beneath, and all shewed it was a long time since the hand of man had laboured there. I came next into a square court, then passed under a pointed arch into a passage which arched in like manner, ended in a square room with long narrow windows one or two closed up with boards. The others looked into a second court where the hand of art had evidently been at work in the disposition of a few flowers, and an orange-tree or two in boxes. I passed out of the room vaulted with great strength, and came at once upon one of the most singular looking beings I ever beheld seated in an apartment a dozen feet square, and before an oaken table of homely make. In one corner was a reposoir in a niche, and in a window an ugly black crucifix. He seemed surprized as much as myself. His corrugated brow, aquiline nose, peaked chin, and shrunken cheeks, his large dark eyes, hair, and beard, with an expression of settled melancholy over all were sufficiently striking. He was habited in a loose sort of frieze coat, perfectly clean in person, with an air so peculiar that I never saw any resembling it. I, at once, addressed him saying, I had no intention of intruding upon his retirement.

"'Tis well, 'tis well, young man. Fate leads us into

strange paths too often. For more than twenty years I have dwelt here, and never before seen a stranger. Two or three villagers hard by are the only faces I have encountered. Some fancy these ruins inhabited by evil spirits. This is all the better, for I thus escape their impertinences. Are you hungry?—will you eat—dried fruit, bread, wine, I have no more?”

I thanked the strange looking gaunt man, whose port was not at all vulgar, but declined his cheer. He then said :

“I knew you not unsent. I dreamed a stranger would break my solitude. You are the man. After this visit from you within a year’s compass, I shall be no more—have you no faith in visions?—you were not unexpected.”

I assured him it was the impulse of the moment brought me there.

“Be seated—we will converse.”

I placed myself on a sort of stool, the only seat in the room but that which its owner occupied.

“Be ever respectful towards heaven young man, never mind this world where our sojourn is short and painful. Dreams speak truth, respect them. They are fate’s index. You know the world—the great world?”

“I have hitherto lived in it—in England, in your country a short time, in London, Paris, Rouen.”

“Then my seclusion must surprize you—all alone as I am. Out of that world of rock and quicksand, my life may be as worthy as the best in crowded capitals which I shall see no more. Yes, I dreamed of you. Do not be surprized. I dreamed a stranger would visit me, and after that, I should not be suffered to linger a

year more in this distempered existence—this destiny led life, where fate leads us into a succession of shipwrecks. I shall soon be changed. Wherefore have I breathed to track dangerous paths, born innocent, to accumulate crime with knowledge, sorrow with years, experience with inutility.”

“I do not comprehend you,” I observed.

“How should you, when I cannot comprehend myself. When a mortal load presses on my bosom, when all forebodes evil, when nothing gladdens. Why is life such a veiled picture? But I speak in enigma. Excuse me. I think of myself alone in all I say, or do, or imagine. I have now no other world in this but myself. Your world and mine are severed; yet fate governs both.”

“Rather God!”

“Fate is God’s agent, young man, in uniting men and things. Why am I in this solitude? Hear me. I dreamed of a stranger; it was you I dreamed of. I was born in Lyons. I was well educated by parents of the noblesse. I was reared to manhood in principles of honour, like a matured thought radiant with truth. In sport or study I was the foremost. I became enamoured of a young lady who returned my passion, but she was forced by her friends to marry a cousin of mine, an ill-favoured, sordid fellow. He treated his wife with great severity. Her heart was vacant; and a void in the heart of woman, under such circumstances, could not long co-exist. I resisted the eloquence of her eyes. I reasoned upon the guilt of such a connection. One soft glance would have dashed my reasons and resolves to pieces. I rushed into the wild woods,

I hunted to fatigue myself. I leaped across ravines of fearful depth. I rode with eagle speed down craggy rocks, and plunged into rapid torrents, the violence I used, seeming to calm my heated feelings. I escaped all hazard, because fate had misery in store for me. How it might have ended, I know not, but my cousin, thrown from his horse, died of the injury he received, and his wife was free to be mine. The hatred I bore him, was no doubt strengthened by his ill-treatment of a wife who had no affection for him. We soon understood each other as to the time of our marriage. We drank deep of love. At length we were wedded, and my wife would have been happy, but she saw I was not happy—why not?”

Here the speaker paused for a moment, seeming to struggle with his feelings.

“My conduct to my wife seemed strange. Not that I loved her less, but rather more than before, but that I was at war with myself. I was constrained to keep from her the situation in which we were both placed, by the scenes acting in Paris, and beginning to spread into the provinces. I knew her late husband was hated by the people among whom he resided, and my wife was obnoxious upon his account. I dared not reveal my fears to her, and she began to think I was withholding my confidence, a fearful error which I dared not dispel. A thousand phantoms of evil crowded upon her imagination. Love sometimes does love irreparable mischief, and sleeps only to awaken renovated strength. I still reserved the tale of my fears. The guillotine was doing its work of blood in Paris; some of my relations there had fallen. The fatal in-

strument was soon at work in Lyons. My wife, obnoxious as the widow of my cousin, was hurried from my side among the first victims, and I had only the consolation of informing her that the reason of my reserve was to spare her feelings and fears. She bade me travel continually from place to place, as the only expedient to prevent sharing her fate. I did not at first take her advice. I wished to die too, remained, and even courted death in vain. No one accused me, I had no great property to be envied. My father and elder brother held that of the family, and their deprivation, and my wife's urgent command that I should travel, with a returning desire to live, kept me continually moving from place to place, with no more display of property than the most frugal livelihood required me to exhibit. I have escaped the fate of all my relatives, and of my unfortunate wife. The storm of the Robespierrian period passed away: I returned to Lyons. Our old mansion I found had been ruined by the revolutionary cannon. I wept over the wrecks of the home of my early years, and came to this vicinity where there was an estate which had once belonged to the family—that had been partitioned and sold. This priory, which I remember filled with religious, and now so wasted, presented itself to me. A fourth of it is still waterproof, and the thick walls, as you see, will long defy time. Here I took up my abode, and here I shall die—die within a year.”

The poor man seemed much affected, and the motion of his features shewed the combat going on within. He resumed :—

“ I dreamed of you and you came, and I shall soon



die. I am not lonely here beyond what I should be in the world. I have my thoughts that minister to me, and sleep gives me revelations of the old time again. Yes, I have seen you before—where are you journeying?”

I replied to the southward.

“Visit me as you return.”

I promised to do so, but was afterwards induced to go to Toulouse, and return more to the westward.

It began to grow dark. The solitary man escorted me to the outer wall, repeating :

“Yes, I knew you by my dream—dreams are not to be despised, young man, remember that—profit by the knowledge.” We then bade each other adieu. I should like to know if his prediction were verified.

I returned to my resting-place, where I slept as soundly on my humble bed as I ever slept on one of feathers. The people of the auberge told me, that the recluse never came as far as the village, but that one of the villagers took him what he wanted regularly, and was paid for his trouble. They said he was not in his right mind, for no Frenchman that was would live without society.

The truth was, that he spoke reasonably enough about everything but his dreamy revelations, as in case of his asserted knowledge of myself. He was no more than a monomaniac, as Swedenborg was, sane upon every topic but supernatural visitations.

## CHAPTER X.

SOON after I arrived in France, I was warming myself before a wood fire one cold day travelling to Beauvais, by way of Ecoüis and Estrepagny, when an individual of Ecoüis remarked, that one of his compatriots, and a native of that neighbourhood, had become a great man in England; he well remembered him a poor apprentice boy. He had found out something that gave English ships a great superiority over others, but he did not know exactly what. He said the name of the person to whom he alluded was Brunel. I then recollected that this discovery was the block-machine at Portsmouth.

The apple trees here were full of rich blossom, and they made much good cyder. A little meagre wine was grown a short distance off at the Andelys. Conjecturing that the line of cultivation of the apple, and that of the grape, might be situated between the two places, I enquired particularly about it. They replied, that no wine was made nearer than the Andelys, and that south west from that place to Beauvais, good wine was once made, but that now only a poor wine was produced, even at the latter place. Hence I became more convinced that

an oblique line from between Coblenz and Bonn, prolonged to Beauvais and the Andelys, south-westward, terminating at the mouth of the Vilaine, in the north part of the Bay of Biscay, is the line of demarcation between the apple and grape juice. I imagine, too, that this line is the corresponding boundary southward of the chilling and blighting north east winds of spring, the pests of Picardy, Normandy, and England, and that they have continued rather to increase than diminish in their effects during the last half a century.

I heard of accommodation in a house near Gisors, and going to see it, passed a fine chateau for which General Berthier, Prince of Neufchâtel, had offered 300,000 frs. in the time of Napoleon, and had been refused. When the Bourbons returned, it was sold for 80,000 frs., and it was difficult to find a purchaser even at that reduced price. The place I went to see was rented by an Englishman for eight hundred francs, south of the town of Gisors, in the department of the Eure, or old Isle of France. It was the last place the English held in Normandy. The distance to Paris by Pontoise, was not fifty miles, and I thought, therefore, I should be near enough to the capital for all the purposes necessary to my objects. The estate attached, was about twelve hundred arpents, let out in farms, being the property of minors. There were stabling, outhouses, a large walled garden with iron gates, and a neat chapel with a spire used as a wood house, over the contents of which, a petticoated figure of the Virgin watched in a niche. The dress of the idol had once been spangled, but now wanted sadly the hand of the furbisher. The house was spacious, with hot and cold baths, and

numerous sleeping apartments. Here I remained until the close of the year.

When harvest was over, there was shooting, and before harvest we had quail catching. There was shooting in the forests all the year round. It was easy to get leave to shoot any thing in the forests except the deer. A *porte d'armes* was required, to hold which an individual must be in possession of twenty acres of land, as owner or tenant. I obtained leave from a kind *Juge de chasse*, to shoot there.

"All I require is that you do not shoot the fawn or deer. If you should, I must do my duty; I beg to inform you that the fine is two hundred francs."

One person having the right of shooting, admitted others in exchange for a similar concession, and thus half-a-dozen persons kept to themselves a considerable extent of territory for what they called a battu. I do not mean the abominable German system of battu, in which a number of animals are driven together into an enclosure, standing as densely as cattle in Smithfield, and servants bringing loaded guns continually to their masters, they having a standing place in a commanding spot, from pure love of seeing humanity suffer, massacre the innocent creatures by firing into the midst of them, thus gratifying themselves with butchery. The battu here was different. Boys and men were sent a league or more up a broad valley, whence they formed in a line, and beat up the country. The game naturally ran down the valley to where the sportsmen had taken their station across it two or three hundred yards from each other. When the game ran by them, they turned round and brought it down after it

passed by, lest those who were driving it down should be injured. The sport was exciting, because no one could tell what was to pass, a hare, fox, wolf, or boar. The first time I went out on one of these raids, the Frenchmen had the laugh against me. I levelled at a fine hare coming full tilt towards me. All at once they called to stay my hand, not to fire until it had gone by me to the rear. I missed it in consequence. Though this was to save the battu party from the possibility of mischief, it placed the sportsman in an awkward position, because if he did not fire at the game when in front, he was certain to take aim at it, and in that way follow the object round to the rear, through the line of sportsmen, the muzzle of his gun passing his neighbour on the right or left as he swept round, with his finger on the trigger, rather a ticklish moment for an accident. An old *Garde de chasse* got much attached to me, and we often went out together. He cautioned me never to cross a particular path, the boundary of land, the owner of which was at war with all his neighbours. The law was always strictly construed. If I crossed the line to pick up my own game, it made no matter. To lose it was better, taking the same advantage. Every man was considered the owner of his land as much as of his house. Exceptions or excuses only produced disputes, and judgment was therefore wisely given on the bare fact.

I used to shoot round the Castle of Courcelles, still pretty entire, where the English signed the treaty for their evacuation of Normandy. The Castle of Noyers stands on the opposite side of the Epte, which once divided the territories. This place will be found mentioned

in Sully's Memoirs. Two hills opposite each other, where Richard Cœur de Lion, and Philip Augustus encamped, before setting out for the Crusades, still retain the names as well as the two farms to which they belong, of Le Croix Rouge, and Le Croix Blanc.

I rode a Norman chestnut-coloured horse at this place thirty-three years old. It showed no trace of broken knees, and had often gone over thirty miles a day at that age. While thus employed, I witnessed the painful effects of the scarcity of food. Both the harvest and the vintage were bad. It was, also, a year of scarcity in England, though I very rarely saw an English paper, or heard much about it. It is wonderful how soon we resign ourselves to circumstances. The time occupied, society pleasant, and man will find himself every where more of a cosmopolite than he expects. Most newspapers were wholly prohibited; the difference between the communication of intelligence and the customs at that time and at present, can hardly be conceived. I had to send to the apothecary when I wanted a little tea, and a small earthen vessel was my tea-pot. Yet I was only forty miles from Paris, where every thing I wanted could be had. I had to send a messenger to Rouen and desired him to ask Mr. Curzon, if he had any thing new from over the water. His reply constituted nearly all I knew of home for six months, though so near our own shore.

“Mrs. Curzon and Caroline are gone to England, at the end of the month I proceed to Paris, and will visit you on my way. Miss C. and myself are living here like hermits, but we are both blessed with excellent health and spirits. In reply to your question, I can only

say that by the last English papers, the Eastern Counties are nearly in a state of insurrection. A large military force is stationed at Ely, and the troops have already fired on the people. If the latter have got leaders of ability, the thing may turn out no joke. The Regent must change his measures, or old England will become a scene of bloodshed." I became from this anxious to be where intelligence was accessible, and determined on going to Paris, as soon as my lodging term was concluded.

Now came the dangers of a popular commotion. No one can imagine the distress in France when bread is scarce. In the vine departments, grapes and potage au croute, with a little lard, support the labouring part of the population for three or four months in the year. An officer of gendarmerie whom I knew, named De F——, I often accompanied in his rides to the farmers to order them to send their corn into the market, the government paying the difference of the price. Thus I saw much of the country people. De F—— said the people must, if possible, be kept quiet, and the farmers did not seem to take the communication in ill part. They appeared well-meaning people. De F—— told me they were so, and he believed they were better minded and more honest than any of the other classes. This officer had been a prisoner of war in England for several years. He had been captured by the 'Petrel' schooner, one of the officers of which he shot when in the act of boarding. He wore a cross of the Legion of Honour. Attended by one and sometimes two orderlies, he rode daily over the country, to observe and to report proceedings. The farmers made

many complaints of depredations, the authors of which they could not discover. He communicated with the ministers of police and war, but the one knew not the nature of his communications with the other. I remarked that I thought such reports might be a source of mischief under a constitutional government. He replied :

“ We are only beginning, besides, we have you and a hundred and fifty thousand foreigners in France. We can have no constitutional liberty with enemies calling themselves allies.”

“ But you forsook Napoleon ?”

“ I support the Bourbons now—they were supported by my family. Bonaparte was a great man, but we had lost him. I was urged to rejoin the Bourbons. I agreed, swore to serve them, and will keep my oath. I will serve them faithfully, as I would my God, for I have seen the one, and never saw the other.”

I had confirmed to me spontaneously by this officer, what I had before heard regarding the farce played off to afford an excuse for the recall of the Bourbons. The allied armies were no sooner in Paris, than it was determined legitimacy should be the rule. George III., and his allies began the war for no other purpose. It was disavowed from necessity at the treaty of Amiens, and resumed on the destruction of the French army after the Russian campaign.

“ I got back to France,” said De F——, “ in an unexpected manner. I was a prisoner in England, or rather in Scotland, without a chance of getting home until a general peace.”

I think he told me he was related to the Count de Chabrol, I am not sure of the name. Talleyrand knew



him. Being a prisoner under Napoleon's flag, he was the less likely to be suspected. He was requested to come to London, his parole being removed. 'Wellington was in the south of France, the allies marching in the north upon Paris—Napoleon must succumb. Would he, for a good reward, take letters from London to Paris, as a prisoner just escaped. He asked a little time to consider, and consented.' One letter was for Talleyrand, another for General Leclerc. I forget who the third was for. He concealed the letters in his hat lining, and reached Paris successfully—who would suspect an escaped prisoner decorated with the Legion of Honour! Talleyrand desired him to remain quiet, and when he had anything to say, he would send for him. He remained so long unasked for, that he began to feel uneasy. The allies entered Paris, and Alexander of Russia fixed his head-quarters at the Elysée. De F—— was now sent for, and told, if he wished to be useful, the time was come. He was directed to the garden of the Tuileries. A person came up to him there, and handed him a quantity of silver, which he was desired to fling among the people, when he saw a group, and told more money would be forthcoming.

"But the police?"

"Don't be afraid of the police, that is all right. Begin your own way. You will be instructed as to future action."

He felt that his instructions were from authority of some kind. He spoke to one or two shabby people in the gardens, and told them he would lead them to something for their good if they would follow him, they consented, others joined out of mere curiosity. He led

them to the quay outside the gardens, now and then flinging a five franc piece among them. He had soon two or threescore persons collected about him. No police interfered. The sentries stood quiet at their posts. He got a fresh supply of money, and a hint to cry "Vivent les Bourbons!" "Vive Louis XVIII." He hesitated, but presently, on the opposite side of the Seine, he saw a crowd, and heard the cry of "Long live Louis XVIII!" "To the Emperor Alexander!" "To the Elysée Bourbon!" He now scented the game playing, distributed his money freely, and shouted "To the Elysée Bourbon!" He was soon at the head of some hundreds of rabble, and pushed on to the Elysée. There they found a crowd shouting for Alexander.

The papers the next day declared the cry of Paris was in favour of the Bourbons, and that Alexander had decided in their behalf. They should obtain the legitimate ruler of the allied sovereigns, *Louis le Désiré*. Such is the true history of that event, and part of the agency under which it was effected. De F—— admitted the fact of the betrayal of Napoleon, by too many in whom he had trusted.

"But all is fair in love and war, you know. I got my present appointment soon afterwards, and have held it ever since. I made up my mind in England to join the side of my relations. I remained here unnoticed when Napoleon returned from Elba. I served him faithfully till I came out of prison. Had I gone over when he came first from Elba, what chance should I have had. Besides, my post was too humble for him to trouble his head about me."

In 1823, when Baron Fain published his work, "The

MS. of 1814," I was forcibly struck with this conversation, which at once occurred to me, though it happened seven years before. I think it was in 1813, that the intrigue began by the correspondence with De F——, carried out in 1814. What a paltry mode of action for great sovereigns!—what a farce! Verily, kings merited to be at a discount.

I used often to ride to the Andelys, where I found this kind-hearted, good-tempered, gay Frenchman, a capital marksman, and diligent official. Through him I saw much of the country people. Their love of their children delighted me. The mayor of the commune, a farmer of superior mind, told me he never repented of but one thing regarding his children, the suffering one of his sons to go to the Isle of France. He then saw the sea for the only time in his life. He bitterly regretted it, for he could hardly bear the separation. One son had a cotton factory near him, another was a farmer, his daughter lived with him.

"And the conscription—that is worse than the sea?"

"Yes, but that is a law of force."

Near me, lived Barbe Marbois, one of the suspected, deported to Cayenne, and now a member of the government. His wife, attacked with insanity, was in a *Maison de Santé* at the Andelys. He went annually to spend an entire day alone with her. He was a pleasant, gentlemanly man, with a mind well stored with information.

There was a family, called Passy, that lived near me, the head was a colonel in the army. He had a fine library. With the Juge de Chasse, whom I have mentioned, and this gentleman, I proceeded to the house of a M. Leduc, to shoot and dine. We were to breakfast by

candle-light at seven. Punctual to appointment just after dawn, I was shown into a large up-stair room, handsomely furnished, in the centre of which the breakfast things were placed for half-a-dozen persons. My companion had lingered below.

The servant opened the door, and closed it. I thought myself alone, when soft female accents requested I would be seated. I now saw in a recess, with looped hangings, a lady in bed, a lace cap on her head, and a species of *négligée* dress over her neck and arms. She conversed upon several subjects, for I at once took a chair and placed it near her. Presently the whole party came into the room, we then breakfasted, and sallied forth into a neighbouring forest, returning with some birds and hares, but except one wild boar, at which Colonel Passy fired, he alone having a ball in one of his barrels, we saw nothing worth notice. The boar knocked down a stout boy who was beating the bushes, running against him in making away from his lair. We returned to a remarkably pleasant dinner-party. The breakfast and lady, made me think of what I had read of the fashions in the time of Queen Anne and George I. Several years after, on the trial of Queen Caroline, I thought of this incident in the endeavour to enhance, through his own profound ignorance of foreign manners, the alleged offences of the Queen, by Lord Giffard. More and more, I observed the necessity of the intercourse of people of different countries with each other before the merit or demerit of their manners can be judged of fairly.

The distance to Paris being only a day's ride on horseback, I set out with a friend to visit Count Dillon,

a relative of his, who was going ambassador from France to Prussia. We reached Pontoise to dinner, after which we had still left a ride of twenty miles. I had a Waterloo horse, the flank of which had been grazed by a musket ball, after it had passed through the rider's leg. We sat down to excellent Pontoise veal, cooked in the very mode veal should be cooked. Pontoise veal, is the boast of the French gastronomist. Good burgundy followed—capital St. George's—such is the caprice of English fashion neglected for Bordeaux. We talked, sipped, and talked again. The minutes too fleetly passed, and we took no note of time. The country so recently covered with hostile armies was hardly safe late at night. Yet the reflection did not damp our joyousness. In the far distance we saw the sunset glitter like a star on the gilt dome of the Invalids as we jogged forwards. Darker and darker grew the atmosphere, and heavy clouds arose. It became black as Erebus. We were obliged to dismount and lead our horses, for we could with difficulty distinguish the black tops of the trees from the lowering heaven. We were glad to enter St. Denis at ten o'clock with the comfort to be told, we had done well to escape being robbed, perhaps murdered. When we reached the Count's mansion, we found he had left Paris for Berlin two days before. We had to hunt out an hotel, and discovered a mediocre one in the Rue Bouloy near the Palais Royal.

We found out through the police the address of a Londoner, a West End man, whose vice of play was well known, otherwise he was an unexceptionable personage. He was living at the Hotel de l'Europe. Not

knowing the address of any other good English Christian we went to the hotel, and found him not up. We left word we should return and breakfast. In the room we saw a square built man dressed in a green coat, sullen of expression, of pallid complexion, and a low compressed brow indicating great firmness of purpose. He had dark hair and eyes, and seemed to have been waiting, but on seeing us come in, he rose up and went away, without the smallest recognition on either side. At breakfast we asked who he was, and were told he was a Lincolnshire gentleman, named Thistlewood, a man of property, reduced. He was in an awkward predicament.

"One of your play acquaintance," I remarked.

"You are nearly right—not much of an acquaintance, I met him in the Palais Royal. He called yesterday to endeavour to obtain my influence to prevail on a man to renew a bill for him. I won't interfere—it is a bad case."

"What is it?"

"There is a well known character here called Astly, a bootmaker, who was accused at home of treasonable correspondence in the time of the Irish rebellion, and fearing he might be imprisoned as people continually were, and not brought to trial at all, under the Habeas Suspension Act, he went to Hamburg and so to Paris. Being a diligent clever workman, he got into business for himself, and is worth twenty-thousand pounds. He has befriended many of his countrymen. For this Thistlewood he discounted a bill for £200. The bill could not be taken up, and Thistlewood told him so, upon which he gave him the money, and bade him go

and save his credit, for bills can't be dishonoured here as in England without great injury to character. He took the £200, and in place of taking up the bills, went to the tables and lost every penny. I can't interfere in the matter."

Some years afterwards this same man, utterly ruined, led the assassination conspiracy in Cato Street, and died by the hands of the executioner. His countenance bespoke indomitable determination. I cannot forget it. He had been subjected to a long imprisonment by Lord Sidmouth, I forget on what account. His unscrupulous character, when driven to extremity, no doubt made him capable of the most revolting crimes.

END OF VOL. I.

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